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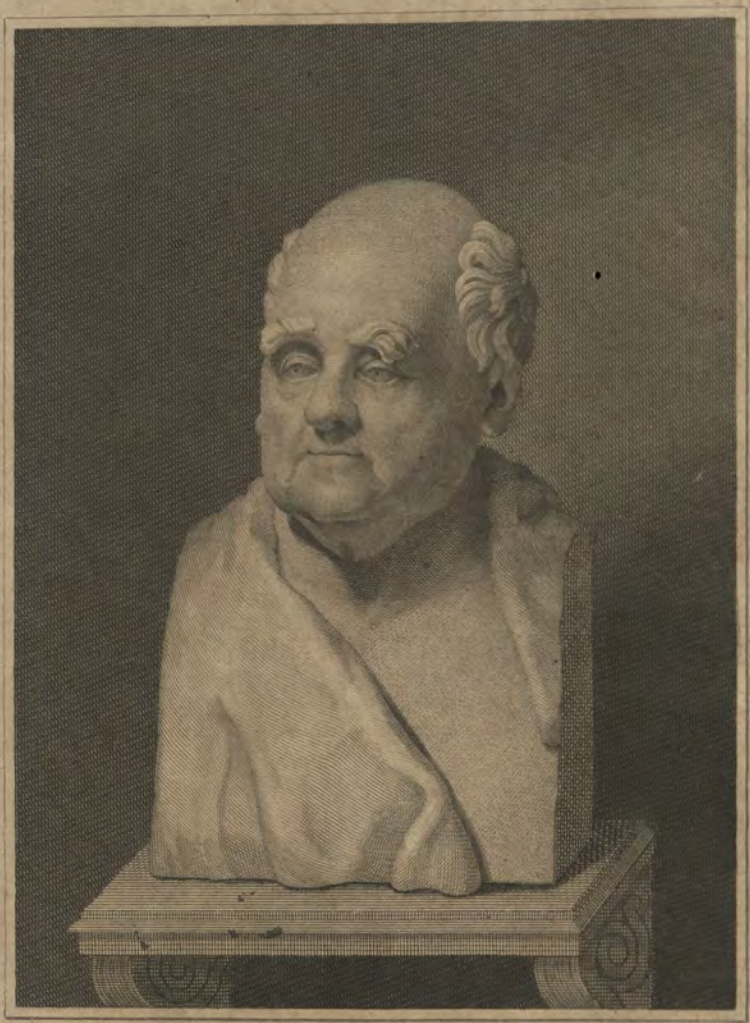

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REV^D. SAMUEL PARR, L.L.D.

Autograph.

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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CURATE OF HATTON, &c.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

AND

97144

A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE,

BY

JOHN JOHNSTONE, M. D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON, &c.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1828.

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J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

TO THE READER.

In the original plan it was intended that Dr. Parr's works, with Memoirs of his life preceding, and a selection of Correspondence following them, should be printed in six volumes. Half of the Letters and two-thirds of the Memoirs were printed off before it was perceived that this design could not be carried into execution. It became necessary to draft a considerable portion both of illustration and correspondence from the Memoirs, to condense them into their present too bulky form; and, in consequence, the Correspondence could not be compressed into less than two volumes. In doing this chasms are left, and disconnections unavoidably made in the composition. But these are not the only defects; although I have been ably

guided by many learned friends, and assisted through the press by my diligent and excellent amanuensis Mr. Thomas Soden; and although Mr. Nichols has watched the progress of the work with his experienced and intelligent eye, some errors of punctuation, accentuation, and phraseology, have escaped us all. Some of these will be corrected, and I trust the candid reader will make allowance for that which may be comprehended as belonging to other uncontrolable causes. For defects of style—for errors of opinion—and for the general conduct of my work, I might, perhaps, offer some reasons which would excuse, and some which would absolve many imperfections.

For the opinions I will make no apology; they were Dr. Parr's. For the rest, I am neither so vain as to imagine that that which was meant well has been altogether done well; nor so weak as to despond about the success of my endeavours. I have done my best, in the midst of pressing, and anxious, and un-

ceasing engagements, and whatsoever may be the judgment passed on my work, I shall always have the satisfaction and the consciousness of feeling, that I strove to be just and faithful to the memory of my friend.

The part taken by the Rev. John Lynes in editing these works, demands a separate consideration. His greatest praise is, to have done the will of his departed relative and friend. But it will be for ever honourable to him to have the fact understood, that in doing it he has spared no labour, no expense: and that his liberality has been diffused in every direction to send forth these volumes a fit memorial of the talents of Samuel Parr.

J. J.

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MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS.

CHAP. I.

From 1746 *to* 1776.

THE papers left by the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr, and left by him without any limitation to the Rev. John Lynes, may be divided into three classes.

First. Irregular series of narrative, or detailed relations of facts, or scraps; sometimes entering into minute family or personal history, and sometimes enlarging or reasoning upon events connected with them.

Secondly. A collection of letters from himself to the most distinguished persons of the age, and from the most distinguished persons of the age to him, which, if they could be minutely looked over and published in order, would in themselves be an ample history of his life.

Thirdly. A vast mass of critical, metaphysical, historical, political, and theological discussion.

These sources of information are invaluable in establishing the certainty of facts, and in connecting them together from the beginning to the end of Dr. Parr's life—they are invaluable as a history of his friends, and in part, of the literary period in which he lived. Even of the tradition of the times

just before, there are some memorials. There are parts of works which he intended to complete; and, among others, had he fulfilled his intentions in regard to a biographical account of his friend Dr. Robert Sumner, and his acquaintance Dr. Samuel Johnson,* we may fairly conclude, from his pre-eminent learning and intellectual capacity, no works

* In Bibliotheca Parriana there are two pages of books set apart for Johnson's Life. The materials for the Life of Sumner, in their present unfinished state, would fill a large volume.

"In regard to Johnson's Life I shall probably write it some day or other. But I will not begin till I am master of my own time. I shall write it in the spirit of a scholar. Moreover I have not read more than one half of Sir John Hawkins, whose book I met with at Crewe Hall. It was dull and confused, and impertinent, and illiterate, and with all these faults, it some how or other interested me. Well, when these shallow fellows have done writing, I perhaps shall begin to write, and not before."—Parr to Homer, Nov. 20th, 1788.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Thomas-George Street, Editor of the Courier, to Dr. Parr, dated

2, *Thanet Place, Temple Bar,*
Jan. 20, 1797.

"DEAR SIR,

"The last part of your letter I consider as perfectly confidential—confidential it shall remain with me, I give you my word of honour. What think you of such a paragraph as the following? It would seem to be a piece of intelligence, and would also convey to the world information of your intentions.

"'The Life of Johnson, such as ought to be written, comprising a profound and critical view of literature for half a century, is still a desideratum in literature. Dr. Parr, we had hoped, would have undertaken the task, for we know of no man so well qualified for it, but the Doctor's time is at present occupied, not less usefully certainly, in the education of a select number of young gentlemen in his pleasant retirement near Warwick.'

of the kind, would have comprised a larger quantity of interesting and instructive matter.

We have to regret, however, that these intentions were not fulfilled. The materials for the Life of Johnson were compiled only in a selection of books set apart for the purpose in his library, and the Life of Sumner, though it did not die in the conception, was only brought partially to maturity.

Of what Dr. Parr could impart concerning himself, the notices are so ample as to leave little to be desired. In these notices we have him a writer of two Sermons at Norwich, his first avowed publications, in the year 1780; then as Philoleutherus Norfolciensis; then the eloquent advocate of education, with many other displays of his vigorous and matured intellect, down to his posthumous work, the Letter to Dr. Milner.

It is to be lamented, that we find him too often appearing as a controversialist, on questions of a personal nature. Yet even here, HE is redeemed from the general imputation cast on such disputants.

The whole strength of his mind is seen in full display, and he has contrived to deck the page of controversy, with the fairest flowers of learning.

Perhaps Dr. Parr intended to leave the whole of what he wrote for the consideration of certain

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"Pray send me word whether the above meets your ideas, I will put it into the Courier without any expence to you.

I am, with respect and gratitude,
your very obliged servant,
T. G. STREET."

learned men who were in his confidence, that the history of everything he did, might be fairly investigated from a vast mass of papers left behind him. But, unhappily, since the death of Mr. John Bartlam, (who from the beginning to the end of his life in 1823, was in his confidence,) no one can give an exact account of his wishes, so contradictory are his directions. He said more than once to Mr. Lynes, who was the depositary of his last verbal directions, "burn them all;" but this occasional order is countermanded by the peremptory written direction to preserve such and such papers—*carefully* to preserve others — to publish some, and among the Sermons several are written out, and many, very many, are bundled together with the express desire that they may be examined by those literary friends, who are finally to determine about printing them.

It seems to have been Dr. Parr's practice never to destroy a paper. When writing for himself, or for others, he made notes, scribbled without arrangement upon sheets or slips which he huddled together with the main work. Now of these notes, the works to which they were intended to belong being removed, it is so difficult to find out the meaning, or the relation, that I fear much valuable matter will be lost. Enough, and more than enough, still exists in these stores, from which to compile the public life of Dr. Parr, and that which is in some measure connected with it, the literary history of the period in which he lived.

But biography is a dry and withered branch of

composition, without a personal knowledge of the inward and living man; and though a stranger, after a lapse of years, might be led by admiration of his writings to analyse the distinctive merits of the writer, it is only by conversing with him face to face, that those nice discriminations are made, which constitute the essence of any particular character. Of the number of those who might be properly stationed in the seat of judgment, who could appreciate his piety, his learning, his taste, his genius many still survive; and of his pupils, too; many remain who love and follow their master. Whatsoever may be my ability for executing the task which I have undertaken, I may be permitted at least to declare, that I feel none of the deficiencies, which the ardour of friendship can in any way supply. Although I yield to many of my learned friends in the power of recording and delineating his supremacy in classical accomplishments, in diving with him into the depths of metaphysical subtlety, or soaring to the heights of theological sublimity, yet I can appeal to my own recollection, and my own personal knowledge, for such an account, as shall best display him in those different points of view in which it is most useful to contemplate character—in the full vigour of manhood, and in the hoary holiness of age, at home and abroad, in public and in private, in the hours of business and of conviviality, in the bosom of his family and employed with his pupils, or when he was shewing the force of his understanding in public instruction, or in some of the freaks of his humour, among his familiars.

Had I been to seek from garbled memoirs, ftom the murmurs of spleen, the effusions of vanity, or the crude and malignant productions of hirelings the documents of biography, I should have shrunk from the task. Far different, have been the materials for my account of this man—He was the guide of my youth, and the constant friend of my life. For thirty-five years I have seen him in numberless varieties of our imperfect condition. I have rejoiced with him in prosperity and in health, I have sympathized with him in sickness and in sorrow. We have travelled together the wearisome road of life in narrow circumstances, and in abundance; and throughout our course our confidence was mutual. I feel therefore that I have a right to assume a knowledge of the character of Dr. Parr.

I have learnt something concerning him, likewise, from converse with the companion of his childhood, and the tried friend of his long life, Dr. Bennet, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne; and from correspondence with the Rev. David Roderick, also his tried friend, who followed him from Harrow to Stanmore, and whose admiration of his talents still continues. Gratefully do I acknowledge the assistance I have received during the composition of these Memoirs, from other learned friends of Dr. Parr, and especially from Archdeacon Butler, the Rev. Dr. Maltby, and the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford. The labour of selecting from such a multitude of documents has been truly Herculean, but I have found it neither unpleasing or unsurmountable. For in the life of Dr. Parr, there is

diversity enough to amuse, eminences enough to ascend, and ample shade to repose under; and though the path be occasionally intricate and overgrown, yet far more often does it wind clear and smooth, among the loftiest and choicest productions of the intellect.

Dr. Parr was born at Harrow on the Hill January 15th, O. S. 1747.* He was the son of Samuel Parr, by Anne, the daughter of Elizabeth Bates, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, and Leonard Mignard, who was descended from a French refugee family, and related to Mignard the painter, of whom some account is given by Lord Orford. The Doctor's father was the third and youngest son of the Reverend R.

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* Extract from a Letter from the Rev. Robert Parr to Samuel Parr, then settled at Harrow on the Hill as a Surgeon, dated January 24th, 1740.

"I hear you meet with good encouragement in your way of business. Skill and good success, civil behaviour, and honest dealing, and above all the blessing of God, are sufficient to make a man rich and happy too. I hope all these are your portion, and heartily pray that Almighty God will be pleased to bless you here, and especially hereafter."

Another Letter from the same, dated January 7th, 1746, congratulates him on his marriage.

The entry of Parr's baptism in the register at Harrow is as follows:

"Feb. 17th, 1746. Samuel, son of Samuel and Ann Parr, was baptized. Extracted from the Register Book of Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex, 23d March, 1799.

(Signed) WALTER L. WILLIAMS, Vicar."

"It seems," Mr. Williams says, in his letter inclosing this certificate, "Mr. Saunders' Register begins the year, according to the ecclesiastical reckoning at that period, 25th of March, which would render that of your age 1746-7."

Parr, Vicar of Hinckley and Stoke Golding, Leicestershire, and Dorothy Brokesby, daughter of a nonjuring Clergyman in Yorkshire, who in 1715 published the Life of the celebrated Henry Dodwell, and who communicated to Mr. Ray, when he drew up his collection of English Proverbs, a very large catalogue, and a very ingenious interpretation, of old words used in the North of England. Mr. Brokesby his grandfather, was certainly a man of profound erudition. Robert Parr, the Doctor's great uncle, who lived at Hinckley, but had preferment in Warwickshire, was an excellent Greek scholar, and a most orthodox divine. The same praise is due to the Doctor's uncle, Mr. Robert Parr. This last stood high in the esteem of that distinguished scholar, Dr. Snape, once Master of Eton, and afterwards Provost of King's College, Cambridge, was himself a Fellow of that Society, and was presented by it to the Rectories of Horstead and Coltishall in Norfolk, where his literary attainments, his unblemished integrity, and his unfeigned piety, will be long remembered.

The Doctor's father succeeded Leonard Mignard as a Surgeon and Apothecary at Harrow on the Hill, and died there January 23d, 1766, having lost his first and justly beloved wife, Anne, who died November 5th, 1762.

Mr. Parr was distinguished by great professional knowledge, by strong common sense, by a correct taste in the English and Latin languages, by fidelity and activity in his business, by the rectitude of his principles, by a manly and dignified independence of

spirit, and by a noble disregard to the accumulation of wealth.

As the Doctor himself was well known in the world by a steady and disinterested adherence to Whigism, it may be proper to remark that his family, in its various branches, and for several successive generations, were firmly attached to Toryism, both in Church and State.

Parr from his infancy gave manifest indications of his thirst for knowledge, and of his ability to acquire it. At Easter 1752, he was admitted on the foundation of the Free-school raised and endowed by John Lyon at Harrow.* He passed through the

* The following Letter of Dr. Parr's father to a friend, dated Harrow, May 23d, 1760, shews that there was an intention to send him to Eton, which did not succeed. His cousin Francis was soon after admitted at Eton, probably by the same interest.

"SIR,

"Presuming much on your friendship, I give you this trouble to let you know that I am in some perplexity about my son. I remember you some time ago hinted to me, that you thought I should make him a scholar, and Dr. Thackeray has since more strongly suggested the same, and encouraged me to do it, by saying, he thinks that if the boy is placed in Eton School, at the next election, as the Doctor thinks the boy deserves, he cannot well fail of getting King's. I hope, therefore, you will please to prevail upon Mr. Barnard of Laton, to write to Dr. Barnard at Eton, to desire the Doctor to appoint a day some time in the middle of next month for me to wait upon him with the boy, for his examination and advice, if it is not contrary to the rules of the school (if it is I shall by no means desire it). I beg you will make my compliments acceptable to the ladies, and to afford me your best assistance on my boy's account, and you will greatly oblige, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR."

different classes with great approbation from his teachers, and became the head boy January 1761,* when he had not completed his 14th year. He always spoke with a filial regard and thankfulness of the kind treatment he received from the Rev. Dr. Thackeray, who resigned the Mastership in 1760, died in the succeeding autumn, and to whose memory, or for whose monument, Parr in 1817 wrote an inscription.

While Parr was a boy, he formed a close and lasting friendship with his schoolfellows, the celebrated Sir William Jones and the learned Dr. Bennet, late Bishop of Cloyne. The literary curiosity of the three boys extended far beyond the regular business of the school, and influenced their harmless, and even useful amusements. They assumed the office of sovereigns; they took antient names, with little regard to chronology or geography, and they selected their dominions from the neighbouring fields. Thus Jones was called Euryalus, King of Arcadia; Bennet, Nisus, King of Argos; Parr, Leander, Prince of Abydos and Sestos; and it is probable that these places and these names were suggested to the minds of the young men by forcible impressions made upon them while their imaginations were active, and before their judgments

* There is a most curious document in Parr's summing book of the death of Thomas Wright, who was drowned February 1760. It appears from this, written in Parr's own hand, that John Cotterell was head, Skeffington second, Wright third, Parr fourth in the school at that time; of course Bennet and Jones were below him.

were mature.* In these fields, which they visited while other boys were intent upon other amusements, they were often engaged in intellectual competition. They acquired the art of logic, and disputed in syllogism; sometimes on subjects of natural history, and sometimes upon metaphysical questions, which were suggested to them by Dacier's translation of Plato's Dialogues.† They displayed

* It is well known that these three great scholars called each other by the familiar names, Will (Sir W. J.); Bill (Dr. B.); Sam (Dr. P.); and they had also other classical names besides those here enumerated. The following letter from Bennet, calling himself Flaminius, to Parr, is the only one of the sort I have found, and it is the earliest letter in the collection. It is directed to

"Mr. Samuel Parr, jun.

(Free, I. Cholmondeley.) at Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex.

"Having occasion to put the Monitor in my study, a dispute arose about the volumes, I beg therefore you will ask Theodosius if there are more than three volumes, an appendix, and a book with notes. Now I mention Theodosius you wonder why Vespasian in the inclosed allegory has arraigned him, but it was not unjustly. He attacks our sovereign covertly in the very first paper, 'those who aspire to praise by ridicule,' &c. &c.' the whole character is but too well preserved. Yes, my Lord, inquiry has detected his most trifling faults, and exaggeration sports with his every weakness. How much Theodosius gave up the friend to the scholar, in this paper, you will easily discover, though I think it was his duty to have said with the British writer:

Curst be the thoughts, how well so e'er they flow,
That tend to make one worthy man my foe.

"I am, &c. FLAMINIUS."

† About fifteen years ago, when Dr. Parr was then on a visit to Archdeacon Butler, he accompanied him to spend a couple of days at a gentleman's house (Mr. Pemberton of Millichap). He

oratory, such as it was, in lively debates upon the interests of their ideal kingdoms, in triumphant descriptions of their success, and in trials of skill and strength with some of their brave and sturdy schoolfellows.

The Doctor and Sir William Jones wrote tragedies upon some of the stories, by which they had been interested in the course of their reading. They had a custom of attempting to imitate any English writer, by the excellencies of whose style they had been powerfully impressed; and the Doctor has been known to speak with rapture of his endeavours to rival Jones in the short and abrupt sentences of Phalaris's Epistles, and Bennet in the gaudy and captivating diction of Hervey's Meditations. While they excelled in the ordinary exercises of the school in the learned languages, they improved their English style by a diligent perusal of Addison, Johnson, and other elegant authors, whose comparative merits they discussed in conversation, and whose peculiar forms of writing they selected as models for imitation, according to their different judgments. To these early and singular operations of their understandings, may in a great degree be ascribed the eminence which they have since reached in the republic of letters. But for the regularity and the rapidity of their progress in classical learning, they were yet much more indebted

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He found this book in two volumes, and seized it with great delight, and begged to have it as a memorial of his earliest acquaintance with the writings of that illustrious philosopher.

to the instruction of Dr. Robert Sumner, who in 1760 became the successor of Dr. Thackeray, and whose character is beautifully described by Sir William Jones in his Preface to the "Commentaries upon Asiatic Poetry."

It is but doing justice to the late Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq. and Dr. Charles Combe, to notice that they were also the inseparable associates with Jones, Bennet, and Parr, in all their literary pursuits, though far behind them in accomplishments, genius, and talents. With what unremitted eagerness they endeavoured to store their minds with knowledge, appears from this anecdote, authenticated by Mr. Roderick. Jones came one day sobbing to Dr. Sumner, and addressed him, "Sir, my mother has brought a medical gentleman from London to examine my eyes. He says, I must be taken home, because I must not be allowed to look into a book. If I go home, there will be nobody to read to me; but if I am suffered to remain here, I give you my word, that I will not read myself, but can come into the school to hear the lessons done, and Parr, Bennet, &c. &c. can read to me in the evenings."

It was the happier lot of Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet to remain for several years under the care of Dr. Sumner. Parr enjoyed this advantage only from the summer of 1760, to the spring of 1761, after which he was removed from school, and employed in the business of his father. But the progress which he had made in the writings of antiquity, and the habits which he had formed for

the cultivation of his mind, enabled him to continue his studies with unwearied industry and with increasing effect.

Of Parr's childhood, his only sister, Mrs. Bowyear, wrote the following account to Mr. Lynes, at my desire. I shall divide it into two parts, that I may bring it into historical order as to time.

"My brother might be styled slovenly in his dress. I do not recollect that he entered much into the usual sports of boys: he was from childhood of a studious turn of mind, but with me he was playful, though, I must confess, at times, rather obstreperous, as he would approach me with clenched fists, though in perfect good-humour. Indeed, he was for many years a kind, affectionate brother, and anxious for my welfare and happiness. His earliest study, and longest cherished delight, next to Mother Goose, was the History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.* From the age of nine or

* I do not know what Mr. Brougham will say to this, but Parr's fondness for such books, and recommendation of them to children, lasted to the end of his life. He coincided, however, with that illustrious man in the opinion, that books of art and science ought to be placed also in the hands of the uninstructed. The following books he gave to my children in 1820, and I copy the list, as it contains the library he recommended to children of about seven or eight years of age:

An Epitome of Modern Geography, by William Pinnock.
Ditto Ancient, by ditto.
Ditto Astronomy, by G. Roberts.
Catechism of Mythology, by C. Irving.
Sovereigns of England.
History of England.

ten he evinced a strong inclination for the clerical profession; insomuch, that he was accustomed, when our cousins from Eton were with us during their vacations (they, together with myself, forming the congregation), to read the Church Service (after the due tolling of a bell tied to the banisters by those who officiated as clerk), and sometimes he preached, and we youngsters often thought him prolix enough. He made one sermon for Christmas-day (when under twelve years of age), which was shewn to the vicar of Harrow, who said it was so good and appropriate a composition, that no clergyman need have been ashamed to deliver it. He substituted for a surplice a shirt of my father's, taken from the press. This reaching the ears of Mr. Saunders, the vicar, he had a gown and cassock made for him, with which my brother was highly delighted. So enwrapped was he in his pre-

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Catechism of Grecian Antiquities, by C. Irving.
Ditto Grecian History, by W. Pinnock.
Ditto Roman Antiquities, by C. Irving.
Ditto Jewish ditto, by ditto.
Ditto Modern History, by W. Pinnock.
Ditto Chronology, by ditto.
Ditto Heraldry, by G. Roberts.
Ditto Agriculture.
Ditto Navigation, by W. Pinnock.
Elements of Punctuation, by ditto.

At Shrewsbury, the year before he died, he bought a great collection of these books, Tom Hickathrift, Red Riding Hood, &c. (says Archdeacon Butler), to the great delight of myself, the amusement of my boys, and the overwhelming astonishment of a bookseller.

dilection, as even (notwithstanding my father's remonstrances) to persist in reading the Burial Service over dead birds, kittens, &c. Another of his amusements was bell-ringing. With a set of his schoolfellows he frequently assembled to ring a peal, and he was proud of being able to raise the tenor,* which the joint efforts of two of his companions were unable to effect. He was likewise fond of exhibiting his strength, to the great horror of my father, in the strange exploit of knocking down oxen in the slaughter-house. But he was, nevertheless, remarkably attached to animals; and seldom from his childhood read in comfort without a pet cat seated on his table. The only battle I recollect hearing of his fighting throughout his school-boy days, was with Lord Mountstuart, in defence of a worried cat. His attachments of all kinds were very strong. His earliest favourite was his cousin, Tom Parr, who died early; and to him succeeded Frank Parr, Tom's brother, who was captain† of Eton School before he was fifteen years of age, and who also died early. They were younger brothers of Mr. Parr, of Norwich. He always assumed authority among his playmates at home, making his cousins call him uncle. He was, I think, between twelve and thirteen, when, together with Sir William Jones and Dr. Bennet (Bishop of Cloyne), he wrote and acted a play; whether tragedy or comedy, I do not recollect. It was performed in our parlour. The theatre

* He raised the tenor, and every other bell, in the steeple of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, in 1804.

† This is a mistake.

was not very spacious, but it was thronged, and the youthful trio were much applauded. When I spoke of recollecting the turbans and flowing robes worn by the characters in the play that was represented in my father's parlour, I forgot to say there was a female character in it, which was personated by Dr. Bennet, who must have been very small for his age, for he wore my best shoes, and burst them, to my sorrow. Sam was the darling of his mother; and her death (which happened in 1762) was severely and lastingly felt. She was indeed but too indulgent to him; every wish and whim was attended to, and his appetite so consulted, as to have hot meat suppers prepared for him from early childhood. I remember, when he was lying under the heavy attack of small-pox, that left its marks upon him till death, in the first note he wrote to me, on recovering sight from a blindness of three weeks, his expressing extreme pleasure in the assurance he felt, that if the disease were to reach me, I should not suffer as he was suffering, because I had not been indulged in hot suppers. Before this seizure, in about his twelfth year, he was very fair and regular-featured. I recollect well, on my being taken down to him (he was nursed in a distant part of the village), my feeling, in the midst of my joy, at seeing him getting better, something akin to satisfaction, on finding that the prettiness which had attracted so much notice was completely spoiled. A little time previous to my mother's death, Dr. Thackeray resigned the Mastership of Harrow School, of which my brother was captain (about thirteen years of

age), and he finished his school education under Dr. Sumner. The Doctor was very partial to him, had the highest opinion of his abilities, and always said that Parr would wear lawn sleeves. In a little more than a twelvemonth after my mother's death, my father married a Miss Cox, whose father was formerly Master of Harrow School. This marriage was the source of great uneasiness to him and his children; and home became unbearable to my brother. My father was very desirous that he should be of his profession; but, after a short trial, my brother could not be reconciled either to surgery or physic, and Dr. Sumner strongly urged my father not to oppose his adopting the profession he was best fitted for. At length, a reluctant consent was given; but it being (at the instigation of our step-mother) proposed that he should be entered at Cambridge as a sizar, my brother declared that he would give up all thoughts of the University, rather than go in a subordinate situation."

Such is Mrs. Bowyear's account; delivered, it is true, after an interval of more than sixty years, yet with the clear and vivid recollections of early youth, and of the scenes and events *then* interesting to her. Most of Parr's singularities are traceable to his father's fireside. His mother was a woman of many household virtues; she was the servant of her husband and son; waited upon them in that capacity, and pampered them with dainties, bringing him up with many of those eccentricities which through life pervaded his character. His father was a firm, sturdy, intelligent, and observing man; the

petty tyrant of his fireside, but an honest, well-meaning Tory. The son was opinionative, testy, assuming, but full of truth and integrity, and so eager for the acquisition of knowledge, that his appetite for learning was never sated. His person bore the marks of his character; stiff and strong, singular and commanding. His countenance, before the small-pox, so handsome, that his own sister declares her complacency at finding that the small-pox had destroyed his beauty.

It does not appear that he was a boy of frolic or gaiety in his early years. Dr. Gabriel tells an anecdote in one of his letters, from the personal authority of Dr. Allen, who saw Parr when a boy of nine years, sitting on the churchyard gate at Harrow, looking grave and serious, whilst his schoolfellows were playing about. "Sam, why do you not play with the others?" cried Allen. Parr looked at him with seriousness and earnestness, and in a solemn tone replied, "Do not you know, Sir, that I am to be a parson?" His amusements with Bennet and Jones soon after this period, were, to act great personages, to harangue and declaim, and to compose plays. They seldom played the common games of the School. Yet the only remaining juvenile performance of Bennet proves that he and Jones joined the rest of the boys in some of their active frolics. This performance, called "Pugna Maxima," alludes to a battle fought in December 1757 between the boys at Hawkins's, "where I boarded," says Bennet, "and those of Thackeray, who attacked our house and school-room to get some fireworks."

It would no doubt be a source of delight to the surviving Harrow heroes, if they were to read the exploits of their childhood, sung on the very scene of action, in heroic verse. Murray is the hero. Parr's name is not included in the battle, perhaps, because he was not a boarder; but there are other names of high renown. The Duke of Gordon, Middleton, Thwaites, Rawlinson, Bennet, Jones, Tuffnel, West, Earl, Norton, Wilmot, Rosse, Cranston, Lord William Gordon, Brudenell, Cotton, Earl of Barrymore, and perhaps every other boy who boarded, is enumerated. The work extends to some hundred lines; a most exact imitation of Pope's Homer, and no unworthy rival, either in harmony, or spirit of composition. I regret that the whole cannot be published. The following are specimens:

"There, where but one could stand, from danger far,
A neutral chief surveyed the shifting war:
Richard Lord B....., of Irish race;
Strong were his limbs, and manly was his face,
But dull his mind to honour's fairest charms,
His spirit mean, and small his skill in arms."

Again:

"Farran his fate by Bennet's bludgeon found,
And Seward fell extended on the ground;
But e'en in victory Murray's arm we fear,
And shun to meet him in the walls of war;
As when the Giants on Olympus' height,
With Neptune, Mars, and Phœbus dared the fight,
The inferior Gods with ease from heaven they drove,
But shrunk themselves before the arm of Jove."

Among the friends of his childhood Richard Archdale must not be forgotten. Archdale is characterised by the Bishop of Cloyne "as one of the finest geniuses, Harrow, England, or Europe can claim;" and there is much interesting correspondence with him. In one of his early letters, dated Aldersgate-street, 29th August 1764, he describes wretched feelings from family concerns, but alludes to the death of Thomas Parr, and as it proves his strong attachment to our friend, I insert it. In another letter, he tells of his acquaintance with Goldsmith and with Johnson in the Temple, and sends a portion of the poem of "The Traveller," which Goldsmith had read to him, and which he was about to publish.

DEAR SAM, *Aldersgate-street, 29th Aug.* 1764.

I rather merit your pity than resentment on account of my silence, for I believe it would be difficult to alleviate, and impossible to increase my misery. Solitude and reflection are my only companions, while the remembrance of what I once was, and the knowledge of what I now am, drive me almost to distraction. In your company I was happy; in your company enjoyed all that pleasure which friendship and Parr could give, and which sincerity and Archdale could receive. (Here follow some family affairs.) The death of Thomas Parr I very heartily regret, who, as he deserved your friendship, must claim my condolence. Give my love to Page, &c. and be assured that among the many friends your merit claims, there are none who can love and esteem you more than, dear Sam,

Your unhappy friend, R. ARCHDALE.

Henry Hetley became acquainted with Parr on his first visit at Cambridge, where he was introduced to Bennet, and by him to Jones. His sweetness of

temper, and accomplishments of mind, endeared him to the trio. He was Parr's *adviser* at College, and through life, and continued his friend to the latest period of it. I am happy to say, this venerable ecclesiastic still survives: he was tutor to Lord Herbert at Cambridge, and was preferred by the Pembroke family.

Nathaniel Brassey Halhed was another of Parr's schoolfellows, or pupils, while at Harrow. I shall quote some of his letters, and also some of Walter Pollard and Fortescue, and other of his juvenile friends, should there be space enough, in the Appendix.

Of the gravity and seriousness of his character, the following letter, written (when he was taken from school to be placed in his father's shop) to his friend Thomas Fortescue,* is a proof, and also that he had become a politician.

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* Of this young gentleman there is the following notice, in a small edition of Milton's Paradise Lost: "This book was given to Dr. Parr by his schoolfellow Thomas Fortescue, cousin to the Marquis of Wellesley. Some of the speeches were marked by Mr. Thomas Sheridan, father of Mr. Richard Sheridan." In Dr. Parr's own hand is written: "The name of Thomas Fortescue is yet more endeared to me by the merits of his illustrious cousin, the Marquis Wellington. S. Parr." "I give this highly valued book to my most respected friend Dr. John Johnstone. I know that when he reads what I have written in it, he will set no common value upon it, and I entreat him to leave it with particular directions for it to be preserved by the person to whom he chooses to bequeath it. S. Parr, April 29th, 1814."

DEAR FRIEND,

The receipt of your letter was attended with no small satisfaction, as it seemed to discover your real sentiments Our patriot, by dint of argument, and allowed superiority in political knowledge, has, beyond all reasonable confutation, proved that the continuance of our troops in Germany engaged the attention of the French that way; so that they neglected the safety of their foreign settlements, and consequently rendered their reduction easier, and our conquests more numerous. I look upon Barry as an ignorant courtier, a violent speaker, and an interested partizan. "Nec verò audiendi (says Cicero) qui graviter irascendum in inimicos existiment, idque magnanimi et fortis viri esse censeant. Nihil enim laudabilius, nihil magno et præclaro viro dignius placabilitate atque clementia. Omnis autem animadversio et castigatio, contumeliâ vacare debet, neque ad ejus qui reprehendit aliquem, aut verbis castigat, sed ad reipublicæ utilitatem referri." What can be a mark of greater impudence than to cast a slur on the proceedings of a Prince, whom this nation has found happy in the choice of able Ministers and experienced officers, and whose whole conduct his subjects approved and his enemies dreaded? Mr. Pitt, in the opinion of every impartial, considerate, and honest gentleman, is esteemed as a patriot, unbiassed by interest, uninfluenced by party, indifferent of his own glory, and consequently undeserving of that imputation too generally merited in his department. The applause of these, and of the public, are sufficient to prove, that his conduct was consistent with justice, the honour of his King, and the safety of the republic. The tenor of his actions seemed to have little respect to the increase of his own honour and fortune. More might be urged; in short, he has executed faithfully his duty in every particular that Cicero recommends as incumbent on a magistrate. His modesty makes him superior to this great example of patriotism, who publicly professed himself the defender and sole preserver of the commonwealth, and demanded the honour due to him. I feel an excessive joy, when I find you restraining your liberty within bounds, which I feared would lead you to the indulgence of your appetites. "Quam multa (says Seneca) ebrii faciunt, quibus sobrii erubescunt; non est animus in suâ potestate, ab

ebrietate devinctus: onerati vino, ut cibum et potum, sic secretum non continent, quod suum alienumque est, pariter effundunt. Nihil aliud est quam voluntaria insania, et brevis furor," &c. Besides, your fortune exposes you to the allurements of debauchees and of sycophants, who are ever ready to lead the unwary youth into perdition, and deprive him of his envied innocence. Avoid these sycophants, these corrupters of youth, as the slaves of sin and ambassadors of Satan—more destructive to listen to than the sirens that lead the pilot astonished with their melody to ruin—more dangerous to follow than the earth-born meteors that draw the deluded traveller out of his way, into bogs and unknown ways and precipices, whence he cannot escape. Ratione duce, per totam vitam eundum est.——Omnes animi perturbationes, rationem repellentes nullum beatæ vitæ locum relinquunt, &c. As I think myself obliged by the ties of friendship, as well as by the laws of nature, the dictates of reason, and commands of my *conscience*, to correct your failings, I look upon myself as less liable to the censures of a luxuriant, pardonable in your sight, and most laudable in the eyes of the considerate. It is my earnest desire that you would keep this letter safe, and preserve it as a remedy in all trials and temptations. This will prove Parr not deficient in his advice as a friend, and may perhaps be of service to you. Et nihil pro omnibus meis beneficiis, nisi hujus literæ, et admonitus memoriam postulo, quæ dum est animo infusa, me fidelem esse ostendet.

I wish you the compliments of the season, which you will not only improve in the fruition of innocent pleasures, but in contemplating and giving thanks for that stupendous, undeserved instance of divine love, you are at this time called upon to commemorate. That you may live happy in this life, and enjoy the blessings of a future one: that you may overcome all the temptations in this life and enjoy its blessings, is the earnest wish of, dear Thomas, &c. &c. &c.

There are other letters about this period to certain of his young friends; but this is sufficient to prove the piety and gravity of Parr's frame of mind,

and that he had already acquired the didactic tone which accompanied the whole of his existence. Indeed, Bishop Bennet informed me, that he was always the same person throughout. As a boy at school, a youth at college, and a man of the world, he always bore the same ascendency over his fellows.

Of his juvenile compositions, several Sermons, and the Drama of Esther, are preserved; on the paper inclosing this drama is the following notice: "Written by Dr. Parr, when he was 16 years old, at Harrow."

This composition seems not to have been revised; it is written on thirty pages of copy-book, 4to, in many places illegibly. The persons of the drama are, Ahasuerus, Esther, Haman, Mordecai, Carsnia, Haruman, the Priests, the Council; and the plot and conduct of the play are the exact history of the event. Haman enters triumphant, uses the absolute will of his master to his own cruel purposes, and obtains the order for the destruction of the Jews. The Priests of the Jews supplicate Heaven for the salvation of their nation, and I shall copy the scene in which they are introduced, as a specimen of the composition. The drama is unfinished; but Esther's beauty has its proper influence, Ahasuerus relents, is convinced by the Queen, the Jews triumph, and Haman is destroyed.

SCENE THE SECOND.

1*st Priest.* Ye sacred bands of Israel, ye sons
Elect of Heaven, prepare the hymn of praise,
The tribute of thanksgiving and of joy.

2d Priest. Lo! Light, the glorious daughter of the skies,
Dawns from the East; amazed at her approach
See darkness trembles, see the glimmering stars
Now pale, now vanished from the gazing sight.
Aurora, herald of the rising morn,
Casts a red lustre o'er the blushing sky,
Whilst from the womb of night the day bursts forth,
And steals their brightness from the setting stars.

3d Priest. The merry lark, shrill harbinger of morn,
Attunes her voice; the choristers of air,
The feathered tenants of the grove awake,
And hail with sweet accord the coming day.

1st Priest. Arise, ye sons of piety, arise!
With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues prepare,
And drink devotion at the font of Heaven.

High Priest. To thee, o God! who art enthroned on high,
Extended over all, who rulest above,
And governest below, to thee we sing.

3d Priest. With reverence our affections guide, with love
Our hearts inspire, replenish, and inflame.

1st Priest. Whilst Chaos stretched her vast, her dreary reign,
Whilst horror, darkness, and confusion spread
Hateful dominion o'er the mass of things,
Thou was't beginning from eternity.
When after the long revolution
Of time, it pleased thy will to fix, to give
Shape to this earth, and being unto man,
At thy omnific voice the task was done,
By thy Almighty hand the world was made;
At thy call nature rose—the universe
Shot into form, then rudeness order grew,
Light sprang from darkness, man from nothing came.

2d Priest. Faithful to thy command, the King of day
Performs his wonted course, collects his beams,
Imparts his genial influence, and rides
Triumphant on the bosom of the air.
By thy appointment the Sidereal host
With various spangles deck the firmament,
And light the æther in a vivid glow.

The moon in silent majesty ascends
To cheer with silver rays the gloomy night.
The zephyrs softly murmur, gently blow;
From thee the lightning's subtle flame imbibe
Swiftness to fly, commission to destroy.

3d Priest. The lion, hardy tyrant of the wood;
The steed, proud monarch of the lawn; the beasts,
That guard the forest or possess the fields,
Ask thy protection, and confess thy sway.
Man he created sovereign of the earth,
The heir of Heaven, image of perfection,
The Lord of reason, his peculiar care,
His choicest favourite, his highest work.
These qualities let man improve, let man
These blessings value, and presume to know
His excellence, his duties, and his God.

High Priest. In these survey omnipotence; in these
See Him, whose boundless spirit all pervades,
Whose unremitting energy moves all,
And harmony preserves; who, great and good,
Combines the parts and regulates the whole.
Let man, in wonder lost, with transport fired,
Adore the Deity, adore the hand
Which first this complex system caused,
First this stupendous flame produced, impels,
For ever permeates, and for ever guides.
Ye sons of Israel! the Lord proclaim,
Declare his goodness, and exalt his name.

1st Priest. Maker of all that was, is, or will be!
Parent of being, source of happiness!
From thee we draw our origin; to thee
We owe our preservation and our bliss.
Look down, celestial parent, and infuse
Devotion in our breasts; to watch our steps
Continue, and vouchsafe to hear our prayers.

Chorus. Ye sons of Israel, the Lord proclaim,
Declare his goodness and exalt his name.

The interval between the summer of 1761, when

he left school, and May 1765, when he was entered a Sizar at Emanuel College, Cambridge, was spent in his father's business. In the midst of duties thus imposed, he read the best authors in Greek and Latin. He applied himself most earnestly to those philological inquiries which afterwards occupied so large a portion of his time. He indulged the fondness which he had very early felt for metaphysical investigation. He frequently wrote upon classical subjects, both in verse and prose. He improved his talents for English composition by two series of moral essays, in which his style was gradually formed into that resemblance, which it has since preserved, to the energy of Johnson's language, and the harmony of his periods.

Observing the ardour of his son's spirit, and the vigour of his understanding, the father, after instructing him in the elementary parts of medicine, for some time meant to place him in the shop of Mr. Truedale, of London, where his experience would have been extensive; and sometimes he permitted the young man to indulge the expectation of prosecuting his studies upon a more enlarged scale, in one of the Scotch Universities. But Parr was never reconciled to any class of the medical profession.

Mr. Roderick assures me that some of the habits then formed, as preparatory to his professional pursuits, such, for instance, as his fondness for inspecting the slaughter and dissection of animals, continued when he was Assistant at Harrow, and Master at Stanmore. But this fondness did not originate in any desire to acquire anatomical knowledge. His

pleasure, Mr. Roderick thinks, was founded on the gratification of seeing a ferocious animal fall a victim to the dexterity of the slayer. Whatsoever were his motive, pleasure or science, it certainly had ceased to operate when he resided in Warwickshire; metaphysics then had driven physics quite out of doors, but he ever after entertained a respect and admiration for the medical profession, and has frequently expressed these feelings in different parts of his published writings.

It was perhaps unhappy for the honour of the art, and for the benefit of mankind, that he was not one of its professors; supported as that art ought to be, by profound learning and exquisite sagacity. A popular practitioner I can hardly conceive he would have been; for though to affliction he was always kind, yet in his expressions he was not always tender. In some of his moods, his appearance would have been terrible to nervous ladies; and his feelings were often too intense, to authorize the supposition that they could always have been restrained before the patient. He had not courage enough for a physician, and too little coolness of mind for a surgeon. It was his better taste, or his happier lot, to choose theology as his profession. His love of ecclesiastical pomp, and his gravity of temper and unfeigned piety, and fondness for holy things, even in his youth, superseded all voluntary pursuits; so that his father was at length induced to enter him at Emanuel College, Cambridge, in the summer of 1765. He began his academical residence in the autumn of that year, and had the good for-

tune to be placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, and the Rev. Mr. Farmer. He was admitted a Sizar, but when he went to reside became a Pensioner.

During his continuance at Cambridge, his spirits were lively and his temper most social; but his companions were few, and his pleasures were innocent. His application was incessant, and his obedience to the established discipline of his college was most exemplary. The force of his mind was chiefly directed to classical and philological reading; yet he had at the same time formed the most serious determination to prepare himself for his degree, and he secretly aspired to a high place in those academical honours, which are bestowed upon great proficiency in mathematical knowledge.

The only letter of his father to him in the collection, points out the way for his return from the University, in December 1765; and shortly after, he went home.

He had scarcely passed a month at Harrow, on his return from college, when his father died. He had lost his own mother three years before. His father had married again; and it is not improbable that Parr's expressions of dislike to the novercal administration, had induced his father to bear the expence of sending him to college. It happened that he was at a play at Drury-lane, with his friend and schoolfellow Mr. Mee, when his father was struck with apoplexy, in January 1766. That he was cast down both by the loss of his father and his fortune, which appears to have been too largely

bestowed on his step-mother, is proved by the following letter from his friend Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

To Mr. Samuel Parr, Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex.

Emanuel College, Cambridge, March 9, 1766.

DEAR PARR,

With little to command your attention, and less to divert your melancholy, I once more interrupt the misfortunes I participate, and recal the ideas that I wish were forgot. February past, March departing, without either knowledge of your present situation, or plan of your future life, must kindle impatience, and awaken friendship, I buried in mathematics, tormented with *morality*, forsaken by my living classics, and shut up from my dead ones, must find my situation far from satisfactory; but the uncertainty of yours makes me forget my own. I can overlook my troubles, if you are happy; or sink amidst them, if you are unfortunate.

We begin to expect you in College; but if the complication of affairs demands your presence, can give leave till the middle of April; by which time you will perhaps be as necessary, as advantageous to Cambridge. The influence of Wright's advice, exhortation, and example in debauchery, may perhaps be strong enough to dazzle one, whom I am too sorry to behold in guilt, and too weak to preserve from it. You are wanted to defend modesty from ridicule, and innocence from guilt; to guard Lane from unmerited insult, and Quin from unmerited ruin. For the amiable softness, the winning elegance of the latter, I have conceived a regard, warm as a series of years could make it. In my short acquaintance (I had almost called it friendship) with Quin, I have discerned in him qualities that will follow the weakest hand which bends them to vice, or deepens them in virtue. I have regard enough to pity, attention enough to observe, but not fortitude enough to assist him. At present he is in the very acme of vice, with all her beauty displayed, and all her deformity concealed; the moment is hastening, nay perhaps has already passed, that has settled him in virtue, or marked him with infamy, while I pity, condemn, but pardon his infatuation, and fear lest the man who is now above my praise, should too soon fall below my contempt.

Mar. 17.—Since I finished this I received your two letters, the last of which awakened equal surprise and concern. Detestation at Mrs. Parr's rapacity, and pity for your loss, remain equally importunate and strong in my mind, but you have still sufficient for all the necessaries, all the pleasures of life; and the woman who has seized your fortune without right, will enjoy it without satisfaction. My next letter, which may perhaps reach you as soon as this, will discuss these points more fully; at present, my friendship for Archdale calls on me immediately to mention him. He informs me, in a letter (whose elegance I can only say is worthy of him), that he shall come to .....; and as men, as friends, as scholars, it is our interest that he should not. At a College, where dissipation is encouraged, and learning ridiculed, his inclinations for improvement will be damped, for vice increased. I must be more concise than I should chuse. If this scheme is Sumner's, make bold to shew the mistake; if a superior's, we must, I fear, acquiesce. Yet even to him it may be told, that does he desire Archdale's pecuniary advantage, Trinity; if his literary, Emanuel is the College. We lose him for ever if this scheme is pursued. The same hand which (certain intelligence informs me) has corrupted Quin, will ruin him. For once, then, put on the man of the world; plead, threat, convince, it is yours by letter or words to know more of this affair; to give him hopes and wishes is all in the power of your sincere friend,

WILLIAM BENNET.

I would not have it known that I interest myself in this affair, for particular reasons.

Parr resided at Emanuel the whole of the year 1766, under the tuition of Mr. Hubbard * and Mr. Farmer,† for both of whom he expressed the most

* Hubbard published one Sermon for the Widows and Orphans of the Sussex Clergy, which was much and justly admired, says Parr. B. P. He was a jacobite and a smoaker.

† Mr. Farmer was the celebrated commentator and black-letter collector, and finally Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. Some of his letters will be published.

profound respect, as men of letters and of virtue. It has already been noted how he spent his time at college; but it will appear hereafter that his respect for Mr. Farmer was damped by unkindness, and that it was with difficulty he was persuaded from pouring forth the bitterness of his wrath upon a man who neglected* and endeavoured to degrade him. He became dissatisfied; he thought himself poor, and accepted without unwillingness† Dr.

* "Farmer neglected all mankind," says Archdeacon Butler, in a remark on this passage. "He was a man of such singular indolence, as to neglect the usual duties of his office as Tutor of a College, in sending in the young men's accounts, and is supposed to have burnt large sums of money by putting into the fire, unopened, letters which contained remittances, accompanied by remonstrances, and requiring answers."

† From the Rev. Dr. Sumner, Master of Harrow School, to Mr. Samuel Parr, Emanuel College, Cambridge, dated Harrow, November 10, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Holmes has this morning acquainted me with his design of leaving Harrow next Christmas; I immediately determined to mention the vacancy to you, and offer you the employment.

If this appears worth your acceptance, I shall heartily wish to see you for an hour or two, that we may consider how far it will be practicable to reconcile this scheme with your design of taking your degrees. As I do not know whether you are acquainted or not with the terms, I will mention them.

The salary I pay Mr. Holmes is £50 *per annum*; what profits may arise from pupils I cannot fix with any certainty. Mr. Holmes I understand receives £40 or £50 from them, and if you think proper to succeed him, I hope it is needless to say I shall do every thing in my power to make your situation here respectable and profitable. Let me have your answer as soon as you can determine; if this proposal should interfere with any other views you may have, I have reasons to wish you

Sumner's kind offer of the office of first assistant in Harrow School. During the negotiation, and perhaps even immediately after the offer of Dr. Sumner, his views were changed, and he hoped to hasten the progress of his academical degrees by becoming a Fellow Commoner of Emanuel; for a Fellow Commoner he certainly designed to be, as the following letter of the Bishop of Cloyne will prove:

DEAR PARR, *Emanuel College, Dec.* 1, 1766.

As this letter has the same subject as your last, it requires the same apology, I will descend therefore directly to business; after promising that, though the troublesome employment of doing nothing has made me so idle that I am two letters in your debt, my heart was all the time at Harrow, and I thought not the less warmly on Parr and friendship.

I have acquainted Mr. Farmer of your design of becoming Fellow Commoner, and he is busy in making a calculation, which he intends to give me in a few days, and which I will bring with me to Harrow, where I hope to be for a day or two at Christmas. I have a notion that you pay some trifle for a room whether you are real or nominal possessor, but Farmer will certify me of this. The reason you have had no bill for some time is, because, in character of your agent, I paid for your bill in the June quarter, and carried it to your account, and have just got that for Michaelmas, which I propose discharging as soon as my own quarterage is due. I will forward the bills with Mr. Hubbard's receipt in full, or bring them myself, as you chuse. You will see by the inclosed state of the accounts, and the considerable balance in your favour, that I can perform this office with ease and advantage to us both. Your goods have been sold by my leave, and Mr. Hubbard's order; you will find the sum on the side of debtor. No one congratulates the happiness of

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would not speak of it. Contrive to let me see you at Harrow, for I have many things, that we may settle in conversation, which it is impossible to explain in a letter. I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

Mr. Parr. R SUMNER.

your situation more warmly than Bennet, because no one shares it more sincerely. Yet I cannot cease praising my own knowledge, when I so often told you that you would be rewarded for your former sufferings. For my own part, I am generally contented, and therefore, generally happy; and as hope points out something which invites me to a fresh pursuit, I scorn to leave the chase for a few casual disappointments. From your Latin letters (or rather from as much of your Latin letters as I could read) I received great pleasure. I am with compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, yours sincerely and affectionately,

WILLIAM BENNET.

Sparrow desires his compliments, and wrote the sentence himself. Hetley * has been ill, but is better.

He did not become a Fellow Commoner of Emanuel; but from January 1767, having accepted the place of Assistant in Harrow School, for five years he sustained the office with the highest credit to himself, and the greatest satisfaction to his employers. In Dr. Sumner he found a wise counsellor, a zealous protector, and a most faithful and affectionate friend. In his associates, the Rev. Mr. David Roderick and Mr. Wadeson, kind, learned, and faithful friends. His own great powers were duly honoured and acknowledged by Mr. Saunders, Vicar of Harrow, Mr. Williams of Pinner, and all those around him who were capable of appreciating them. He was constantly and usefully engaged; and it is not difficult to believe that, without care and without anxiety, and with full employment, this must have been one of the happiest periods of his life.

On Christmas Day, 1769,† Parr was ordained

* Now living, Prebendary of Sarum.

† The following letter shews that his ordination was at last sudden. It is from his friend the Rev. David Roderick.

Deacon at Fulham, by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London. His title was the Curacies of Willsden and Kingsbury, Middlesex, where the Rev. Moses White, Minor Canon of St. Paul's and Chaplain of Bridewell Hospital, was the incumbent. He continued diligently attending to the duties of his School and his Curacies till March 1770, when his happiness

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REV. SIR, *Queen's College, Oxon.*

I heartily congratulate you on your admission into orders, that principal object of your wishes and completion of all your happiness. I cannot possibly conjecture what unexpected revolution in your affairs brought about this important event. In general I can give as much credit to you as any person I am acquainted with; but your declarations against preaching were circumstances in which I always suspected your veracity. You have begun betimes to hold forth; the very day you were ordained. I took the degree of M.A. without any trouble, and have been detained here ever since, through an unwillingness to leave my old acquaintance, and a fondness for a place where I spent five years with so much pleasure and satisfaction. I cannot possibly meet you at Buckingham. The weather is so disagreeable that I cannot ride, and a post chaise would cost me one shilling a mile, which, in the reduced state of my finances, I cannot well spare. Besides, I want to stay in London for some time. If I had known sooner of your intention, I should have come to London to attend you. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Bowyear. I should be very glad to be introduced to Mr. Bowyear's acquaintance, and to laugh a day or two with your sister on your new-acquired consequence and dignity, but hope they will excuse me at this time, as it was principally owing to my persuasion, and engagement to meet you, that you have visited them. I do not despair even of your absolution, as you are now in good spirits and perfect good-humour with every body. I have stolen from the common room, where I have been drinking pretty freely with the Fellows, in order to send you this letter. To-morrow I am to dine with the Provost, and next day set out for London. I am, Reverend Brother, your sincere friend, DAVID RODERICK.

was suddenly interrupted by hearing of the illness of his cousin Francis Parr, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. His friendship for this young man exhibits his character in so amiable a point of view, that it will form a pleasing episode to enter into a detail of some length. Francis Parr was the son of the Rev. Robert Parr, Rector of Horsted, in Norfolk, and elder brother of Dr. Parr's father. He was educated at Eton; and at the age of 16 was second boy in the school, and did not become captain because there were two vacancies at King's, which carried off the captain and himself at the same time. Hearing of his illness at Cambridge, and that he was attended by Dr. Glynn, Parr desired him to come to Harrow for further advice. He was attended by Doctor, afterwards Sir Noah Thomas, for what was deemed a scrofulous complaint; and after having undergone an excruciating operation, the extraction of a tooth, and the perforation of the alveolar process, for the purpose of draining off a supposed abscess, he was sent to Margate for the benefit of the sea. No wonder he suffered violent pains, for he had taken the fourth part of a grain of corrosive sublimate twice a day, from March 3d* probably till May the 9th, when

* ℞ Merc. corros. sublimat. gr. ij solv. in aq. menth. pip. simpl. ʒ iv.

℞ Aq Cinnam. simpl. ʒ i. solut. præscr'pt. ʒ ss.—Nuc. Mosch. ʒ ij Syr. Croc. ʒ j fiat Haustus sumendus omni mane et nocte.

Si tormina usui Haustus præscripti supervenerint, adde Haustui nocturno Tincturæ Thebaici gutt. x.

there is a prescription for a mixture to be injected into the nostrils thrice a day; and such was the

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Si Alvus nimis soluta fuerit, adde eidem Haustui nocturno Tinct. Theb. gutt. x.

Si Alvus adstricta fuerit, cap. q. n. m. vel. q. s. Electarii sequentir.

℞ Elect. Lenitiv. ʒiss Crystal Tartar. ʒss Rad. Jalap. ʒiss Syr. Rosar. solut. q. s. fiat Electarium.

Si oris glandulæ afficiantur, omittatur Haustus per dies tres vel quatuor, et sumatur omni mane per dies tres vel quatuor, Electarii, q. s. ad alvum ter solvendam.

Mr. Parr, Mart: 3tio, 1770. N. T.

℞ Rad. Sarsaparill. ʒiij decoq. leni igne ex aq. puræ ℔vi. ad ℔ij deinde adde liquori colato, postquam refixerit, Aq. Nuc. Mosch. ʒij.

Bibat totum partitis vicibus quotidie.

Mr. Parr, April 21mo, 1770. N. T.

℞ Aq. Flordeat. ℔ss.

Mell. Rosac. ʒi Tinctur. Myrrh ʒss. m. fiat injectio.—This mixture is to be injected into the nostrils thrice a day.

Mr. Parr, May 9, 1770. N. T.

SIR, *Old Burlington-street, July* 13, 1770.

I should have answered your letter by the return of the post, but that I thought it necessary to see your cousin first. He has just left me, and I think him much better than he was some days ago; that is, his pain is greatly abated, the hectic heat almost gone, and his spirits are much improved. Mr. Bromfield and I are of opinion that the impostumation, which began in the left nostril, has made its way into what anatomists call the antrum, or great sinus of the left upper jaw. We therefore directed two of the teeth called grinders to be drawn, and a perforation to be made into this antrum, that the matter might have a vent into the mouth. This has been done in some measure; but we do not think the perforation large enough,

agony he suffered, that the operation above alluded to was deemed necessary on the 8th of July. From Margate he returned, unrestored to health, and continued growing slowly worse the remainder of the year. "On Thursday, the 11th of January, 1771, Frank set out for Cambridge, to undergo his College examination for his degree; the weather was extremely cold, but Dr. Glynn, Vice Provost of King's, who was angry with Frank because he had ceased to be Glynn's patient, and put himself under the care of other medical men, compelled Frank in this dreadful weather, and with all his alarming complaints, to go into the College chapel. Frank being a Fellow of King's, this examination was necessary to his degree of Bachelor of Arts." He returned from Cambridge on the 19th of January; on February 12th grew worse; an abscess formed which required the surgical aid of Mr. Bromfield on the 26th; he gradually grew worse, and died at Harrow April 28th, 1771. Dr. Parr's own memorandum goes on thus: "Frank was buried on

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and shall to-morrow order it to be enlarged. He does not seem to us to be in immediate danger; we rather think he has a pretty good chance to get well; how soon, it is impossible for us to say. If neither the jaw-bone nor any of the neighbouring bones are foul, he will soon recover his health; otherwise, the cure will be tedious. He certainly is of a scrophulous habit of body, which may retard the cure. You may be assured that I shall pay all the attention in my power to Mr. Parr's case; and I make no doubt but Mr. Bromfield will do the same. I beg you would be pleased to present my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Forster. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

N. THOMAS.

Saturday, May 4th, in the same grave wherein lay the remains of my father and mother, at the West end of the church. His brother Robert had come to Harrow upon April the 30th at ten o'clock at night. The funeral was furnished by —— at Harrow. The body of Frank had been brought from his lodgings at Sloughters' to my house on Friday night, and deposited in the little parlour. The coffin was very handsome, and a plume of white feathers was placed over it. The pall was supported by Mr. Browning, who had come up on Friday the 3d of May; by Mr. Evans, the Curate; and by Mr. Drury, then an usher, and afterwards upper master at Harrow, on the right side. It was supported on the left side by Mr. Wadeson, under master; by Mr. Roderick, my assistant; and by Mr. White, assistant to my cousin Robert Forster, surgeon. The burial was about six in the evening. The body was preceded by the learned Dr. Sumner, head master of Harrow school. He read the service most eloquently; and little did he foresee that I should be called upon to perform the same duty for himself, in a few short months after that he had performed for my dear cousin Frank. My friendship with this excellent man continued in this world 11 years 4 months and 18 days. Frank's mother came up twice. They loved each other tenderly. I promised her at Frank's request an annuity of £5. I promised Frank to pay his Cambridge debts, and they were paid faithfully. The whole amount of what was paid was £223. I was then very poor, but I could not grudge my money for a dear relative and friend,

for whom I would gladly have laid down my life. Frank Parr had much good sense, and much pleasantry; and he used to laugh with perfect good-humour at the peculiarities of his three comrades, Topping, Paddon, and Sir John, alias Browning. Frank was full six feet high; he had a fine person, and a fine countenance; he always dressed elegantly. He was very polite in his manners; he was admired by the ladies, and esteemed by all his acquaintance. He was endeared to my soul by his virtues. He was a good scholar, but he laughed at me as a laborious student. He kept up his Greek and Latin, and I approved his taste, though I scolded him for want of diligence. He was beginning to write well in English; and among my letters there is one from Frank, in which the composition is very good indeed. If he had lived, I should have guided and goaded him into more knowledge. I shall never forget his form, his voice, his friendship, and his numerous moral excellencies. His complaint was hereditary scrofula; it destroyed not him only, but his brother Tom; and it appeared more or less in the elder brother Robert. The disease came not from his father, but from his mother."* The ad-

* The following letter is declaratory of F. Parr's sense of his cousin's kindness:

MY DEAREST AND BEST OF FRIENDS,

You are too benevolent, too bountiful to me. Do not misinterpret my meaning, but I am afraid you distress yourself to benefit me. I have just received your letter and present by Mr. Thackeray. Notwithstanding my previous determination

mirable letters subjoined contain the warmest effusions of piety, mingled with brotherly affection. Parr, in his own words, has given a simple, but impressive account, of the generous manner in which he acted; the letters will be lasting monuments of his zealous affection, his devout spirit, and of his unbounded confidence in the mercy of God.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,

I told you that I should write no more; and yet, contrary to my own engagements and your expectation, I have snatched up the pen to write now. Well, my dear Frank, I am very sure you will excuse me, and will attribute my conduct to that anxious, zealous regard, I always have felt, and always shall feel for you. I found Dr. Thomas at home, and sat with him more than half an hour. We had much and earnest conversa-

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not to write to you till I had received an answer from Dr. Thomas, your letter obliges me to take up my pen, (which, by the bye, is a very bad one,) and send you something like an answer to both yours. Your heartiness of expression convinces me that every moment is an age till you hear from me. To ease your anxiety take these few lines, and pray do not expect many more, for I know of no occurrence worthy of my insertion or your perusal, no account of my reading the οἱ πανυ, no material alteration in my health; my old complaints still remain, though, upon the whole, I am improved. Be not alarmed about my care of myself. Paddon is as unwilling to suggest any thing which might hurt me, as I am to attend to his suggestions. Gulliver's Travels, the daily papers, and the Dramatic Censor, are my studies. Of the two latter I will not say much; the former you will join me in admiring—there are many severe but just reflections in them. The weather is at present favourable. I ride every day. You shall hear from me soon, till which time adieu! God bless you, and reward you for your good offices to F. PARR.

tion about your unhappy case. He spoke to me with much freedom, openness, and candour; and, though I was extremely dejected at the purport of his declarations, I was highly pleased with their honesty. He charged me to keep up your spirits and my own; acknowledged your situation deplorable, but not desperate; and encouraged me, by very solid arguments, to look for some relief from the methods you now pursue. My dear friend, you know the bottom of my heart; and, if I have a thought there which you do not know, I shall suspect myself of ingratitude in desiring to conceal it from a man of your unsuspecting confidence and thorough integrity. You believe me, I suppose, to be a Christian. You believe me not to have taken up my faith upon a careless, superficial examination; not to keep or part with it at random—not to lay it down as an abstract truth defensible only in theory—but to consider it as a constant principle of action. That I have committed many mistakes, even with this steady, this hearty persuasion, that the Gospel is of Divine authority, I own with sorrow; but I am happy and proud to own, that my mistakes and faults would have been far greater without it. From this, my dear friend, from this I am seriously convinced, that Providence does rule over the world, and that all secondary events are under its disposal; and that, what we unphilosophically call a particular interposition, makes, in reality, only one part of the general administration. I am convinced, too, that the Almighty is ever ready to succour those who call on him with resignation to his will, and trust in his mercy; and that he can bend the course of things to an accomplishment of his purposes, by means as much above our comprehension, as they are for ends conducive to our happiness. Under this sense, I look for success from the earthly endeavours we are making for your recovery; and, for the same reason, I pray God to bless by his favour those means which he directs by his wisdom. Under this sense, you doubtless comfort yourself with the hopes of receiving relief, and at the same time look up for success only to the hand of heaven. I know not how it came about; last Saturday, my dear friend, I went to London with a full resolution to open my bosom, and to talk with you both seriously and copiously about the concerns of another life. Such a conversation would certainly

have been not inconsistent with my Clerical character. It would have been not improper from one who has that hearty, earnest affection to all your interests, that I pay to yours. I would have been not offensive to a man of your sound understanding and firm faith. Yet my unwillingness to deject you got the better of all my determinations, and I kept the secrets fast up within my bosom, which have now found their way in this letter. In a word, my dear fellow Christian, let me beg of you to think earnestly of another state. If it is at hand, such thoughts are peculiarly seasonable: if it is far distant, they yet become your present situation. These are moments in which I cannot stoop to trifle or dissemble with you. I should disdain to dissemble myself. I should be angry if, in such circumstances, you from benevolence should wish to deceive me. I know the common cant of—'it will make him low—it can do him no good —poor soul, he wants to be comforted'—I know, and despise it. If you are unfit for another life, it is high time to rouse you from your lethargy; if you are fit, it is the only prospect that ought to employ your attention, because the only one that can deserve it. Ah, my friend! address your prayers to Almighty God in the name of his Son; beg his mercy to all the follies and irregularities of your youth.

Without sorrow you cannot repent. Without repentance you cannot be saved. With it you will have comfort here and joy hereafter. My dear Frank, I beg of you again and again, approach in thought and prayer that God, before whom we must all at some time or other appear; before whom it may be our lot to appear very soon. But why should we be shocked? Christianity unfolds futurity in every cheering, every delightful representation; it shews the mercy of our God and the love of our Saviour. It shews that through the Gospel covenant, even our imperfect services shall be accepted, and our numberless sins forgiven. It shews us that you and I, with all our follies and all our faults, may, I trust, humbly trust we shall, meet in Heaven, never, never to be separated; more virtuous, more fond, more friendly yours, my dear Frank,

S. PARR.

Do not wonder at my greediness to snatch the very few moments, which our gracious and wise Father will perhaps allow us to have in this world. Oh, my friend! may his boundless mercy, may the merits and intercession of his most blessed Son, bring us together in a future life, never, never, to be separated. You know, Frank, that I have always looked on this scene as only preparatory to another; and indeed there is no one object in it, that bears comparatively any value in my sight, but the friendship of some good men, and yours very far above all others. Yet, my soul, the very consideration which makes me as a man more reluctant to lose you, ought to give me as a Christian the highest pleasure. God is my witness, that I do not flatter you; but your goodness of heart, your soundness of faith, all, all conspire to tie you to my heart, and to fix me your friend. Such virtue I never have found; I never can find. Heaven give me grace to be thankful for it, grace to imitate it, and to share with you in the final reward of our labours. Our present situation calls upon me to speak in this serious manner. When I weigh together what I have seen of your case, and what I have heard of it from your physician, my soul breaks loose from every comfort, by which religion ought to bind me; and is plunged into extreme and agonizing despair. But this state of mind is not lasting. I am able to collect my disordered thoughts; to fix my warm heart; and to rest my whole and sincere confidence in the infinite, inconceivable goodness of the Supreme. Such is the weakness of nature, that I cannot be quite easy; it is true I have great trust in the kindness of God, and in the efficacy of a Saviour's intercession. I look forward with exultation to the joys which are treasured up for you, and with trembling hope make part of them my own. Yet the tear will drop, and the heart will ache. Oh my dear, dear Frank, oh were that day arrived to both of us, when every sigh shall be stopped, and every evil done away, and our souls lifted up from this vale of sorrow to boundless and heavenly joy. Let me open myself yet further to you. Should it please God to deprive me of you, I know it is my duty, through his grace it shall be my endeavour, to bear the stroke. But if it falls, I shall, I shall, my friend, have no wishes to continue: my hopes, my thoughts, will follow, and I shall long, perhaps impatiently

long, for that hour, which shall restore us to each other, and bring us to our God. My prayers, my dear friend, I do not fail to offer up in behalf of your body and soul; I dare say you do the same for me. May the Almighty, for his dear Son's sake, hear us both, save, preserve, bless us, for ever.

I hope to get the towels ready in a day or two. Pray make yourself easy, my heart, about all money, and claim mine as your own. Let no false pride, no superfluous delicacy, no unfriendly, unmanly, unchristian suspicions, keep you from repeating your demands. "Greater love," says our Saviour, "than this has no man, than that a man should lay down his life for his friend." God is my judge that I would most readily, most contentedly, most gladly die, for you, my dear, dear soul! Can I then refuse you any thing else? We have a common interest here, a common hope hereafter, Heaven grant our friendship to last to all eternity. If the towels are ready, you will perhaps see me for an hour or two on Thursday or Friday evening. Write a line by to-night's post. Write, if it be only a line. Pray eat three or four jellies a day. Pray take care of yourself. I commend you to the great God and his most gracious Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. Through his mediation and intercession may we live long on earth, and meet in Heaven!

Yours, my friend, sincerely and affectionately,

SAMUEL PARR.

My distraction, dear Frank, grows intolerable. My eyes are sometimes raised to Heaven with humble and pious confidence—they are in a moment sunk down to the earth, and all hope, all comfort, vanish from before me. Now I feel the weakness of human nature, and the emptiness of human knowledge; now I feel the consolations which religion only can offer, which it has offered, and does offer to me, under the expectation of a calamity more dreadful to me than death. For what, my dear soul, what have I to lose by the resignation of a life whose pleasures have been mostly borrowed from the prospect of futurity, and whose very capacity of bestowing happiness is destroyed when you, the last, best gift of my God, art torn from me. Be not shocked—we are men—we are Chris-

tians—I have lived in hopes of seeing you prosper here—I shall live, perhaps, under the well-grounded assurance that you will be happy hereafter—happy in heaven—happy in the reward of your virtue—in the approbation of your Redeemer, in the favour of your God. This joy no man taketh from you. With you may I share this joy. Yes, my friend, I can without horror, let me add without presumption, yield myself to death, and even pray for it, under the hope of seeing and living with you in another and a better, far better state. Under this conviction, let us bow down our hearts, and commit our souls and our bodies, to Him who judgeth righteously, to a Redeemer whose love is boundless, to a God whose mercy is inexhaustible. My dear, dear heart, I could not bear the idea of suffering you to feel one uneasy thought, and therefore I sent you three guineas this morning, on the very moment after my arrival. I will in a few days send you some towels, and if you please a table-cloth or two, and other necessaries which you find occasion for. Write me word of the consultation. Tell me what say your physicians about your health and earthly condition; and tell me, oh! my dear creature, what your own heart suggests to you about your future one. May that God whose mercy is over all his works; that God, who will not reject the meanest of his creatures, when they approach him in the the name of a crucified, interceding Saviour; may he mitigate your pains—may he restore your health—may he bless your soul—even so, Lord Jesus! amen.

Yours to eternity, S. PARR.

My respects and kindest wishes to the Baronet. Thanks and compliments to Mr. Calvert.

How much his tenderness was appreciated by his true friend Bennet, and how much he sympathized with his affliction, is demonstrated by the two following letters; the one written after the death of F. Parr, and the other after the funeral:

Emanuel College, April 1771.

The melancholy occasion on which you wrote to me, my dear Sam, though by no means unexpected, failed not to have

its proper force. I always feared a relapse, but I was unwilling to embitter by my suspicions any of the agreeable hours we passed together; the stroke was indeed sudden, but your mind is too strong in itself, and too well guarded by religion to sink under an accident that has only anticipated the loss which a very few years, or it may be a few weeks, would have brought with them. When you read this, Frank will probably be no more. You feel all that the most sincere tenderness can feel for his death, but how would your sorrows have been increased had he been called suddenly and unprepared into the presence of his Creator; or had he, after his life had been prolonged by your earnest supplications, relapsed again into sin, and called down a severer stroke of justice. You have now done every thing in your power to assist and to save him; you have looked forward to his spiritual as well as his temporal happiness; and it is owing perhaps to your arguments or to your prayers, that one more soul is added to the blessed in heaven. And have you not more reason to triumph than to lament that his pains are lost, his fears are conquered, his happiness ensured? I know that you repine at his not passing many more years with you; at his falling in the prime of his youth; but sure your hopes could be few that he would pass those years in pleasure and health: and with his constitution broken, his temper soured, his life continually exposed, he could have afforded you but little comfort. I can suppose, too, that your tenderness may be hurt at the pains he suffered in his lingering illness; but not to dwell on the preparation this lingering illness gave him, might not those very pains expiate, even in this life, the few sins of which he had been guilty? Forgive my visionary notions. I am confident they might, I am confident they did; and Frank, cleansed from the follies as well as delivered from the cares of a miserable life, will be the first to welcome you into that heaven, to which your prayers and your merits have introduced him.

Yet let not even suspicion breathe a hint that while I magnify your Cousin's pains or your piety; while I believe him happy through your merits; that I mean to discredit or to diminish, the infinite merits of our Redeemer. It was through him you applied, through him you will be received; he looked down

with pleasure on your well-meant endeavours, and perfected the repentance which you awakened and promoted.

Throw then aside your partial, and in this case misplaced fondness, and ask your own soul, whether she does not consider Frank's release from his pains as an event not only positively good, because proceeding from a positively good being, but as necessary, advantageous, and happy. If you wish your Cousin delivered from his distempers; if you wish him to be favoured by his God, you could never find a clearer, or more certain evidence of either. Torn indeed from our arms, he is raised to the embraces of his heavenly Father; and happy in himself, he no longer needs your assistance, your labours, or your tears, to make and to guard him so.

Mr. Thackeray waits, and I can write no more. If Frank is yet sensible, assure him of my most earnest respects, of my unfeigned love; if he is happy, receive my congratulations instead of my condolements. And after indulging the tears which nature excites, and religion does not forbid, settle your mind into the calm recollection, that having experienced every thing from your (I must call it paternal) tenderness, he is now experiencing yet higher blessings, from the tenderness of his Saviour and his God.

I am, &c. &c.

W. BENNET.

To the Rev. Mr. Parr, at Harrow on the Hill.

MY DEAR SAM, *Begun May 5th, ended 9th*, 1771.

Do not think it unkind that I neither attended Mr. Evans to Harrow, nor sent a letter by him. The shortness of his stay, and the accident of my lameness, made neither possible. I could have been happy to have had some little share in paying the last offices to our dear friend, and contributing something perhaps, to alleviate the loss. Those offices are now paid; may I hope that the loss too is now alleviated? You are in good hands; the good nature of Mr. Roderick, the sense, the humanity of Sumner, and your own piety, will suggest arguments, or invent diversions, sufficient at least to hinder your mind from preying upon itself. I know, my dear friend,

you will not murmur openly at the dispensations of Providence; but you may think them severe, you may sink under their weight. With a mind naturally firm as yours is, and made much stronger by a very high sense of religion, it is particularly your duty to stand up against misfortune. Considered either as a philosopher, a man, or a Christian, you are an example to others; and if you shrink in the hour of danger, what will become of me, who have neither your firmness or your piety?

> Where, where, for shelter shall the guilty fly,
> When consternation turns the good man pale?

Business confines me much; it has in one respect done me service. I mean in preventing my being too melancholy at misfortunes, which my melancholy could never alleviate. May it have the same effect on you! This letter, wrote at different times and in different tempers, in sickness and health, leisure and business, can be of no other service than to let you know what you knew before, the unalterable and affectionate friendship of your WM. BENNET.

To the Rev. Mr. Parr, at Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex.

Scarcely had Parr recovered from the shock of Francis Parr's death, when he was doomed to sustain what was in fact a heavier loss to him, and which marred his hopes of advancement. In Dr. Sumner he found a wise counsellor, a zealous protector, and a most faithful and affectionate friend. When, with the highest credit to himself, and the greatest satisfaction to his employer, Parr had for five years filled the office of an assistant, Dr. Sumner in the autumn of 1771, was carried off by an apoplexy. Parr was in his 25th year. He was the person pointed out by his learning, as the successor of Dr. Sumner. But let the following letters speak the sentiments of his friends, Bennet and Jones:

From Bennet, without date or signature.

I am shocked to the most extraordinary degree by an account in the newspapers of the death of Dr. Sumner. I am yet willing to flatter myself it is false. You have too much punctuality and too much feeling to keep me in suspense by your silence, and a letter to my father's or to College would have reached me here. Judge of my sufferings by your own; the time, the manner of his death affect me. Ah! my friend, was he not too careless in his conduct? Were his talents always applied to the glory of his Maker? Hurried so soon into the presence of God! But I forbear these melancholy thoughts. Gratitude looks forward beyond the grave, and hopes to meet him happy.

I know no accident more contrary to your interest; nor can imagine whether you lose all your expectations in my despair, or whether adversity has only called up your talents, and you have some hopes of succeeding him. Let me know your resolves; the Genius of the School waits for them in silence. It is not my partiality; it is nature and reason that look upon you as the only person that can prevent Harrow from sinking again into the lowest contempt.

God bless you, my dearest friend! The loss of one tie here only strengthens my others. I expect to hear even the minutest particulars. Farewell, farewell.

From Sir William Jones is the same anxious inquiry:

DEAR PARR, *Sept.* 13, 1771.

I have just met with a paragraph in the Public Advertiser of this morning, which, I hope, from my soul, is not true. It says that Dr. Sumner died of an apoplexy on Tuesday. I entreat you to relieve my anxiety immediately by writing a line to me at Mr. Brudenell's in Duke-street, Westminster.

I am yours very truly,

WM. JONES.

In less than two months Sir William Jones writes:

To the Rev. Mr. Bennet, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

Westminster, 10*th Nov.*

I have received your letter, my dear Bennet; but, as the Law Term is begun, have not time to answer it as fully as I could wish. Parr tells me he has heard from you. As his profession allows him more leisure than mine, I leave him to inform you of the revolutions at Harrow, and of his own settlement at Stanmore. He will also satisfy you with regard to the Exercise book.* I am glad you still think of Apollonius; though I could wish you would compose some work of History or Literature in our own language. If you should finish any such work, I will engage to dispose of it in London to the best advantage; and we must not be so lost to philosophy as to neglect every opportunity of honourable gain. Stephens (or Monsieur *Etienne*, as his true name was) did not insert the Argonautics among his other Greek Poems; I suppose, because he had printed, or intended to print, it separately. How Master Fabrice and vir clariss. Bennetus came to get into a mistake about it, I cannot tell. You will think more highly of my sincerity than my gratitude, when I tell you that I was not so deeply affected with the loss of Sumner as you seem to be. My confidence in him had been considerably decreased for the three last years, and I began to take less pleasure in his company than ever. As to himself, he had too many misfortunes to make life any longer desirable. I have learned so much, seen so much, written so much, said so much, and thought so much, since I conversed with you, that were I to attempt to tell half what I have learned, seen, writ, said, and thought,

* This book was kept by Dr. Sumner for the purpose of inserting the best exercises of his pupils. Mr. Roderick tells me that there were many of Sir William Jones and of Bennet in it, but none of Parr. The reason probably was, that Parr had left school before Sumner began to keep the book, which is now in the hands of Mr. Holme Sumner.

my letter would have no end. I spend the whole winter in attending the public speeches of our greatest lawyers and senators, and in studying our own admirable laws, which exhibit the most noble example of human wisdom that the mind of man can contemplate. I give up my leisure hours to a Political Treatise *on the Turks*, from which I expect some reputation; and I have several objects of ambition, which I cannot trust to a letter, but will impart to you when we meet. If I stay in England, I shall print my *De Poesi Asiatica* next summer, though I shall be at least £200 out of pocket by it. In short, if you wish to know my occupations, read the beginning of Middleton's Cicero, pp. 13—18, and you will see my model; for I would willingly lose my head at the age of sixty, if I could pass a life at all analogous to that which Middleton describes. Parr talks of being with you at Christmas; I fear I shall not be able to accompany him. Farewell. The time, I hope, will come when we shall see more of each other than we have been able to do for the last seven years.

Such were the different feelings of the friends. Parr officiated at the interment of Dr. Sumner, and composed the inscription on his monument, which is placed in Harrow Church.

Immediately on Dr. Sumner's death, Parr became candidate for the school at Harrow, and sent the following circular letter to each of the governors:

SIR, *Harrow, Sept.* 12, 1771.

As Dr. Sumner was last night carried off by an apoplexy, I have taken the liberty of offering myself as a candidate for the Mastership, and of soliciting your support. My birth in the town, my education in the school, and the employment in which I have been engaged for near five years under Dr. Sumner, will, I flatter myself, in some measure recommend me to your favour. Give me leave to hope, Sir, that you will excuse me from a personal attendance; which, indeed, I am incapable of paying, from the perplexity of our affairs after this unex-

pected and unhappy event, and from the necessity of my assistance in the School.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
your most obedient servant,
SAMUEL PARR.

It appears by the two following letters that Parr exerted himself much as a candidate. The Rev. Dr. Smith, Master of Caius College, writes thus to him, September 19th, 1771:

DEAR SIR,

I wish you success with all my heart, on account of Harrow School in general, &c. and I will most assuredly sign and forward, as I am able, your petition for a Master's degree. I am, dear Sir, your obliged and humble servant, J. SMITH.

From the Earl of Dartmouth to Mr. Parr:

SIR,

I have just received, with the utmost concern, the melancholy account of the death of Dr. Sumner. In the confusion that such an event must necessarily create in the School, you will not be surprised that I should be particularly anxious for my sons, and that I should beg the favour of you to pay more than ordinary attention to them, and to have them under your eye as much as possible. As the reputation and prosperity of the School will depend so much on the choice of his successor, there can be no doubt that the governors will take care to supply his place as worthily as possible. My wish is, that the choice may fall upon you. If you should have any thoughts of the employment, I shall be very glad to contribute any thing in my power towards your success, and to write to Sir John, and Mr. Rushout, for that purpose. I shall be obliged to you, if you will let me know what plan is intended to be pursued. Lord Lewisham joins very sincerely in my concern for this loss, and desires me to present his compliments to you. I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
15*th Sept.* 1771. DARTMOUTH.

To the Earl of Dartmouth, from Mr. Parr:

MY LORD,

As Dr. Sumner had repeatedly declared to me his intentions, in case of his resignation, and as his friendly representations of my conduct have established some interest among the trustees, I thought proper to declare myself a candidate. It gives me, my Lord, the highest pleasure to find that such proceeding is agreeable to your Lordship's inclinations; and I am at a loss to express the sense I have of the great honour you do me in wishing me success, and of the service you offer in forwarding it. A recommendation, my Lord, to Sir John Rushout and Mr. Rushout would, I am confident, carry with it the greatest weight; and you will give me leave to hint, that the sooner such a step is taken, the more likely it is to avail. Your Lordship may be assured of my very particular attention to the Mr. Legges at this critical juncture. The general propriety of their behaviour secures them from every suspicion of irregularity, and it is but justice to every part of the School to acknowledge, that they have conducted themselves in the most decent and respectful manner. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

S. PARR.

This confidence of the Earl of Dartmouth in Mr. Parr continued, till the education of all his sons was finished. Mr. Augustus Legge, the youngest, was placed under his care at Hatton. The elder branches of this family boarded with Dr. Glasse, who at that time lived at Harrow, and received a select number of boys who were educated in the public school, which he thus made subservient to the interests of his own establishment. His boarders were chiefly boys of fortune, attending the school without being subject to bills.* Dr. Sumner on his accession to

* Bills of absence, or callings over, a check upon boys, to keep them within reasonable bounds.

the mastership, issued an order, that no boy should be exempt from bills.* This order deranged Dr. Glasse's plan, and after some struggle he withdrew his pupils from the school. In this struggle he so warmly engaged the present Lord Radnor's father on his side, that the Earl threatened to destroy the school if Dr. Sumner would not yield. He was inflexible and undismayed. Lord Dartmouth supported him in the change, and took his sons away from Glasse, and placed them under the care of Sumner, and afterwards under Parr at Stanmore. Glasse finally left Harrow, and then established himself at Greenfield.

The following is an account of what happened on Dr. Heath's election to the school, by an eye witness, the Rev. David Roderick, then one of the assistants: "Dr. Askew, with whose character for literature you are I presume acquainted, was the friend of Dr. Sumner; and the physician who was called in, whenever a physician was necessary at Harrow, unless the parents had pointed out some other person. When Dr. Sumner was seized by his fatal apoplexy, Dr. Askew was sent for, and arrived at Harrow about midnight. Dr. Sumner was then dead, or dying. Parr, Drury, and I were in the house. Dr. Askew then said, that Parr must offer himself for the Headship, unless Mr. Wadeson should think of making application. This, as we had foreseen, he declined, and Parr immediately applied to the governors; and through the Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor of

* From Mr. Roderick's authority.

Cambridge, he had taken necessary steps for obtaining by mandamus the degree of M. A. which was a necessary qualification. When it was discovered in a week or more that Heath was to succeed, Parr determined to give up the assistantship; but, whether setting up an establishment of his own was *his* thought, or the suggestion of some other person, I do not now recollect." Stanmore was recommended by Mr. Smith the rector, who was then Parr's warmest friend, as the most promising place. In answer to his circular of application, his age, not then 25 complete, was pleaded by the governors as a reason for rejecting his pretensions. The boys, whom he had instructed with so much assiduity, and grounded with so much wisdom, were anxious for his success; and when the election fell upon the learned Mr. Benjamin Heath, the young gentlemen endeavoured to avenge the cause of their favourite master, by overt acts of violent rebellion. "When it was known that Heath was likely to become master," says Mr. Roderick, "the upper boys considered it as an indignity to have an Eton assistant put over them, when they had in their own school a person of superior learning." This notion they inculcated into the other boys, so that a petition ably drawn up and signed by every boy in the school was presented to the governors on the subject.* "The

* The following is a copy:

To the Governors of Harrow School.

SIRS,

We, the senior scholars, as the voice of the whole school, having received intelligence that you propose, con-

rebellion at Harrow," continues Mr. Roderick, "was totally unforeseen by Parr or me; nor had we seen

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trary to the manifest desire of each of us, to appoint Mr. Heath, or some other person from Eton, as successor to our late master Dr. Sumner, earnestly desire you would in some measure take into your consideration the unanimous wishes of the whole school, which are universally declared in favour of Mr. Parr. As we most of us are independent of the foundation, we presume our inclinations ought to have some weight in the determination of your choice. We are informed your only objection to Mr. Parr is his age, which indeed his sound abilities and distinguished morality sufficiently obviate. If you consider the age of his predecessor, (when elected,) the difference will be found immaterial. Our natural affection for such a person educated at Harrow, enforced by the consideration of his many good qualities, are sufficient reasons for our preferring Mr. Parr. We cannot help being surprised at your so strongly supporting a man from Eton, as there appear so many objections for any one from that place. Our late master's abilities were such as at that time fully authorised your choice. But when a person like Mr. Parr, whose capacity yourselves cannot object to, assisted with so many advantages, is universally proposed, a master from any other place would be needless, and therefore we flatter ourselves our request will not appear unreasonable. A school of such reputation as our late master has rendered this, ought not to be considered as an appendix to Eton. Nor should the plan by which it has been raised to such eminence, be subverted by continual innovations from another school. Mr. Parr cannot but be acquainted with those rules which his predecessor has established, and will consequently act upon the former successful plan. We hope in your determination, private attachments, or personal affection, will not bias your minds to the prejudice of the school. A school cannot be supported when every individual is disaffected towards the master; neither will the disregarded wishes of numbers want opportunities in shewing their resentment. It is hoped that an answer will be given to our request, which, if granted,

so much as the petition to the governors. When Mr. Bucknell's carriage was taken out of the inn

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will ever claim our most grateful acknowledgments. Quicquid necessitus coget defendet.

It was against this spirit that Mr, Heath wrote to Dr. Demainbray, requesting power to enforce submission; but young Demainbray was not submitted to his authority; he went to Stanmore.

On the same day that Heath wrote his letter to Dr. Demainbray, Parr, hearing of the imputations against himself, wrote the following letter to Mr. Heath:

SIR, *Harrow, Oct.* 6, 1771.

In the course of common conversation I yesterday heard that a report, highly prejudicial to my character, had been maliciously and industriously propagated in respect to my conduct on Thursday last. It amounts to nothing less than that I was personally instrumental in encouraging the petulance of the boys, and inflaming their resentment. In answer to a charge, which becomes formidable only from the delicacy of my situation, I assert that neither my adherents or myself either privately contrived or publicly abetted the riot, and that every outrage was the immediate, unforeseen effect of illiberality on the part of the Governors, and precipitation on that of the boys. An accusation so improbable in itself can meet only with contempt from a man of sense and candour, as I am persuaded you are; and yet it is so pregnant with important consequences to my reputation, that I should have been at least imprudent in not standing forth, both to satisfy you and vindicate myself. Should an aspersion of this kind meet your ears, you now have the power to contradict it on the most express and decisive authority; and need I add that, to crush every treacherous, malevolent calumny, is a debt you owe equally to your own honour and my innocence. I will go one step farther, and declare that these violent proceedings have met from me the most positive disapprobation, and the most vigorous opposition. I am very capable, Sir, of distinguishing between

yard I happened to be in the street, and ran to protect it, and saved one side; but on my going to the other side, that which I had left, was demolished. The carriage was taken to the Common, and completely destroyed. On the return of the boys, some of the younger ones had stones in their hands to throw at the windows of Mr. Horne, another of the governors. This I prevented by representing the inhumanity of terrifying two elderly ladies the sisters of Mr. Horne. I do not now recollect, whether I knew that a petition in favour of Parr was to be presented, till I saw it in the hands of the Governors, when they asked me to continue at Harrow.

"It was some years afterwards objected to me that I was concerned in the rebellion at Harrow; and Dr. Heath, after his appointment, had in his public advertisement and private letters* called up-

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you, the involuntary instrument of my disappointment, and the iniquitous authors of it; and you may be assured that my indignation at the meanness, the injustice, and the perfidy of your electors, can never lessen my esteem for your own incontestible and uncommon merit. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, S. PARR.

Mr. Heath did not answer this letter. Parr called upon him, and left a card, when Heath was established at Harrow. He did not return the visit.

* SIR, *Eton, October* 6.

I think it my duty to inform you of my appointment to the School at Harrow. As I could not leave my connections at Eton without proper notice to the parents of my pupils; and as Mr. Parr and Mr. Roderick, the two Assistants, have declined all farther concern with the business of the place, the

on the parents to discountenance a spirit of insubordination, and to support lawful authority, by sending their sons back to school, to undergo such punishment as it might be thought necessary to inflict on them."

"On the sudden death of my learned friend, Dr. Robert Sumner (says Parr), I became candidate for the upper mastership, and I thought my claims not contemptible, as I had been on the foundation of John Lyon, and had served faithfully as upper assistant for nearly five years. The Governors kept me in the dark till the night before the election. I flung up the assistantship indignantly, and settled at Stanmore. The boys, from their attachment to me, rebelled furiously, and nearly 40 of them went with me to Stanmore. My successful competitor, Dr. Benjamin Heath, an assistant at Eton, was a very good scholar, and by his personal merit justified the choice of the Governors. One or two of the Governors pleaded against me my youth; but the real ground was a vote which I had given at Brentford in favour of John Wilkes, and a suspicion that my independent spirit would lead me to govern

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Governors have thought it expedient to adjourn the School until Monday the 14th instant. If you should please to approve their nomination, I must request the concurrence of your authority to enforce a proper submission to those regulations which may be thought necessary for the establishment of discipline. With your countenance and support, I shall hope to discharge the duties of so important a trust to your perfect satisfaction. I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,

To Dr. Demainbray, Richmond. BENJAMIN HEATH.

the school according to my own notions, and the example of my known counsellor, Dr. Sumner, who in 1760 found 80 boys, and in 1771 left 250."

Parr, without submitting to the degrading toil of reiterated solicitation, obtained from Dr. Terrick, the then Bishop of London, a licence, which had been at first refused to him with peculiar circumstances of contumely and unkindness; and finally triumphed over the calumnies of those persons who had basely represented him, as an encourager of the disturbance. He himself states how impossible it was to describe the anguish of his honest and ingenuous mind, when he had been thus forcibly driven away from the place where he had drawn his first breath; in which he had received his earliest education; in which he had formed the most endearing connections; and in which he had faithfully discharged the most important duties.

Thus it was his lot to be thwarted in the chief object of his hope or of his ambition; and thus did his want of good fortune circumscribe him within a narrow sphere.

His disappointment at Harrow on the death of Dr. Robert Sumner, was the crisis of his fate. Had he gone on regularly at the head of that great school, it is impossible to say where his own improvement and elevation would have ended, and how greatly the interest of letters might have been promoted. At ease and in peace, many of his excrescences of character would have had no room for growth—many of his eccentricities would have been limited—full scope would have been given to his

love of learning, to his diligence, to his great intellectual powers, and his vast accumulations of knowledge. Forced down and trampled upon, his only resource, he thought, was opposition; he felt himself insulted, and was unhappily determined to retaliate. He went to Stanmore without a penny, followed by his faithful assistant, the learned and Reverend David Roderick; and such was the estimation of his integrity, that Dr. Sumner's brother lent him £2000 on his bond. A house, commodious for the purpose, was to be had; it was accordingly taken, and afterwards bought under the direction of Mr. Smith, Rector of Stanmore; the green house was converted into a school, and the other offices into play room and studies.

On the paper, inclosing the accounts with Mr. William Sumner is written "My account with my benefactor, Mr. William Sumner, very sacred, and to be most carefully preserved." The original bond was for £1600, and the whole sum was not paid [illegible] Dr. Parr was at Norwich. Another benefactor was Mr. McGuire.

Dr. Parr, in one of his Memorandums, incloses two letters with the following notice:

I preserve these two letters from deep and unfeigned gratitude to the respective writers. Mr. McGuire assisted me when I was disappointed of the Mastership of Harrow School. He entrusted his only son to my care. He shewed me many acts of courtesy and kindness. I visited him at Valence, near Westerham, Kent; in George-street, Hanover-square; and in Norfolk-street, Strand. He lent me two hundred pounds for many years, and would not accept any interest.

Mr. William Sumner was the only brother of my instructor,

friend, and protector, the Rev. Dr. Sumner, Master of Harrow School. At that crisis of my fortune he stood by me. He sent me his two sons; he recommended me to the parents of the other boys. He co-operated with the learned Dr. Adam Askew in protecting my slandered character, and my tottering interests; he lent me two thousand pounds; he suffered me to pay him gradually, in the expence of education for his son, and in instalments from my own money. He charged me only two per cent. I often visited him in Great George-street, Westminster. I once visited him at his fine house at Hatchlands, in Surrey, where he had bought an estate belonging to the late Admiral Boscawen, and where his son George Sumner, M. P. for Surrey, now resides. He was always polite, kind, and even respectful to me. I staid at Hatchlands a much shorter time than he expected and wished, because his fantastic wife would not allow me to smoke. I left his house abruptly, without assigning a reason, and I never went to Hatchlands again. William Sumner was a man of extraordinary activity and fidelity in business. His deportment was dignified, and his conversation fraught with good sense. I shall ever honour his memory, and acknowledge his kindness. S. PARR.

July 13th, 1822.

The letters consisting merely of compliment, I shall not insert.

In November 1771 Parr married Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady maternally descended from the ancient family of the Mauleverers in Yorkshire, and much admired for the soundness of her judgment, the keenness of her penetration, and the unaffected dignity of her manners. There is no doubt that this marriage was managed for him by Dr. Askew. Mrs. Askew was the intimate friend of Miss Marsingale, and the prudence of the young lady was supposed a necessary support to the young scholar, in his establishment at Stanmore. Not that Parr was insensible to the tender passions whilst at Harrow.

In the correspondence are letters thus labelled: "My beloved Susan Hare, afterwards Crump, and her daughter." Susan Hare was a relation of Mrs. Sumner, and visited at Harrow whilst he was assistant to Dr. Sumner. She married a farmer of the name of Crump, at Ledbury in Herefordshire, and in one of her letters, dated 1794, acknowledges his kindness and some presents he had sent her. Another letter is from her daughter, who then lived with Mrs. Hannah More, at Barley Wood near Bristol, and both mother and daughter express the highest veneration for their friend, in their address to him.

At Stanmore the number of his scholars never exceeded sixty; and the profits of his labour were exhausted by the heavy debts, which he was compelled to contract in various purchases, and in making proper accommodation for the reception of his pupils. Among those scholars are some names which have since been distinguished in life. The following letter demonstrates, that the Earl of Dartmouth was one of the first to confide his children to Parr at Stanmore:

SIR, *Sandwell, 10th Oct.* 1771.

My own inclinations concur so perfectly with the wishes of my sons, that I shall not hesitate to indulge them in the request they have made, of being permitted to remove with you to your house at Stanmore. I was unfortunately from home when your letter came, and therefore, did not receive it till this day. I hope, however, that I shall not be too late to desire that they may have a room to themselves, in as airy a part of the house as possible. I am sorry I shall not have an opportunity of seeing you till after the Christmas holidays. I beg

the favour of you to let me know when you fix the time for your school to break up.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DARTMOUTH.

The following letter of the late Earl of Dartmouth bears such strong testimony to Parr's popularity at Harrow, that it would be unjust to his memory to withhold it:

SIR, *Christ Church, Dec. 26th*, 1771.

I beg leave to congratulate you upon your late acquisition, wishing you all possible joy and prosperity. I also beg leave, Sir, to return you my sincere thanks for your great goodness to me whilst I was at school, under your tuition, of which I have, and shall always have, the greatest sense. Sorry as I was for the very great loss of my very valuable master, sorry as I was for the disturbance which raged in the school, I could not help rejoicing that my brothers went with you to Stanmore. I propose doing myself the pleasure of seeing you there, as soon as an opportunity shall serve. Give me leave, Sir, to conclude myself, with the highest respect and esteem, your most obedient humble servant, LEWISHAM.

To the Rev. Mr. Parr, Stanmore, Middlesex.

The Alexanders,* Sumners, Grahams † of Netherby, Sigismond Trafford, Maurice, Utoph, Monro, Julius, Fountaine,‡ Dealtry, Vaughan, Dymoke, Colmore, Downing, and Beloe, with the unfortunate Joseph Gerrald, and the unhappy Marland, may be recounted among many other names; and he endeavoured, with the zeal and enthusiasm of youth, to

* Dr. Nathaniel Alexander, the present Bishop of Meath; Henry Alexander, Esq. M. P. his brother; and Monsey Alexander, their cousin, grandson of the eccentric Dr. Monsey of Chelsea.

† The late Sir James Graham and his brother.

‡ Son of the Dean of York.

justify the trust that had been reposed in him. He taught the young men committed to his care, with his usual earnestness and ability; and it deserves to be remembered, that, in the presence of Sir William Jones, Mr. Bennet Langton, and other well known scholars, they performed the Œdipus Tyrannus,* and the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, in the original language. They performed also Young's

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* Πρόλογος ἐπὶ τῆς τραγῳδίας τοῦ κατὰ τὸν Σοφοκλέα Οἰδίποδος τοῦ Τυράννου, λεχθεὶς παρὰ Ἱεράλδου ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, ὃς ἔδρα Οἰδίποδα.

Τὸν Οἰδίπουν Τύραννον, ἐν πᾶσι σχεδὸν
Ὅς' ἔφερε τ' ἀριστεῖα τῆς τραγικῆς πάλαι,
Κριθέντα πάσαις τὸν πανάριστον ἐνδίκως
Προσήλθεθ' ἱμείροντες, οἱ μὲν εἰσιδεῖν,
Οἱ δὲ κλύειν, οἱ δ' αὖ ξυναρπάζειν φρενί·
Καὶ θαῦμά γ' ουδέν. ὅσιος ὢν ἀνὴρ φύσιν,
Ἀνόσια τολμᾷ, πατέρα μὴ κτάνῃ φυγὼν,
Κτείνει κάκιστά γ', ἤ τε δυστυχὴς τύχη
Τὸν εὖ παθόντα πανσυδεῖ διώλεσε·
Παρὰ τῷ ποιητῇ μή τις ἂν ψέγοι λόγους
Λεπτοὺς, διεσμιλευμένας τε φροντίδας,
Μήτε ἀπρεπές τι, μήτε καθημαξευμένον.
Ἐπαφρόδιτος κ' Ἀττικοντάτη φράσις
Σπουδὴν δ' ἔχουσα, τό, τε μεγαλοπρεπέστατον
Πρᾶξις, πρόσωπα σεμνὰ, παμμεγέθη πάθη,
Ἐλέου τε πλήρη παντα, θαύματος, φόβου,
Τῷ φασιν αὐτῷ μάλ' ὑποχωρῆσαι θρόνου
Εὐριπίδιον γλυκύτατον, ἔν τε ῥήμασι
Βρέμοντα γομφοπαγέσιν Αἴσχυλον σφόδρα.
Φιλοῦντα δ' ἔστι δῆλα τοῖς πολλοῖς δοκεῖν
Ἀρχαῖα ταῦτα, καὶ σαπρὰ, καὶ ῥηθέντα ἄγαν
Αἰνιγματωδῶς· πους δ' ἀμαθεῖς ὧδ' ἐκμαθεῖν
Σκοτεινὰ δεινὸς ἀυτὸς οἰμώξειν λέγω.
Καὶ μάλα δικαιως· χρὴ γὰρ ἡσύχως ἔχειν,
Ὅστις βλέπων μεν μὴ βλέπει, μὴ δ' ἐννοεῖ
Κλύων, τὰ δὲ παλαι τοῖς νέοις τεκμαίρεται.

tragedy of "The Revenge," in which Gerrald played the part of Zanga. The following letters, from Sir William Jones, Mr. Bennet Langton, Lord Stowell, and the late Sir Thomas Plumer, will shew the pains he took upon the occasion.

From Sir William Jones to Mr. Parr.

10th Nov. Duke-street.

I should have answered your letter before, if the Term had not intervened, which allows me no leisure from seven in the morning till midnight, when I am generally overpowered with sleep. I desire you to believe, that nothing can give me greater pleasure, than to be in any respect useful to you; but it is impossible to foresee what answer Garrick will give to my application, as I am by no means intimate with him, and never visited him, nor paid him any other attention than common

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Ὑμεῖς δὲ κισσὸν τῷ Σοφοκλείῳ κάρᾳ
Πλέξαντες αὐτοὶ πολλάκις σοφῷ σοφοί,
Εὐφήμ' ἴκοισθε, δότε δὲ συγγνώμης τυχεῖν
Ἂ 'ν τοῖς νέοισιν ὧσ' ἂν ἡμαρτημένα
Τραγικῶν μόλις τὰ σεμνὰ τραυλίζουσ' ἔπη
Τά θ' ἱπποβάμονα κομποφακελορρήμονα.
Γνώμης παρ' ὑμῖν ἐλπίδ' αἰσίου τρέφω
Ὅσοις θεαταῖς ἐπιτύχοιμι δεξίοις,
Γλώσσης θιγοῦσί τ' οὐκ ἐπιλίγδην Ἑλλάδος,
Ὧν καὶ χάριν, τὸ κατ' ἐμὲ, πράττεται τάδε.
Τὸν γὰρ φρονοῦντ' εὖ πιστέα 'στὶ ῥᾳδίως
Μικροῖς ὀπηδεῖν χαρίτα κ' οὐ πόνον μικρόν.
Πρὸς δ' οὐ καλῶς σκώπτοντας εἷς ἀρκεῖ λόγος·
Νέοιτο μῶμος ἐνθ', ἵν' ὁ φθόρος, τάχα.

This was in the hand writing of the learned modern Greek,* who was visiting me when my boys played the Œdipus Tyrannus. We were obliged now and then to talk in Greek, and I endeavoured as well as I could to pronounce by accents.

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* Nicolaides was patronized by Sir William Jones, for the purpose of his learned instructions. Mr. Paradise had introduced him.

civility. I will, however, most certainly write to him (for our club will not meet till the meeting of Parliament), and if he comply with my request, you will send a proper person to his theatre for the dresses, who will be answerable for returning them undamaged. Be so good as to let me know the precise hour in which the play will begin. I cannot leave till the afternoon, as Friday is a day for special cases in the Courts. If Garrick offers to lend the dresses it will be right to take them, even if you have procured others somewhere else. Farewell. Let me beg you to secure a bed for me at the inn on Friday night; for though Orme, I suppose, will return after the play, yet it is best to have a bed at all events.

From Mr. Bennet Langton to Mr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 8, 1776.

I received the favour of your very kind letter on Saturday night, and this morning have found an opportunity of seeing Mr. Garrick, and speaking to him of its contents. He says, as to the dresses, that he does not see how it can be managed, unless, either the young gentlemen that are to act could come to town, two or three at a time, (or any way, Sir, that you should judge most proper and convenient,) to have them tried on, or at least an account to be sent of their respective statures, that the sizes of the dresses may be adapted accordingly. If you will favour me then, Sir, with a line in answer to what Mr. Garrick says, I will impart it to him forthwith; and the business will, I dare say, be very readily dispatched. He returns you many thanks for your offer of a ticket, but says that it will not be in his power to give his attendance at the performance. I desire likewise to add my thanks, Sir, for your kind offer of ordering me a bed, which I do not see any thing to hinder me from availing myself of, unless it should unluckily happen that Lady Rothes (who is near her time) should fall ill just then, which I hope will not be the case. I have only to add that I am, with sincere respect, dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

BENNET LANGTON.

To the Rev. Mr. Parr, at Stanmore, Middlesex.

From Lord Stowell to Mr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oxford, May* 15, 1776.

I received your very obliging invitation with a sort of mixed sensation, in which I was much at a loss to say, whether shame or gratitude predominated. My long silence after your former favour furnished abundant matter for the first; and the continuance of your friendship and politeness after so discouraging a return ought, I am sure, to excite an ample proportion of the latter. I beg you to believe, that I feel them both in a due degree, and that I embrace with pleasure this opportunity of expressing to you how sensible I am of the mortifying contrast, which the kindness on your side makes, to the inattention on mine.

I have deferred answering your letter for a few days, that I might be able to give you a greater certainty about my coming. The case stands thus; my colleague, who has bad health, and by whose confinement to Oxford for some months I have enjoyed a good deal of enlargement, wishes to go out the beginning of next week; his health requires it, and I had too much the advantage of his confinement already, to wish him to continue it longer. If he should go out of town on Monday or Tuesday, it will be impossible for me to attend you; if not, depend upon it I shall fly to you with great avidity. The nature of the entertainment would afford me much pleasure, and the execution of it, I dare say, not less. If I should be prevented, may I consider your ticket as transferable to the next time of performance? I must have some consolation under my disappointment, if it should overtake me, which I most heartily deprecate. I beg you to believe me, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and sincere friend,

W. SCOTT.

From Thomas Plumer, Esq. to Mr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 7, 1776.

I am just favoured with your obliging letter, inclosing a ticket for your play, for which I beg you to accept my best thanks, and I shall not fail to do myself the pleasure of waiting

on you. But not satisfied with your kindness in granting me this favour, I have the presumption to make it a ground for soliciting another, and so lay myself under a second obligation, instead of discharging the first. The familiarity of friendship with which you have always honoured me, encourages my hope, and the experience of your goodness induces me to think you will be inclined on this occasion to pardon

Depositum ob amici jussa pudorem.

Without any more preface then, I am to beg the favour of you, if you have not filled your theatre, to permit a very worthy clergyman, Mr. Apthorpe * of Croydon, to be present at your play. He has a great veneration for antiquity, and wishes much to see the representation of what has often given him so much pleasure in the reading.

You will excuse the hurry I write in, having left Westminster Hall, and being bound for Lincoln's Inn.

You will be pleased to direct any future letter you may honour me with, to Mr. T. Plumer, jun. opposite Castle-court in the Strand. I am, dear Sir, your very obliged humble servant,

THOMAS PLUMER, Jun.

The choruses were omitted, but the dialogue was spoken in the most judicious and impressive manner by the different performers; the scenes were furnished by Mr. Foote, the dresses by Mr. Garrick, and some particular robes, which Parr's erudition pointed out to him as necessary in the representation of a Greek play, were prepared under his direction by his own family.

Parr has often expressed a wish that similar experiments were made in our public Seminaries, where detached and select speeches from the best writers are now delivered. His scholars, as he ob-

* Father of the most excellent lady of Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury.

served, with greater ease conquered the difficulties of which young men complain, when their minds are turned towards the dramatic writings of antiquity. Their attention to Greek phraseology and Greek metre was invigorated; their views of the plans and characters in the Greek drama became more correct and more enlarged; and their recitation in dialogue was found to be very efficacious in quickening their sensibility, strengthening their memory, and refining their taste.

Oppressed by the prevalence of the old and extensive interests, which supported the school at Harrow, Parr soon after the performance of his Greek play, became desirous to procure some settled situation. "Stanmore," says Mr. Roderick, "was the very worst place where he could have fixed himself. From the vicinity of the two places, a constant intercourse was kept up for two or more years between the boys of the two schools. This occasioned great irregularity—Parr's situation was one of extreme difficulty. The upper boys had followed him from attachment, but had not that awe for him that they had entertained for Dr. Sumner; and they probably conceived him under obligations to them, so that they took what liberties they pleased. Some would go to shoot on the heath, and it may be inferred from Maurice, that they sometimes traversed the country on horseback." Of Parr's habits Mr. Roderick gives the following account. "At Harrow he made but very little progress in smoking. The little time he had to spare from the business of the school and his pupils, he generally

devoted to reading and the composition of sermons, which were probably from their abstruseness never preached. On a night or two in the week he might smoke with Dr. Sumner. It was at Stanmore that he abandoned himself to smoking; probably at first, more from an affectation of singularity, and to imitate Dr. Sumner, than from any great liking. His favourite beverage was port wine and water: the latter he drank with his pipe at his own table when without company. I never knew him to transgress the bounds of the strictest sobriety; and as to ale, I do not remember that I ever saw him take so much as a single glass." Concerning his appearance at Stanmore, Mr. Roderick states that he brought upon himself the ridicule of the neighbourhood and passengers, by many foolish acts; such as riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets, on a black saddle, bearing in his hand a long cane or wand, such as women used to have, with an ivory head like a crosier, which was probably the reason why he liked it; at other times he was seen stalking through the town in a dirty striped morning gown: "Nil fuit unquam, sic impar sibi." "Of Parr's manner of teaching," continues Mr. R., "if any fault was to be found with him for his manner of hearing the lessons, it was, that the observations made by him were too abundant and profound for a great part of the form. I do not think that the quantum of punishment inflicted at Stanmore was very excessive; but it was not equitably administered. In this instance he paid no regard to Horace, who says:

—— ' adsit
Regula peccatis, quæ pœnas irrogat æquas;
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello. '

As the humour influenced him, he punished severely for many trifling offences; and connived at, or pardoned, such as were deserving of punishment. He had, too, his prejudices and partialities in regard to boys, as you must know that he had with regard to grown-up men. This led to injustice, which the boys could not but see and condemn.

"Those of Parr's scholars who could appreciate his abilities, and did not suffer from his prejudices, must have esteemed him, and I have heard many of them, several years after they had left school, speak highly of him." When he had lived more than 50 years after the time Mr. Roderick speaks of, I can assert the same thing. No great man ever existed without his haters. But Parr has suffered from the malice of one of his pupils only; and to shew in what estimation HE was held when a school-boy at Stanmore, I insert the letter of the boys of the sixth form, sent to the father of that pupil.

The late scandalous behaviour of your son hath at length occasioned this final resolution of his school-fellows. We have now determined to associate no longer with a person against whom suspicions of theft are so strong, and proofs of lying and scandal are so well attested. For the first, Sir, examine his library; for the second, we can ourselves bring innumerable instances. His malice, which is of the blackest and most extensive nature, hath continually been employed in endeavouring to violate the friendship of those whose esteem he could not obtain. But his motives of resentment are as dishonourable

as the acts themselves; we despise them both. If breaking into the bed-chamber and study of his master, examining his letters and papers; if mean familiarities with the servants; rifling their closets and drawers; if defamation, if deceit, if acts of the basest kind constitute the character of a villain, we know where the condemnation ought to fall.

BOYS OF THE SIXTH FORM, Stanmore.

Any answer, either from your son or yourself, Sir, against these charges, will be duly attended to, as we doubt not abundantly to prove all our assertions, to your astonishment and his utter confusion.

"I have mentioned," continues Mr. Roderick, "that Mr. Smith, the Rector of Stanmore, was the warmest of Parr's friends when he came to that place. Afterwards a coolness, and at last a total interruption of all intercourse took place. The several steps that led to this, I do not now recollect; but it was probably occasioned by a superabundance of advice on the part of Smith, and an impatience of advice on the part of Parr. Mr. Smith was a man of great abilities, and had been brought up at Lichfield with Dr. Johnson and Garrick. He also possessed great wit, in the display of which he paid little regard to the feelings of those on whom it was exercised. It was therefore no wonder that he offended, and lost many of his best friends." This quarrel with his chief and most learned friend, did not add to Parr's comfort at Stanmore; and we may add, to the other causes assigned by him for wishing to leave it, the death of Marland one of his pupils, who was drowned by falling through the ice in a pond opposite to the house. But the true cause was the decline of the school.

As the upper boys went off, the supply was not equal to the loss, and he took refuge in a settled establishment at Colchester from the possible disappointment of being deserted at Stanmore, as the "Flower of Chivalry," that had followed him thither, dropped off. Moreover, it may be presumed, that the energy of his mind was imprisoned at Stanmore within limits too narrow. Consumed by an activity for which there was no proper outlet, like Napoleon in the piping times of peace, he ran himself into mischief. Far too inexperienced in the world and the world's law, to proceed regularly onward, he grappled with shadows, instead of grasping realities; and, defeated by the influence and power of "the neighbouring school," and by a continuation of unfortunate circumstances, he went to reside at Colchester in the spring of 1777.

Of his Stanmore pupils, Thomas Maurice, Peregrine Dealtry, Felix Vaughan, and George Downing, deserve especial notice, for they all continued friends of their Master to the last hour of their existence, and did honour to him by their virtues and their talents. Downing and Vaughan were both lawyers, and both died prematurely. Vaughan was fast rising into eminence as a barrister: his eloquence had placed him in the foremost ranks of his profession, and had he lived long enough, there can be no doubt he would have reaped its highest honours. He was the son of an honest tradesman, and not of a notorious politician and learned philo-

logist, as was asserted. On the only letter in the collection from him Parr has written the following words: "Felix Vaughan was for a short time my pupil, and long my friend. In eloquence at the bar he was nearly unrivalled; but his virtues outshone even his talents. He, Tweddell, and Baines, died far too soon."

George Downing also died young. As an orator, I believe, he had not distinguished himself; but he was considered by Parr to possess more extensive and solid knowledge than his schoolfellow.*

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* He is thus spoken of by Mr. Justice Park, in his Memoirs of William Stevens, Esq. page 116, 3d edition:

The very year in which this Club was instituted (Nobody's Club), proved fatal to one of them, George Downing, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law. His death was occasioned by a cold caught as an officer of the Light Horse Volunteers, in being exposed to the rain, during a whole night, on account of some riots in London. William Stevens, in a letter dated the 16th of October 1800, to Mr. Frere, thus deplores his death:

"But, alas! this talking of Parr reminds me (not reminds me, indeed, for he is continually in my mind,) of his pupil, our worthy friend George Downing, who is to be buried this day with military honours. The noble historian, in his character of Lord Falkland, observes, 'that the loss of that one man alone would make the Rebellion execrable to all posterity;' so may we say, Curse on the riots that were the occasion of poor George's death!"

In another letter to Bishop Skinner, of the 9th of December 1800, he says: "As you suspected, we have lost good George Downing. He was much missed at the meeting of some friends to dine with Nobody, at the Crown and Anchor, on the 29th of November. I never knew a man more univer-

Peregrine Dealtry was my own beloved friend. He was the son of Dr. Dealtry of York (a pupil

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sally lamented: he was not only a loss to his friends, as the Archbishop (Moore) observed to me, but he was a public loss."

Of such a man, whom I well knew, and much deplored, I thought it right to procure a fuller account; and from my excellent friend, the Rev. Dr. Gaskin, who long knew Mr. Downing and his family, and who, with the affection of a friend, and the sacred solicitude of a truly Christian pastor, attended his dying bed, I have received the following particulars of this much to be lamented man, of whose example the world was deprived when he had only attained thirty-seven years.

Mr. Downing was the son of the Rev. George Downing, one of the Prebendaries of Ely; and the intimacy of this young gentleman with Mr. Stevens arose from a friendship of long standing between the latter gentleman, Mr. Downing's father, Bishop Horne, and Mr. Jones. Young Mr. Downing received his classical education under the care of the celebrated Dr. Parr; and his eminent proficiency as a scholar, together with his amiable qualities as a pupil, ever were acknowledged by his learned preceptor. He was afterwards articled to Mr. Alston, a respectable attorney at Nayland, in Suffolk; and was there introduced to the more immediate attention and kind offices of the excellent Mr. Jones (whose life we have lately been so much contemplating), who was at that time Minister of the parish of Nayland, and in the full possession of his intellectual vigour. Mr. Jones was well qualified to appreciate classical accomplishments, and the qualities of a virtuous, unassuming, and well-principled youth; and Mr. Downing ever considered his introduction to Mr. Jones as one of the most important æras of his life. They became attached to each other; and, notwithstanding the disparity of years, Mr. Jones was rejoiced to witness such dispositions in the son of his old friend; and Mr. Downing spent all his leisure hours, whilst he remained at Nayland, in the society of Mr. Jones. Under such an instructor and guide, his religious and political principles were matured and firmly established, on a basis which never could be shaken,

of Boerhaave) of whom it was said, "so great was his reputation as a gentleman and a physician, that

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and his classical and philosophical studies were pursued with satisfaction and advantage.

Having completed the term of his engagement with Mr. Alston, and being eminently qualified for the higher and more important departments of the law, he entered himself as a student of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn, and for some time practised as a conveyancer under the bar, to which he was afterwards called. In this intricate and dry department of the law, his abilities soon acquired celebrity amongst professional men, and business pressed upon him. The social qualities, the variety of attainments, the benevolent, amiable, and attractive manners of Mr. Downing could not fail to win the affections of a large circle of friends; amongst whom many of the hours that could be spared from business were spent, and who were ever cheered and delighted in his society. His attachment to the Constitution, in Church and State, and his high sense of loyalty, induced him to become a member, and soon after he was appointed an officer, of the corps of Light Horse Volunteers, in which corps he soon became a most popular character, and amongst whom he may be said to have lost his life. The pressure of professional business, intercourse with his friends, and frequent musters of his corps, began apparently to overpower his strength; and in an arduous service with the Volunteers, during a time of public alarm, in 1800, he caught a cold, which brought on an inflammatory fever, which in a few days terminated in his death, to the great concern of his afflicted wife (the daughter of his old master, Mr. Alston, of Nayland), his venerable parents, and a numerous circle of greatly attached friends. Dr. Gaskin, as a friend and clergyman, visited him on his dying bed, and, happy to find him in the faith, hope, and charity of the Christian, engaged to administer, on the following morning, to him, his afflicted wife, and their common friend Mr. Stevens, the dying Christian's most comfortable viaticum; but before the hour for this solemn administration had arrived, his soul had fled to the place of departed spirits. The corps of

no one in Yorkshire could live or die without him." His mother, of the antient family of Langley in Yorkshire, has been characterised truly in an elaborate inscription for her monument, written by Parr. Of all men Peregrine was the most popular, without being at all the obsequious companion. To the fashionable world, to the quiet circle of his literary friends, or to the gay associates of his table, he was always the same; he was always cheerful, rational, and kind. This pure, single-hearted, true gentleman—this sincere and zealous friend—this generous benefactor, was cut off suddenly in the year 1814 by apoplexy.

Mr. Roderick was Parr's classical assistant at Stanmore. Mr. Drury had offered to attend him, and long hesitated; but it was his good fortune to choose the better part, and remain at Harrow, for he afterwards became master of the School, and accumulated a large fortune. "My French master (says Parr) was first madcap Henry, whose life I saved in France. He published a book on East India matters, under the fictitious name of Grose."

When this French master left Stanmore, and went to France, he was condemned to death in that country for enlisting soldiers in the service of Russia. "I had warned him (says Parr) before he went abroad.

Light Horse Volunteers, as a testimony of their affection and regard for their deceased companion, passed a resolution, requesting that his funeral might be a public one. His remains were accordingly buried, with military honours, in the parish church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, attended by the whole of that highly respectable body.

I discovered his case one Sunday in a newspaper, and dispatched instantly a messenger to Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State, with the case, which he laid before the French ambassador and Lord Stormont. I got Sir William Jones to interfere. I saved the poor fellow's life, and had a polite letter from the Duke D'Aumont, Intendant of the Province."

Among the scholars at Harrow who distinguished themselves by learning, and by their friendship with the illustrious trio, I have already mentioned the name of Archdale, and now bring forward the name of Richard Warburton Lytton. His father, Mr. Warburton, a native of Ireland, placed his son at the School under the care of Dr. Sumner, where, of course, he was distinguished for his talents, or he would not have become the friend of Jones, and the companion of Parr. Mr. Roderick was another companion, and still lives to bear witness to his multifold accomplishments. Mr. Warburton, in process of time, married Miss Lytton, of Whiteend, in Herts, and through her became possessed of a large estate. It was from this place the following letter to Parr is dated.

Fragment:

DEAR PARR, *Oct. 1st*, 1774.

Various have been the disputes among the philosophers and the learned men of all ages concerning the summum bonum, or the greatest degree of happiness attainable in this life. Now my opinion concerning it is, that, next to a good conscience, there is nothing which gives such a genuine, satisfactory, and unmixed delight, as, after having been shocked

and tormented by selfish, mean, and detestable people, to turn your eyes from the odious scene, and endeavour to lose the remembrance of it in the conversation of generous, disinterested, and learned friends. The contrast satisfies the judgment, refreshes and expands the imagination, &c. After I left you, I canvassed for Halsey for three or four days with great success, and make no doubt of his coming in. It is with no small impatience I expect the arrival of Christmas, and am in one sense turned school-boy again; for I keep as sharp a look-out for the holidays as any Stanmorian of them all, &c. Send me a full account of the success of your play, as well as the merit of the respective actors. Pray give my compliments to Œdipus, alias Zanga, alias Gerald, but whose proper name ought to be Proteus, as well on account of the variety of characters he assumes, as also from his quick transition from one to the other, and excellence in them all, &c. If I can be with you at Christmas, I shall not only feel peculiarly gratified myself, but likewise become very popular at Stanmore, and perhaps may have an address of thanks from both houses; and then, as you know my republican principles, I should go nigh to shake you on your throne. But of this no more, for fear I should make you alter your resolution. Price will certainly spend his Christmas here; and I intend to write to Williams to beg of him to come, and then we shall have a true Symposium.

Believe me, dear Parr, yours most affectionately and sincerely, R. W. Lytton.

With Mr. Paradise, who had been the British Consul at Salonichi, he became acquainted through Sir William Jones, and also with Mr. Nicoläides, a learned Greek, nephew of the Patriarch of Constantinople, who fled from some massacre of the Greeks.

Paradise was the particular friend of Sir William Jones, who twice undertook long journies, one a voyage to America, which however was prevented by his own appointment as Judge in Bengal, on his

account, and to serve him, if possible, in his pecuniary embarrassments.

The first of the letters was written when embarking for France, the second for America.

The first will be hereafter copied. The second is dated

DEAR PARR, *Dover, 19th June*, 1782.

If I avail myself of your permission to answer your letter *at my leisure*, I clearly see that I shall hardly be able, as I have no prospect of leisure, to answer it at all; I therefore seize a short interval, which the wind and tide give me at this place, to assure you that my good offices, as well as good wishes, will never be wanting on any occasion in which it may be in my power to prove my sincere regard for you. But, in truth, you greatly overrate my power, and particularly my influence with Administration. It happens, rather whimsically, that he with whom I have certainly *most* influence (if any thing so inconsiderable admit the degrees of more and less) is the very man whom you, and for reasons wholly unknown to me, so much dislike. I wish that Lord Shelburne were as well known to you as he is both *known and liked* by me.

For God's sake, do not be precipitate in forming opinions of men from public reports or papers, and without any *personal* knowledge of them. With the Chancellor I have so little weight, that I have been *four years* vainly striving to obtain even a *refusal* (which would have been more eligible than suspense) of a favour. The Duke of Manchester I barely know by sight, though I have dined with him at Lord Mulgrave's. Lord Rockingham, and his powerful friends, I know and respect, but dare not yet solicit preferment for my friends. The Attorney General (whom I sounded last week) told me that he had been two years trying in vain to procure a living for a man whom he strongly recommended to his intimate friend the Chancellor. These are not unfriendly excuses, they are plain facts; but rest assured that on the first opportunity I will speak of your *moral* and *literary* character in just, and consequently very high terms! As to your politics, it will be useless, if not

dangerous, to mention them. O! my friend, μή σε θελγέτωσαν αἱ ἀνέμωναι τῶν λόγων: I entreat you not to play with vast questions, for the sake of shewing how great a master you are of round and forcible diction. My opinion, expressed in my last letter to you, was founded on your own repeated declarations at Cambridge, *in my hearing*. I had not then read your Sermon,* I had only cast my eye on the first and last periods. I have since read it attentively; and, if it can give you any pleasure to know it, I think it a very masterly composition, abounding with fine *moral* and *religious* sentiments. The *political* tendency of it I neither do nor can like; and a paragraph or two in pp. 24, 25, &c. I think highly exceptionable on account of their δεινότης. The reasoning in many parts appears to my comprehension fallacious, especially in your favourite doctrine of *unanimity*, a word which ministers use to express a tame acquiescence in all their measures. This you did not mean; but, without perceiving it, you supplied the νεανίαν with arguments against us. Since, however, you shew an inclination to defend all this, I will neither arraign it, for that were unfriendly, nor pretend to approve it, for that would be dishonest. When we meet, we will talk and laugh, and argue and promote *good fellowship*, as long as you please. My political system shall never relax my efforts to serve you: and when I return from *America* (which will be, I hope, before Christmas) I will catch every rising gale that may waft you to an easy and respectable retirement. Not that my hopes are sanguine, until my friend Lord Althorp† shall have acquired more influence in the State than can be expected in so young a minister, though the wisest and best young man I ever knew.

America? you will say. Yes, my friend, I shall sail in an hour or two with Paradise; and, on our return, we will explain to you the nature and object of our voyage; at present, with cordial affection, I must bid you farewell!

I am yours ever, W. JONES.

Though zealous and friendly to Mr. Paradise, Sir

* Philéleutherus Norfolciensis.

† The present Earl Spencer.

William Jones did not take him out to India, and I refer to Lord Teignmouth's Narrative for more concerning him. The only letter I find of Mr. Paradise to Parr is dated from Richard Paul Jodrell's, Esq. M. P. at Lewknor, in 1790, in which he addresses him "my invaluable friend."

The following notices of Mr. Nicolaides are curious, and will sufficiently characterize this learned Greek to the reader:

To the Reverend Mr. Samuel Parr, Stanmore.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I intended to write lass week, and let you know that Elmsley have promised me to send you your books. Whom i went to see last trursday, and put him in mind of it. he told me then, that intended to send them that evening. Mr. Paradise arrived from Southampton last tuesday to London. he did not go abroad as he intended.

j Remember when j was at your house to have read a verse of Menander, in which the Greek particle γὰρ being long, dr. Bentlee corrects it with ὅτι. Because, he says, γὰρ is always short, and never common, and you told me that it is constantly short. then be so good as to correct dr. Bentlee's mistake, for the prince of the poets Homer in other verses uses it short, and in the following Long. and then we may conclude, that it is common.

Ἤθελε δ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσεὺς καταδῦναι ὅμιλον
Τρώων· αἰεὶ γὰρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἐτόλμα. Il. κ' 231, &c.

*Πολλὸν γὰρ ἀπάνευθε νεῶν μάρναντο θοάων. ρ' 403.

[The other quoted passages are omitted.]

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* Γὰρ is made long by the power of the digamma, in every instance but this from Il. ρ', 403, where it is long by the ictus metricus. See Dr. Maltby's Tractatus de Prosodiâ, prefixed to his 2d edition of Morell's Thesaurus, pp. xxvi, xx, London, 1824.

I beg the favour of you to send me your aprobation of it, or disapprobation, for my information. because our grammarians tell us thus—'Αρ ληκτικὸν ὀνομάτων ἢ Συνδέσμων βραχύ—Νέκταρ, αὐτὰρ—ὁ δε γὰρ, ὁ κὰρ, καὶ ὁ ψὰρ, κοινὰ ἐστί. But I add αὐτὰρ κοινὸν—ὥπασαν· αὐτὰρ οἱ Προῖτος κάκὰ μήσατο θυμῷ Z. 157.

j beg your pardon for the liberty that I take with you concerning such trifling subjects. Be so good as to give my best compliments to Mrs. Parr. Compliments to Mr. Roderic and Mr. Shillito. Your most affectionate J. NICOLAIDES.

Sept. 25, 1775, *London.*

Dr. Jonson is gon to france with Mr. and Mrs. Threile and Mr. Beretti.

That the learned modern Greek had some knowledge of the metrical science of his forefathers, appears from the following letter:

'Ο Νικολαΐδης τῷ Παρίῳ τὸ εὖ Πράττειν.

'Εδεξάμην τά, τε Δρουρίου πρὸς σὲ γράμματα, καὶ τά γ' ἐπὶ τούτοις σὰ πρὸς ἐμέ. Χρυσοῦν τε 'Αγγλικὸν ἥμισυν ἐν αὐτοῖς πρὸς τῷ ἑνὶ, σταλέντα παρὰ τῶν ἐν τῇ χαρωνίτιδι σχολῇ φιλολόγων ἀνδρῶν τῆς οὐκ εἰς μακρὰν τοῦ 'Αλκινόου χάριν ἐμοὶ ἐκδοθησομένης βίβλου. Ὑπὲρ ὧν σοί τε πρῶτον τῆς συστάσεως, κἀκείνοις τε τῆς φιλοφροσύνης πάνυ πολλὰς οἶδα χάριτας, πέμπω τε ἤδη σοι τὰς λεγομένας ὑπογραφὰς, ἵν' ἔχῃ ἕκαστος λαβὼν τὴν αὐτοῦ. Πρότερον δ' οὐκ ἔπεμψα αὐτὰς, ἐπιλαθόμενος, ὡς οὐκ ὤφελον. Τὸ δ' αἴτιον, θεωρία τε, καὶ διατριβὴ περὶ τὰ ᾗει ὡσαύτως ἔχοντα, τὰ ὄντα, καὶ τὰ ἁπλᾶ, ὥς ἐνίοτε καὶ τῶν συνθέτων ἀμνημονεῖν, οὐ μενοῦν τῆς τροφῆς, οἷα τὸν Καρνεάδην λόγος. Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν παιδιᾶς χάριν.

Περὶ δὲ τοῦ Γὰρ, ἰδού σοι πάλιν ἐγὼ, ὅπως περὶ αὐτοῦ γνώμης ἔχω.

Φημὶ οὖν πρῶτον, ὡς οὐ δῆλον τὸ τὸν "Ομηρον χρήσασθαι τῷ διγάμματι τῷ Αἰολικῷ, F, πρὸ τοῦ οἱ, καὶ ἄλλων φωνηέντων δασυνομένων· οὐ γὰρ ἦν ἀνάγκη· ἄλλως τε καὶ ἀμφιβόλου δὴ ὄντος, εἰ Αἰολεὺς ὁ 'Ανὴρ ἦν τὸ γένος.

Δεύτερόν. "Οτι τὸ δασὺ παρὰ τοῖς λοιποῖς τῶν 'Ελλήνων πνεῦμα, καὶ τὸ Αἰολικὸν αὐτὸ Δίγαμμα, οὐχ ὡς στοιχεῖα παρελαμβάνοντο

(ὥσπερ οὐδὲ παρὰ Ῥωμαίοις τὸ Η) ὥστε τὸ πρὸ συμφώνου, καὶ διγάμματος, ἢ δασέος ἐν ἀρχῇ τῆς ἐπομένης λέξεως, φωνῆεν εἶναι μακρὸν ἀεὶ, ὡς αὐτὸς φῄς· εἰ γὰρ, πλεῖσται ἂν, καὶ βραχεῖαι συλλαβαὶ ἢ κοιναὶ εἵησαν οὕτω ἀεὶ μακραί· οἷον ἡ ες ἐπὶ τοῦ

Ἄλλδι μὲν ῥα θεοί τε καὶ ἀνέρ ε s ἱππόκορυσταί. Ἰλ. β'. ς. α'.

καὶ ἡ μ ο s ἐπὶ τοῦ

Εὗδον παννύχιοι, Δία δ' οὐκ ἔχε νήδυ μ ο s ὕπνος. Ἰλ. β'. ς. β'.

καὶ ἡ ο s καὶ ν ο s ἐπὶ τοῦ

Εὕδεις Ἀτρέος υἱὲ δαΐφρο ν ο s, ἱπποδάμοιο. Ἰλ. β'. ς. κγ'.

καὶ ἡ ο ν ἐπὶ τοῦ

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχι ο ν εὕδειν βουληφόρ ο ν ἄνδρα. Ἰλ. β'.

οὐδὲ γὰρ εἴποις ἂν τὴν ο ν τελευταίαν συλλαβὴν ἐπὶ τοῦ παννύχιον ἢ βουληφόρον εἶναι μακρὰν ᾀεὶ διὰ τὸ ἑπόμενον δασὺ τοῦ εὕδειν (ἢ δίγαμμα θατέρου), ἀλλ' ὅτι "Παντὸς μέτρου ἀδιάφορός ἐστιν ἡ τελευταία συλλαβὴ, ὥστε δύνασθαι εἶναι αὐτὴν, καὶ βραχεῖαν, καὶ μακράν."—(Ἡφεστ. σ. 14.)

Ἀλλὰ μὴν αἱ τοιαῦται βραχεῖαι συλλαβαὶ οὐ μηκύνονται διὰ τὸ ἑπόμενον δασὺ, ἢ δίγαμμα Αἰολικὸν, ἄρα ἀμφότερα, τό,τε δασὺ φημὶ, καὶ τὸ δίγαμμα, οὐ στοιχεῖα· οὐδὲ σύμφωνα, ἄρα οὐδὲ μεθ' ἑτέρου συμφώνου οὐτινοσοῦν μηκύνουσι τὰς πρὸ αὐτῶν συλλαβὰς· ὥστε οὐδὲ μετὰ τοῦ ρ ἐν τῷ γ ά ρ. Ἔτι οἱ Αἰολεῖς τὸ δίγαμμα προέταττον μόνον τῶν ὀνομάτων ἀπὸ φωνηέντων ἀρχομένων κατὰ τὸ

"Nominum multa inchoata litteris vocalibus
Æolicus usus vertit, et digammon præficit."

τοῦ Τερεντιανοῦ Μαούρου, οὐχὶ δὲ καὶ ἐπιῤῥημάτων, ἢ ἄλλων τινῶν μορίων· διὸ οὐδὲ τοῦ ἀπάνευθε, ἐπιῤῥήματος ὄντος, τὸ δίγαμμα προέταττον, αὐτὸς δ' ἔχεις τὸ

"Πολλὸν γὰρ ἀπάνευθε νεῶν μάρναντο θοάων."
Ἰλ. ρ'. ς. 403.

Καὶ μὴν, δοθέντος καὶ τοῦ, ὅτι ὁ γὰρ ᾀεὶ βραχὺς κατὰ χρόνον, ἀλλ' οὐδαμοῦ ἂν εὑρεθείη τοιοῦτος καὶ κατά γε τὸν σὸν λόγον αὐτὸν· ἡ γὰρ ἑπομένη λέξις ἤ τοι ἀπὸ συμφώνου· καὶ τότε μακρὸς διὰ τὰ δύω σύμφωνα, ἢ ἀπὸ φωνήεντος ἄρχεται, καὶ τότε πάλιν προταττομένου διγάμμαιος Αἰολικοῦ κατὰ τὸν σὸν λόγον, ἢ δασέος (εἰ τύχοι γε ἡ λέξις δασὺ ἀπαντοῦσα πνεῦμα) (ἅπερ μηκύνουσι τὰς πρὸ αὐτῶν συλλαβὰς, ὡς αὐτὸς γνώμης ἔχεις), μακρὰς ἔσται καὶ διὰ ταῦτα. Ἀεὶ ἄρα ὁ Γὰρ μακρὸς ἂν χρόνον, οὐδέποτε ἄρα

ὁ Γὰρ βραχύς. Τοῦτο δὲ οὐκ ἀληθές· ἔστιν ἄρα ὁ Γὰρ κοινὸς. Ὅπερ ἔδει δεῖξαι.

Περὶ δὲ τοῦ, ὅτι πᾶν σύμφωνον τελικὸν βραχὺ ἐστιν (ὡς αὐτὸς φῄς) φύσει, ἐπέχω· οὐδεὶς γὰρ τῶν πάλαι εἴρηκε πώποτε τὸ τοιοῦτον (ὅσον γε ἐμὲ εἰδέναι) μάλιστα δὲ τῶν συμφώνων εἰρήκασι τὰ μὲν εἶναι ἄφωνα, πάντῃ ψόφον δὲ ποιοῦντα, τα δὲ φωνητικώτερα, οἷον τὰ ἡμίφωνα, ὥστε εἶναι καὶ ἐν αὐτοῖς διαφοράν τινα, ἣν οἱ ποιηταὶ τοῖς ῥυθμικοῖς καταλείπουσιν ἐνασχολουμένοις περὶ τὴν μοῦσαν· ἀλλὰ τοῦτό γε οὐδὲν πρὸς τὸν ἡμέτερον λόγον.

Περὶ τῶν Περιοδικῶν στίχων σοῦ ἀποκριναμένου, οὐδὲν ὅλως ξυνήκα· (οὐ γὰρ δύναμαι ἀεὶ τὰ σὰ ἀναγινώσκειν γράμματα·) κέλευε οὖν ἄλλῳ ὑπὲρ σοῦ τὰ σὰ πρὸς ἐμὲ τοῦ λοιποῦ γράφειν· τὰ νεωστὶ πάντα ξυνῆκα ἀκριβῶς· συγγνώμην ἔχε μοι περὶ τῶν ἠρημένων· δέομαι. Ἔρρωσο.

Τῷ ᾳψόε'. Ηυανεψιῶνος, Ζ' ἐπὶ δεκάτῃ.

Compliments to Mrs. Parr.

I conclude the following note was written after Dr. Drury was admitted to the school at Harrow, for I do not know that Dr. Parr attended the speeches in Heath's time:

"Mr. Nicolaides presents his respectful compliments to Mr. Parr (the σκοτεινὸς for his handwriting) and is very sorry for not being able to attend him to the speeches at Harrow, otherwise he would think himself happy, not only for his respectable friend's company, but moreover in perceiving himself in the company of so many learned Ἀβαριδῶν (if he is allowed to call them so, notwithstanding the difference of the bloud), using the language of Pythagoras, Abaris's good friend."

The following Latin letter shall close my account of Parr and his friends while at Stanmore:

Ricardus Lytton Samueli Farr S. P. D.

Magnum certe mi Samuelis et pene inauditum facinus aggredior: tibi enim linguam Latinam prope tanquam Tullius

ipse calleni, literulas hasce meas parum Latinas, mitto. Quoque magis tam parvuli hominis audaciam mireris, etiam fidenter mitto: certo sciens te semper ad scribentis animum, potius quam ad linguam, spectare. Neque dubito quin tu quamvis grammaticorum qui nunc vivunt optimus, culpeculis tamen meis, solœcismis scilicet erroribusque grammaticis tanto facilius sis condonaturus, quanto severius in vitæ meæ culpas semper animadversurus sis. In legendis interpretandisque literis tuis duos fere integros dies contrivi, multoque labore, maximâ industriâ, summâque animi intentione eo usque progressus sum, ut jam epistolæ tuæ sensa me intelligere crediderim. Quæ de Nicolaide nostro, bono, et pererudito viro dicis bene et vere dicta sunt. Vir probus enim mihi videtur, doctus etiam, ingenuæque indolis. In iis, quæ a te de me dicuntur, amicitiæ tuæ magis quam veritati consuluisse videris. Magna tamen utilitas ex commendatione tua mihi, uti spero, continget. Dum enim summis viribus enitor, ne me temere et omnino immeritis laudibus videaris extulisse, hoc ipso conatu melior, cultior, atque etiam forsan ornatior evasurus sum. Desunt mihi verba ad exprimendam indignationem meam in istos nefarios homines, qui non tam regendæ, quam obruendæ, reipublicæ curam sibi susceperunt. O miseri cives! quibus pristina libertas a majoribus nostris tam strenue, tam viriliter propugnata, oblivioni jam mandata est. Contra, O vera Britannorum soboles, heroes qui antiquo patrum nostrorum more, paci, divitiis, vitæ ipsi libertatem anteponendam censuistis, vobis omnia fauste feliciterque eveniant! Quæ mihi Nicolaidi nostro dicenda mandavisti, ea illi omnia fideliter enarravi: qui hoc tibi responsum ita mihi Græce dictavit. Ὁ ἐξ Ἠπείρου Νικολαΐδης ἀσπάζεταί σε ἀπὸ ψυχῆς, χάριτας φιλοφροσύνης τῆς σῆς πρὸς αὐτὸν οὐκ ὀλίγας ὁμολογῶν σοι. Ἀπαρεῖ δὲ αὐτὸς πρὸς Λονδινὸν ἐντεῦθεν ἐν οὐ πολλαῖς ἡμέραις, σέ τε ὀψόμενος [ὃν μάλιστα ὑπεραγαπᾷ] αὐτοσὲ ἐλθειν. Καὶ τῇ αὐτῇ αὖ ἡμέρᾳ οἴκαδε πάλιν, εἰ δυνατὸν, ἐπανελθεῖν διανοεῖται. Jamque vale, mi Samuelis! neque enim amplius sufficiunt vires. Paradisum nostrum, optimæ indolis hominem meo nomine quam amice poteris salutes oro. Jonesium etiam nostrum de omnibus præsertim de me optime meritum certum facias, me illi arctius officiis devinctum esse, quam unquam fuit Pyladi Orestes aut Pythiæ Damon.

Ad Pricæum jam scripsi. Tibi, uxori, et filiolæ tuæ, a D. O. M. omnia fausta precor.

Dabam Balneopoli, 19. *Feb.* 1776.

P. S. Mihi Anglice rescribas vehementer oro. Si enim aliter faceres, summam industriam, patientiamque meam superaverit labor ille stupendus epistolæ tuæ legendæ. Sin autem Latine rescribendi te magna lubido invaserit, epistolam tuam postquam scripseris, Shillitoo aut cuivis alii scribæ solerti transcribendam tradas—Jamque iterum vale.

Parr had no fixed clerical duty; he preached occasionally for Mr. Smith, and very often for the Rev. Walter Williams of Pinner, and once had the care of the Church for a month at a time. Whilst at Harrow, he served the church at Kingsbury from Christmas till Easter 1769, immediately after his ordination. His duties in the school at Harrow and Stanmore fully occupied his time.

Whilst at Stanmore, Parr published nothing, except in a review or magazine, some criticisms.

His eldest daughter, Sarah-Anne, was born at Stanmore Dec. 31, 1772.

CHAP. II.

From 1777 *to* 1786.

I HAVE alluded to the causes which more immediately influenced Parr's determination to leave Stanmore, and to become a candidate for the school at Colchester.

Through Bennet Langton Esq. he applied to Dr. Samuel Johnson for letters of recommendation, which were kindly granted, as will be seen by the following letters of Mr. Langton, and Mr. Boggis, one of the Aldermen of Colchester:

Mr. Bennet Langton to Mr. Parr, dated

DEAR SIR, *London, Feb. 5th,* 1777.

I hope you will have received, when this arrives, the letter I did myself the pleasure of writing to you on Monday, wherein I mentioned my intention of applying to Dr. Johnson, as you desired. Yesterday morning Mr. Paradise and I went to his house, and were informed that he was expected before dinner in town from Mr. Thrale's; we staid in that part of the town as late as we conveniently could, but as he was not then come we left word that we should call again as this morning, which we did, and found him only then just arrived. It is, I assure you, dear Sir, but doing justice to his expressions, on our application to say, that nothing could be more friendly than they were. He said he knew of few, if of any, that were so well entitled to success as yourself in an application for presiding over a seminary of education; and expressed

the opinion of your possessing all the kinds of learning requisite for that purpose, in very high terms of praise. He said we might apprise you of his intention of immediately complying with your request of writing, and seemed anxious to do it in such a manner as might most fully evince the sincerity of the testimony he should give. I remain, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant, BENNET LANGTON.

From Thomas Boggis, Esq. to Mr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 30th ult. Shall be glad to hear of your being rid of your cold. I have now to inform you, I have fixed the election for a master of our free Grammar-school to be on Wednesday, the 19th of this month; at which time, if convenient to you, shall be glad to see you here, when I make no doubt shall be able to give you joy of being elected. I had the honour of a letter this day from your friend Dr. Johnson on your behalf. Have had a meeting of our Corporation, the members of which all wish you success; and I remain, dear Sir, your humble servant, THOMAS BOGGIS.

P. S. I hope to see you at my house when you come over.

By Dr. Nathaniel Forster he was received with open arms, and was offered curacies in addition to his school in the following letter:

Dr. Forster to the Rev. Mr. Parr.

SIR, *Colchester, 29th Jan.* 1777.

Having the pleasure to find that you are now without a competitor for our school (Mr. Causley having declined), I beg leave to mention to you that I have the care of two churches in this town, for which I wish to have a Curate. One of them is small, and very near you; the other not large, but at the distance of near a mile. The duty is service at each

once a Sunday. The weekly duty I have for many years past done myself, but am now under a necessity of giving up the business of burials, on account of my gouty feet. These, therefore, must be undertaken by the Curate. And I am also obliged to load him with the buryings of a third parish in the town, annexed to that which I serve myself. Upon a calculation for seven years past, I found the average number in the three parishes to be 54 in the year. I still mean to do all the other weekly duty. I now give £50 a year for the service of the two churches on Sundays, and I mean to make the salary 50 guineas, in consideration of the additional duty above-mentioned; any part of which, however, I shall be always ready to do when I am able. If you choose employment of this kind, I am confident you will meet with nothing so convenient to you in this neighbourhood. I have, indeed, declined engaging myself with any gentleman for these churches since Mr. Smythies's death, upon the idea that they might be convenient to his successor; and shall still keep them open for you, if you have any thought of closing with my proposal. I must, however, beg the favour of an answer, I do not mean a *categorical* one, as soon as possible, and am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

NAT. FORSTER.

The names of the two churches are Trinity and St. Leonard's.

Parr succeeded the Rev. Mr. Smythies at Colchester in the mastership of the school, and went to reside there in the spring 1777. He repaired the school house; he took a neighbouring house for the reception of scholars; and though the success of his endeavours to establish a flourishing seminary was very inconsiderable, he always looked back with pleasure to that period of his life.

But at Colchester, no more than at Harrow, or at Stanmore, was he perfectly at peace. He had a contest with the Trustees of the School concerning

a lease; and on this subject printed a pamphlet, which, however, he never published. Sir William Jones was his legal adviser, and to him the sheets of the pamphlet were sent, as they came from the press; and his remarks are constantly "too violent, too strong:" he seems to have considered it a trifling concern. The pamphlet is marked with all the peculiarities of Parr's style; its vigour, its vehemence, its clearness, its pointed antithesis, and its copious illustration, and splendid imagery. The pamphlet itself, being written on a temporary and local subject, will not be re-printed. The following extracts exemplify its character and manner:

That day, indeed, I expected to find a day of fierce contention, and therefore I had arrayed myself in a panoply of the trustiest armour; in the breastplate of innocence, the shield of the law, the sword of indignation, and the helmet of intrepidity. When I first entered the lists against these hardy combatants, I determined to throw away the scabbard, and, firmly as I confided in the strength of my cause, I imagined that my antagonists would not yield me the *dulcem sine pulvere palmam*, that they would dispute every inch of ground with me, and at least save their credit, by retreating with their weapons in their hands. But my expectations were altogether disappointed; instead of the fury of a contest, we had not even the mockery of a skirmish; not one *threat* was denounced, not one argument was produced, nor one allusion was dropped upon the offensive topic of the agreement.

The sum of £483 would furnish no despicable portion for the daughter of a clergyman; it would make up such a capital for any man of the meanest extraction, as, with the concurrence of industry, good fortune, and avarice, might enable him to amass daily wealth in his town house; to enjoy occasional relaxation, the *otium cum dignitate*, in his country house; to buy estates, to plant parks, to govern a borough, and even

aspire to a seat in Parliament, for himself or his heir. The learned reader has no doubt caught fire from the indignation of Juvenal, who in such glowing colours, has described the rapid exaltation, and overbearing insolence of Licinus:

Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.—P. 25.

"Personalities that escape a man in the turbulence of debate, should not be tortured upon the rack of construction."—P. 25.

"It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that in the learned languages, and in the vernacular, the word King is often applied to those persons, whose heads were never invested with a diadem. Tiresias calls the chief men of Thebes Θήβης ἄνακτες. (Antig. Soph.) Horace, speaking of the patrons of his time, says,

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis, &c.

They who are deeply skilled in the history of this country, must have heard of the two Kings of Brentford, of King Cole, and King —— *Hiatus valde deflendus.*"—P. 27.

"Upon former occasions, when the rights of the Master were invaded by oppressive and treacherous combinations, he has found a safe asylum in the protection of the Visitor. If, therefore, there be any persons who sport with the rights which they ought to defend, it may not be unseasonable to remind them, that in some luckless hour, they may be called upon to contend with the penetration, the fortitude, and the integrity of a Lowth. In his bosom, the clamours of a rabble, and the prejudices of a party, will awaken no other emotions than those of contempt. Against his qualifications, the resistance of ostentatious wealth, and of mistaken law, will be weak and unavailing.

Nil desperandum est Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro."
P. 29.

The following is the only letter of the Bishop of

Cloyne, written to Parr whilst he was at Colchester, in the collection:

DEAR PARR, *Chester, July 23d.*

I have received several letters from you, on various occasions, which I have not till now had time to answer. I have been advised, congratulated, scolded, and trusted with commissions; and am so distracted between compliment and abuse, that I know not which to examine first. You send me your congratulations on my recovery from a fever, and for which attention I return my thanks. It was of the scarlet kind, attended by its usual symptom, a putrid sore throat, and was very severe while it lasted. I am happy to inform you of my entire recovery. You attack me in another letter on what you call the decline of my friendship, and assert, in defence of the charge, that I do not write often to Colchester. But surely I can be a sincere friend without being an exact correspondent. You know the very high rank that Jones holds in my affections, though we have not exchanged a line these three years; but it is not worth while to produce either example or argugument against a charge, which you do not mean yourself to be taken seriously. Be satisfied, I shall never part with my friendship for you till the hour when I part with my existence. You employ me also in negotiating an exchange of your vote with one of Pearce's friends. I believe it is the etiquette of such exchanges for the parties to be *both absent.* I know no instance where a resident man has given up his vote to keep away an absentee, who may be hindered by a thousand accidents from coming at all; and I suspect it would not be approved of by the candidate to whom the resident vote is engaged. There is also another objection; it is so early that very few persons have given promises to either. If, under these disadvantages, I can find any man who will agree to the terms, you may depend upon my engaging him. Pearce will carry the election. The papers will inform you that the prize for the Greek Ode came to Emanuel; and you may easily conjecture it was for the composition I sent you. Your hint of imitating the rough Sapphic measure shewed great taste; but I overruled it from my knowledge of the judges. The event strengthens my

opinion. Dr. Cooke declared himself pleased with the flow of the verses; and one of the first characters in the University complimented me on the success of my pupil, observing how well the verses ran off. I foresee your indignation. One of the prizes for the A. B. was gained this year by your friend Rennell,* of King's. His composition, though read with too much action, was one of the very best for Latinity that I have ever heard since my admission at Cambridge.

Yours very sincerely, W. BENNET.

At Colchester, Parr resumed the intention of taking priest's orders, and was ordained by Bishop Lowth in the summer of 1777. His curacies were at the Hythe and Trinity Church, Colchester, where the learned Dr. Nathaniel Forster was incumbent, and the following letter informs us of the Bishop's opinion of his qualifications.

Extract of a letter from Bishop Lowth to Dr. Wheeler, Professor of Divinity, Oxford:

Mr. Parr may come to me at any of the usual times of ordination. He need not fear that his delicacy will be hurt by the mode of examination. Mr. Jones gives so good an account of his abilities, that a conference with my Chaplain for form's sake will be sufficient. Pray present my compliments to Mr. Jones. I suppose Mr. Parr has a title in my Diocese, &c.

At Colchester he had a considerable addition to the number of his scholars. Several of those who were placed under his care at Stanmore accompanied him thither, and out of sight of the rival school, his spirits were revived and refreshed by better hopes and fairer prospects. Of his merits as a teacher at

* The present venerable Dean of Winchester, of whom Dr. Parr speaks so highly in his Letter to Dr. Milner, pp. 49, &c.

Colchester, the following distinguished testimony of that exquisite scholar, the Rev. Thomas Twining, has by good fortune fallen into my hands. From the marks on the paper, it seems to have been prepared for the press. It consists of extracts of letters to his brother Mr. Richard Twining, who was to send his son to Parr.

Sept. 3d, 1778.

When you talk of Mr. Parr, I confess you meet my wishes. I have often thought of it, but have been restrained from saying anything, from the dread of advising *wrong* in a matter of so much consequence, and in which (as in inoculation) the inclinations of *parents* ought to *lead*. Of Mr. Parr's abilities, learning, taste, manner of teaching, and finding out the dispositions, talents, and characters of boys, I have the highest idea. I have never met with such a man yet in the shape of a schoolmaster. How he is in point of discipline and severity I cannot pretend to say; I have been *told* that he flogs too much, but I doubt, those from whom I heard it, think *any* use of punishment too much. In conversing with *him*, I have heard him disapprove of *beating children*. I have heard him say that *words* were his worst rod; that what all his boys most dreaded was his talking to them, and shaming them before the whole school. This also is a delicate instrument of punishment, and injudiciously used, or carried too far, may do more harm than good. But I can hardly imagine that a man of his penetration and quickness in discerning the different tempers and characters of boys, should use this without proper discretion and distinction. Upon the whole, all I know is, that had I a son, and determined to send him to any school, I should certainly send him to Mr. Parr's. If one really means that a boy should learn to any *purpose* what one *sends* him *to* learn, surely it is of great importance that the master should be a man of sense and taste, able to convey those into the boys he teaches, (if not deficient in capacity,) and give them a relish of what they read. *This* I am persuaded is the case of Mr. Parr; the very reverse was the case with my master, and is, I doubt not, with *most*. An-

other reason that inclines me to wish Richard under his care, is the great regard and esteem which I am sure Mr. Parr has for me; for, among other of his good qualities, he is a man of sincere and strong attachments. Richard seems to have a very good capacity, and is certainly amiable in his temper. If you resolve upon this step, I will write about it (if you choose it) to Mr. Parr; and if you, who know Richard's temper and disposition much better than I can do, have any particular hints to give, I will convey them. The circumstance of *Norwich*, is, I suppose, agreeable to my sister and you. I *now* wish, more than ever, that Mr. Parr had continued here.

August 11, 1780.

I heartily wished for you last Friday, when Mr. Parr and the Forsters were here. The day passed most pleasantly. The party was bien assortie; and Mr. Parr in high εὐθυμία, as he himself said; and full of that social and convivial spirit that is so charming a thing to me, when it animates a cultivated and well-stocked mind, and sets sense, knowledge, and fancy, a flowing; and so melancholy a thing, when it produces nothing but barren jollity and laughter without humour; when it makes no other difference in a man, but that his talk is louder, and his face redder than at another time. By the way, Mr. Parr gives me a very good account of Richard, in all respects, but particularly as to his veracity. He says he is an honest little boy, and he likes to talk with him. Have you read Hayley's poem to Gibbon? by some quotations I saw, it is full of genius and excellent versification. Mr. Parr admires it.

Mr. Roderick attended the sons of Mr. Sumner as their private tutor at Colchester, but did not bear any other part in the business of the school. Parr's assistants were, first, Mr. Julius, a very able man, who had been educated by him at Stanmore. Next, Mr. Rooke, Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, who accompanied him to Norwich.

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At Colchester he published nothing, except certain papers and hand-bills on the election of his successor; but the following letter proves that he had some intention of printing a Sermon preached there; and as that letter is from the pen of Sir William Jones, I insert it:

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Worcester, March* 8, 1778.

Your letter overtook me a few days ago, and I am so hurried that I must answer it in very few words. If your Sermon be not likely to hurt you and your family by giving fruitless offence to men in power, I will answer for your reputation, and exhort you to print it *with your name;* without it, you must not expect to have the charges of publication defrayed, as few men read a book with so unpromising a title as, *A Sermon on the 27th of February*, 1778. I shall not be in the Temple till the 30th of April; then I shall be wholly at your service. You will send a copy of your Discourse to me, and may rely on my sincerity, as well as on my attention; but, in the name of the Muses, let it be written in a *legible* hand, for, to speak plainly with you, your English and Latin characters are so ill formed, that I have infinite difficulty to read your letters, and have abandoned all hopes of decyphering many of them. Your Greek is wholly illegible—it is perfect algebra; and your strictures on my Isæus, excellent and valuable as they are, have given more fatigue to my head and eyes than the whole translation. Half an hour in the day would be as much time as you could employ in forming your characters; and you would save four times as much of your friends' time. I will speak with the sincerity which you like: either you can write better, or you cannot; if you can, you ought to write better; if not, you ought to learn. I scribble this as fast as I can move the pen, yet to me it is perfectly legible; it should be plainer still if my pen were better, or I were less hurried. Farewell, my dear friend!—if I did not love and respect you, I would not give you this chiding, which I know you will take in good part.

Parr's residence at Colchester was advantageous

to him, inasmuch as it established his reputation as a schoolmaster; and gave him two companions capable of assisting him in his literary pursuits, and well calculated to keep his mind in vigorous action.

The society of "the exquisitely learned Thomas Twining," as he called him, was singularly agreeable to Parr, from the simplicity of his manners, from the exactness of his taste, from the elegance of his wit, and from those abundant stores of classical learning, of which the fruits are well known to scholars in a translation of Aristotle's poetics. That work is equally distinguished by correctness and perspicuity, and in the notes consummate judgment is united with various and recondite erudition. The conversation of Dr. Forster was peculiarly interesting to Parr, from his deep and clear views upon metaphysical and political subjects; nor was their harmony for one moment disturbed by difference of opinion upon the grounds of the American war, and the maxims of Lord North's administration. Each respected the talents, and each confided in the integrity of the other.

Dr. Forster was one of those great and sturdy characters in which the last age was fertile. Wherever Parr speaks of him, it is with reverence. He calls him the profoundly wise, the upright, and it is clear from the correspondence, that his character was manly and undaunted; that he was a fearless speaker of his thoughts.

Dr. Forster was cousin of Nathaniel Forster the Editor of Plato; he published several single sermons, which are characterized by Parr as very ex-

cellent: and several political pamphlets which he commends as very able indeed. He calls him his very philosophical, very learned, and very benevolent friend in the Bibliotheca; and never mentions him in his correspondence without some term of admiration, affection, or applause. Their friendship continued till it was dissolved by the death of Dr. Forster, an event of which he was informed by Mr. Twining, in a letter which I hope to find and to insert, and to which the following is an answer:

The Rev. Dr. Parr to the Rev. Thos. Twining.

DEAR SIR,

Last week was heavily charged with vexation and disaster. But the sharpest and deepest of my sorrows, the πρεσβύτατον κακῶν had not overtaken me, till with half averted eye and an aching heart, I read the dismal contents of your most pathetic letter—worthy it was of the subject, and of the writer. I feel with you, dear Sir, and I feel for you. Losses of this kind cannot be sustained by the feeble and precarious consolation of philosophy alone. They are seldom repaired in the common course of events, and happy it is for the bulk of mankind, that they are seldom experienced. But let not us who do experience them, forget what we owe to ourselves, nor disgrace the manly dignity of grief by the weakness of complaint. You and I have resources in our studies and in our reflections, to which the benighted understandings and ruffled spirits of ordinary men have no access. Let us thank God for the distinction, and avail ourselves of it as men and as Christians.

The masculine judgment and solid virtues of him who is now no more—his rooted contempt of all that is narrow in bigotry, and all that is base in hypocrisy—the ardour of his benevolence and the constancy of his friendship, will never, never be effaced from the tablets of our hearts. We cannot reflect upon the bright assemblage of his literary and moral excellencies without love and admiration; we cannot love and admire him with-

out catching some portion of his spirit—without a proud and instinctive feeling that we are ourselves capable of improvement—without an awful and sacred sense of duty, under the influence of which we shall eventually be improved. *Forma mentis æterna quam tenere, et aliqua saltem ex parte, exprimere, non per alienam materiam et artem, sed nostris ipsi moribus, et possumus et debemus.* Yes, dear Sir, while we cherish the remembrance of those past and precious hours in which we have been enlightened by his observations, and animated by his counsel, we shall feel something of a generous ardour to imitate his example; like him we shall look upon the errors of mankind with less fretfulness and disgust, and upon their faults with mitigated rigour. Our discernment, like his, will pierce through the grosser surface of actions; and our charity, like his, will find abundant exercise for its activity in all their latent causes, and all their concomitant circumstances of extenuation. Feelingly and frequently recollecting that he was wise and good, we shall ourselves wish to become wiser and better men. We shall be conscious of having deserved to enjoy the rich treasures of his friendship. We shall be prepared to meet him again in a nobler scene of action, and with increased capacities of knowledge and of virtue. But what have I been writing? A sermon or a letter? Verily I know not. I throw upon my paper what occurs to me on reading again your letter; and with such a guide I cannot be very wrong.

You tell me that he died without a groan or a struggle. I am glad to hear so; for the thought of death in some of its uglier forms has now and then scared my mind with that dismay which the Greeks seem to have felt, when they talked of *ἀσπαίρειν, σφαδάζειν, δυσθανατᾶν.* The mind, it is true, is the best and surest source for that *εὐθανασία*, to which good men only can aspire, and which even the best cannot always attain. For with all its powers and all its hopes, our mental part is not in all cases a match for the infirmities of exhausted and drooping nature; for days of pain, and nights of watchfulness; for the slow depredations of strong and stubborn disease; or for that irresistible dejection, or that inexplicable perturbation of soul, which sometimes precedes and aggravates the last pangs of dissolution. Glad I am that our friend was exempted

from these dreadful trials, and that in conformity to the dignity and intrepidity which distinguished every stage of his life, *constans et libens fatum exceperit.* One circumstance there is, upon which I congratulate him, and for which I am tempted almost to envy you. It fell to *your* lot to perform those interesting and tender offices, in which I should eagerly have striven to share with you if living in the neighbourhood; I could have attended to soften the pains of sickness, and to dispel by friendly assiduities the storm which gathers over us, when we are on the point of being severed from the world, and from those by whom alone the world is endeared to us. I know from sad experience what firmness is required to pay such a debt of friendship; and I also know the sweet, though melancholy reflections, which arise from the consciousness of having discharged it willingly, and with some effect. Once, and happily but once, I did violence to my own nature, and summoning by one great effort the greatest collective force of my soul, I grasped the cold hand, and closed the languid eyes of that man who had been the companion of my boyhood and my youth,—who had been the partner of all my joys and all my sorrows, and compared with whom, even the name of parents and of children seems to me scarcely dear.

What you say of Mrs. Forster cheers me very much. And yet, though I know the soundness of her sense, and the firmness of her resolution, I cannot help thinking how much more is really felt, than is outwardly expressed. I weep over the very fortitude which impresses me with astonishment and reverence, and remembering how many struggles it must have cost to ascend to that state of mind which you emphatically call a state of 'mastered emotion,' I almost exclaim with one, who was able to mark all the finer traces of female sorrow, ἡ δ' ἄγαν σιγὴ βαρύ. Remember me to her in all the balmy language of sympathy unfeigned—speak to her for me, as if you were speaking for yourself. Let her receive from your mouth the strongest assurances that my good wishes to her, and those who are nearest and dearest to her, are most sincere and most unalterable. I will not rudely break into the sanctuary of her grief. But when you tell me that it is safe and proper to come forward, I will say all that ought to be said to such a woman,

the wife, no, I must now consider her as the widow, of such a man. Perhaps after her worldly affairs are more settled, and her spirits more composed, and the weather is warmer, and the days are longer, perhaps she would like to breathe a little of her native Warwickshire air. If it is so, and I hope it will be so, tell her that she will find at Hatton those who regarded him that herself most loved, and who will pay every kind and every respectful attention, which is due to her melancholy situation, and to her real worth.

I wish, dear Sir, that you had broken your long and mortifying silence upon a different occasion. But upon such an occasion as that which brought me lately within your notice, doubtless you are the first, and you are the fittest person to whom I should have looked for information. Hard, very hard, was the task you had to perform. But you have performed it well, and you have convinced me by a fresh and illustrious proof, that learning, taste, and genius, such as yours, have produced the best effects; and that in their amiable possessor the best energies of the understanding are united with the best emotions of the heart.

I return from my ramble about the end of next week, and hope to hear again from you how things are; and till then, and for ever, may God Almighty bless you and yours, and them for whom you so justly and so deeply mourn. Mrs. Parr begs to to be remembered to Mrs. Twining and Mrs. Forster.

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

Birmingham, April 22nd, 1790. S. PARR.

In the summer of 1778 the Head Mastership of Norwich School became vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Wm. Lemon, author of an Etymological Dictionary. As Parr was not without agreeable connexions in Norfolk, and was most affectionately attached to Robert the brother of Francis Parr, who resided in Norwich, he became a candidate for the free school in that city, was elected in the autumn of 1778, and removed thither in Jan. 1779.

The following letters speak the sentiments of his friends Mr. Langton and Sir William Jones on the appointment:

From Bennet Langton Esq. to Mr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Warley Camp, Aug.* 28, 1778.

I was very happy to hear from our friend Mr. Roderick, that important concerns have fallen out since, in respect to the offer to you at the school at Norwich; yet I understood from him, that you did not seem to intend employing above a fortnight of your vacation in going there, and looking to that concern; so that in the remaining part of it, we being so near, I shall hope for a visit from you. I conceive in general, and from what I collected from Mr. Roderick's conversation on the subject, that the removal will be eligible to you; but I wish more explicitly to hear from yourself how far it will be so, and as I have said, hope we shall not want an opportunity of talking fully upon it. Yesterday morning I was very agreeably surprised at an early hour, by the arrival of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Paradise and Mr. Nicolaides. They breakfasted with me in my tent, and saw all that was to be seen, and left again for London very early in the morning.

Dr. Johnson, when I was lately in London on leave of absence, expressed his wish to see a camp, which he said he never had; I assured him of the pleasure it would give me to see him here, and he told me he would come, and that he had no objection to sleeping in a tent; immediately on my return I procured him the offer of a tent to lodge in, and wrote him word of it; but have not yet heard from him. He favoured me with a loan of his three lives of Butler, Waller, and Denham, and suffered me to bring them with me to camp. I wish, dear Sir, I had an opportunity of shewing them to you, as I think we should readily agree in our high opinion of them. I have never been more entertained with any of his works, which is saying a great deal in the praise of these. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Parr, and am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and humble servant,

B. LANGTON.

From Sir William Jones to Mr. Parr.

MY DEAR PARR, *22nd Oct.* 1778, *Temple.*

I persuade myself that you ascribe my long neglect of writing to you, neither to coldness in friendship (for who is warmer than I?) nor to mere laziness, (for who is more diligent?) but to the real cause; a perpetual agitation in forensic business, and to the suspense in which the minister has been pleased to keep me for six months together, in the affair of the Indian Judgeship. That affair is not yet settled; and I still think it possible for me to be nominated, though I assure you it is impossible for me to be at all vexed at the disappointment. I am just returned from a very pleasant and prosperous circuit. At Hereford I saw Bennet, who had been rambling over Wales. He informed me that you were promoted to the *School* (I wish it had been the *See*) of Norwich. I hope, however, that you will be in town before you go thither. I wish much to consult you about the prefatory part of my Isæus; but fear that my engagements will prevent my sending you a copy of it till the publication. There is a passage in a fragment, preserved by Dionysius, which I cannot construe; it is this ἠβουλόμην μὲν μὴ λίαν οὕτως ἀγνοηθέντα πρόσχημα ἔχειν αἰσχρῶς. The words give me no distinct idea. Can you assist me in explaining them? Lowth's *Isaiah* is printed off, but will not be published till a copy of it can be presented to the King. I am impatient to see it. Farewell: I have heard of the evening which you passed at Warley in Langton's tent.

MY DEAR PARR, *Worcester, 19th July,* 1779.

I take up the pen, after a long interval, to answer your friendly letter of 4th April. Remember to reserve for me a copy of your book; and by the first opportunity to send me all of it that is printed, together with the preface, I shall value it for the sake of the writer, and for the intrinsic merit of the writing; besides, I am resolved to *spheterize* some passages of it; and to apply them in the continual war which I maintain against the unjust and the unprincipled. *Isæus is* highly honoured by you: let me entreat you to take care of your observations on the

work, as I shall want your friendliest assistance and freest censure on revising the next edition. In p. 20 the word *Mother* is left out, and I have found many typographical errors which escaped the eyes of my clerk, and are not in the table of corrections. In the second edition the notes shall be, at your request, more numerous; but I cannot destroy the unity of my work by a minute examination of particles and points. Let me beg you at your leisure to read with attention the speeches of Demosthenes against *Zenothemis*, *Apaturius*, *Phormio*, *Lacritus*, and *Dionysidorus*, and inform me whether they have been ever translated, except by Wolfius and Auger. It is possible that I may amuse myself with translating and explaining them; as they all relate to the *fœnus nauticum* of the civilians, or the *bottomry* of the modern commercial nations; and I wish to be informed whether any other speeches on the same subject are extant. I rejoice that your situation is agreeable to you; and only grieve that you are at such a distance from London. You speak well in your letter of your Dean. Yet I have been told that you are engaged in a controversy with him: OH! MY FRIEND, REMEMBER AND EMULATE NEWTON, WHO ONCE ENTERED INTO A PHILOSOPHICAL CONTEST, BUT SOON FOUND, HE SAID, "THAT HE WAS PARTING WITH HIS PEACE OF MIND FOR A SHADOW." SURELY THE ELEGANCE OF ANTIENT POETRY AND RHETORIC, THE CONTEMPLATION OF GOD'S WORKS AND GOD'S WAYS, THE RESPECTABLE TASK OF MAKING BOYS LEARNED AND MEN VIRTUOUS, MAY EMPLOY THE FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS YOU HAVE TO LIVE MORE SERENELY, MORE LAUDABLY, AND MORE PROFITABLY, THAN THE VAIN WARFARE OF CONTROVERSIAL DIVINITY, OR THE DARK MINES AND COUNTERMINES OF UNCERTAIN METAPHYSICS.* Whether the ἀριστεῖα have been assigned to me in Wales I know not; but the knowledge of men which I have acquired in my short forensic career, has made me satisfied with my present station, and all my φιλοτιμία is at an end. Now for your commission at Oxford. Do I perfectly understand you? The D. of Grafton conferred on

* These are golden sentences; and it is ever to be regretted that they were so often forgotten by our revered friend.

you a Master's degree by mandamus at *Cambridge*. I honour him for it—well, you desire to be admitted to *the same degree* at Oxford. Do you mean that such admission should give you the privilege of voting in *our* house for members of Parliament and academical honours or emoluments? In short, do you wish that the D. of Grafton should confer on you a Master's degree by mandamus at Oxford? *ποῖον ἐφράσω τοδί*, says Archilochus. It is impossible, my dear friend. We do admit the validity of your degree when conferred, but not in our University. How can I insist upon the difference between an *honorary* and a *mandamus* degree, when that difference is unfavourable to you? It is clear, that your Chancellor cannot, by conferring the latter at Cambridge, give his friend the least title to the same privileges at Oxford. I have mentioned this case to several Oxonians under the names of Caius and Titus; they all anticipate my objections before I have fully stated my case. Scott, I believe, sees it in the same light. If I do misapprehend you, explain the matter more fully. On the whole I do not see what degree at Oxford can accelerate your doctorate, except a degree by *diploma*, which the University seldom will confer even on men of their own body. This is the plain manner in which I speak, and in which I desire others to speak to me; if it were in its nature offensive, it would be excused by you, who know how truly and sincerely I am,

Your faithful friend, W. JONES.

Paradise and I spent a fortnight at Paris last May. The nature of our business led us into the company of old Franklin. We dined with him twice, and conversed with him frequently. He is much respected in France. We had more success than I expected; our friend has some chance of receiving the profits of his Virginian estate. Lytton is turned farmer. I passed two days with him last week in Bucks. Pollard is at Paris in the deepest affliction, and most pressing distress. Alas! I could not relieve him without consummate imprudence; he cannot return to Barbadoes without more money than I could spare. He has not been to blame,

It appears by the letters of Dr. Forster and Mr. Twining, that it was not till Parr got to Norwich

that he gave up his intention of publishing his attack on the trustees of Colchester School.* Perhaps he was somewhat influenced by the shrewd remark of his friend Dr. Forster, that crape-makers would sympathize with rag-makers, and that the corporation spirit of trusteeship might be alarmed at Norwich, by what was published against Colchester. It was happily abandoned for a higher purpose: for in 1780 Parr appeared before the public as an author of Sermons. He was invited by the Mayor of Norwich in his official capacity, to print one preached in the Cathedral, and the other in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, in that City. Of these two Sermons, which came out with the direct authority of his name, the first was preached in the Cathedral December 25, 1779, from Galatians iv. 4th ver. "When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his only begotten Son."† This Sermon, on the truth and usefulness

* The work alluded to in the beginning of the foregoing letter.

† Mr. Greene, of Ipswich, who afterwards published some Remarks on Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, and on Godwin's System, was one of the persons in office at Norwich when these Sermons were preached, and one of those to whom they were addressed, thus returns thanks for them:

Mr. Greene presents his compliments, and returns his thanks to Dr. Parr for the high honour he has done him, in prefixing his name (and in such respectable company) to the two Sermons with which Dr. Parr has obliged the public, and from the perusal of which he has received the greatest and most rational pleasure, satisfaction, and information.

Tuesday, 10 *June* 1780.

of Christianity, neither withholds nor dissembles the doubts and difficulties which have been started by sceptics, but discusses them with boldness and sincerity; it demonstrates the usefulness of the Gospel scheme with irresistible argument, and unfolds its excellence with all the earnestness of eloquence. "Upon the whole (says Parr, in his conclusion of the Sermon,) if Christianity, upon a fair and comprehensive inquiry into its effects, be found to have done much towards the improvement of the world, let us cheerfully pay it that tribute of respect, in consequence of which it will be enabled to do more. If it appear to have done, what in our estimation is too little, let us search for the causes of every defect where alone they are to be discovered, not in the evidences or in the precepts of the religion itself, but in the infirmities of those who defend, without understanding, or who profess without practising it. At all events, let us not, by insulting its authority, and by depreciating its excellence, endeavour to reduce it to a total incapacity of doing any good; for the bulk of mankind will never obey the law which they are taught to despise, and we know from the melancholy experience of men, whose attainments and whose native vigour of mind set them far above vulgar prejudice, that, when the reverence for religion is once lost, the love of virtue is seldom retained.

"There is a dark side belonging to all the concerns of man. Let us turn from it to the contemplation of those brighter scenes which unfold themselves to every unprejudiced and well-informed

Christian. Though God had, for many ages, delayed the appearance of his Son, he, in the fulness of time, sent him forth. Though many obstacles have, in our apprehensions of things, impeded the course of Revelation, it has spread itself over no inconsiderable part of the world. Though a variety of causes have obscured its lustre, and counteracted its influence, the effects of it have been sufficiently extensive and sufficiently beneficial to interest our attention, to excite our gratitude, and to warrant our faith. The tide of human affairs which, before and after the publication of the Gospel, has been secretly controlled by the Providence of God, and invariably directed to the known or unknown purposes which he had in view, is, in these later ages, apparently turning in favour of Christianity. Mutually assisting, and assisted by other causes, by the cultivation of polite learning, and of the more profound sciences; by experiments in natural philosophy, and by researches in moral; by the steady exercise, and humane temper of laws; by the liberal and enlarged principles of civil government, the Gospel is making new progress. The expectations of every worthy man may, therefore, be innocently employed upon the prospect of some happy period, when the belief of our holy religion shall be universal, and its efficacy shall be complete. His efforts, at least, may be laudably exerted in accelerating that momentous event, by which the cavils of unbelievers will be effectually put to silence, and by which the knowledge and the love of God will be deeply fixed in the hearts of all Christians, through all ages, and in all nations."

In this discourse he introduced himself to the public for the first time as a Christian teacher, and as a teacher of morals and learning he never ceased to inculcate "that, when the reverence of religion is once *lost*, the love of virtue is seldom retained."

The second of these discourses was preached at St. Peter's Mancroft, March 24, 1780, from Hebr. xiii. 16th ver. "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." The subject of this discourse is the education of the poor, and ably has he pleaded the noble cause: he recommends it as a Christian duty to do good and to communicate. He may be said to be one of the first divines in the crusade of education, and to have answered beyond all refutation the objections to a proper education of the poor. "Wide indeed (says he, vol. II. p. 69,) is the gulph which the Deity himself has placed between the poor and the rich," &c. &c.

Of these two Sermons I insert the opinions of Sir William Jones and Dr. Nathaniel Forster.

Sir William Jones to Mr. Parr.

21st July 1780. *Temple.*

I received your Sermons, and read them with no less eagerness than pleasure: they are written in a masterly style, and the second must carry conviction to the most obstinate. You call for censure; I have none to send you, nor have I time to give them their due praises. Let me hope that you will not sheath the pen which you have so nobly drawn in defence of religion and poverty, which are alike despised and unfriended by selfish men. I left your Sermons with Lytton, whom I left last Wednesday, and luckily found your letter on my table. I return to him to-morrow. He has observations to impart on your first

on, which he read to me, and both gave and received high [illegible] from it. When I was at Oxford, there was a sullen silence in all companies where I happened to be, on the subject of the election. What the event will be, Heaven knows. I have a long tale to unfold to you when we next meet; at the end of August I too shall be in London. No literary news—but, pray, answer a literary question. In Thompson's Preface to the Areopagitica he cites a passage from *Alcæus*, in these words: "What makes a city? Not walls and buildings; no—but men, who know themselves to be men, and are sensible that liberty alone exalts them above brutes." Where is the *original?** I cannot find it among the fragments of my favourite poet. If you find it, I have reason for wishing you to send it to me on the Carmarthen Circuit, where I shall be on 2d Aug. My pamphlet, I fear, will be a weak defence against mobs in rags, or mobs in lace, unless my plan be adopted: Townshend moved for it in the Court of Aldermen, and lost it by two votes. This vexes me; but what vexes me most is, that I shall be in Wales on the 3d of next month, when I had resolved to give the County of Middlesex a little speech, and to propose (if I saw myself well supported) a general measure in support of the civil power, that we may have no more need of the insects † mentioned by *Nicander*,

Σίδης ὑσγινόεντες ἐπημύοντες ὄλοσχοι,

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* Parr immediately sent him the original:

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ
Τέχνη τεκτόνων αἱ πόλεις, εἶσιν
Ἀλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἄν ὦσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτοὺς σώζειν εἰδότες,
Ἐνταῦθα τείχη καὶ πόλεις.

ALC. quoted by Aristides.

The well-known ode, "What constitutes a State?" was sent the following year to Parr, as appears by a letter dated April 10th, 1781. "Accept, for your amusement, a paraphrase of the fragment of *Alcæus*, which you sent me about a twelvemonth ago; it is *the last sigh of my departed hope* for a renovation of our free Constitution. Farewell!"

† This is a mistaken translation.

so may the soldiers be called. I will not drop the scheme. Why will not your lay-friends in Norfolk give themselves a little trouble to preserve the Constitution? They would take pains enough I dare say, to preserve the game. A month's exercise with the firelock would make them useful men. Try what can be done. You must take the oaths at some sessions, or at Westminster: you may take them at any quarter sessions of any county, city, or place, where you may happen to reside, at Michaelmas. In hunting for the political fragment of *Alcæus* I stumbled upon a conundrum of the poet, which suits the bluntness of the age:

Πόρνη καὶ βαλανεὺς τὰντὸν ἔχουσ' ἐμπεδέως ἔθος

Why so? Take his reason:

Ἐν τ'αυτῷ πνέλῳ τόν τ' ἀγαθὸν, τόν τε κακὸν λύει.

Farewell.

Dr. Nathaniel Forster to Mr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Colchester, 21st June* 1780.

Thank you most heartily for the Sermons. Legi et relegi. They are far above all praise of mine. Such command and energy of language I never saw in any writer; such depth, and, at the same time, extent of thought, in very few. Yet I like the last sermon most. The conclusion is divine; the objections are answered to the very root. Your first, however, I a little object to. I know of no virtues *approved* by any operation of the *understanding*. But the meaning is perfectly clear. About the first sermon I should have much to say, durst I enter the lists with you. Take, however, a hint or two. Where am I to find the men who make the objections you so completely answer, *against Christianity in general*? These objections, when advanced in form, (for that they may have been sometimes thrown out in a desultory way, without any precise object, I deny not,) are brought against those absurd and nonsensical arguments in proof of Christianity, which we perpetually see and hear. And in this view the objections are unanswerable. When a solemn divine insists upon the *necessity* of a revelation, *à priori*, as an *evidence* for the *truth* of Christianity, its *late appearance*, and its *partial propagation*, are to

me unanswerable answers to that argument. To your *posteriori necessity*, in the sense you explain it, I have not the smallest objection. I most firmly agree with you in the application of the term and of the idea, *after the proofs, after the fact is established* by satisfactory evidence. But when *necessity* of any kind is adduced by way of *proof*, it may be deep metaphysics, but it is to my mind the most unintelligible and offensive jargon. The *imperfect efficacy*, too, of the Gospel, has chiefly been adduced as an *argumentum ad hominem*—to those wise divines who have striven to depreciate the *religion of nature* upon the very same ground. And against these heroes I think the retort is not unfair. As a direct objection to Christianity, to be sure, it has not the smallest weight. You, indeed, most justly make the law of revelation *a part of the law of nature*. If it be not, it is no law for man. But I cannot allow quite so much as you do for the *positive efficacy* of the Gospel. I have long thought, that most of the good effects which you ascribe to it have arisen chiefly, if not solely, from philosophical inquiry, and the *improved reason* of modern times. This, I think, might be shewn in detail. But one simple fact is enough for me. What was *Christian morality* for fifteen or sixteen centuries? In most respects contemptible — in many respects detestable. Yet the Scriptures were studied, perhaps more than at present. But were the efficacy of the Gospel even less than it is, even less than it is admitted to be by its opponents, it would be to me no kind of argument against its truth. I should be a little surprised, perhaps, and disappointed—but no more. It would be only the addition of *one* to the many inexplicable phænomena with which the *moral* world is stocked. So much for hints, for which I make no apology, as I am sure of your pardon.

There was less nonsense talked in either House yesterday about *civil and military* force than I expected. Twining had written an excellent little speech for Charles Fox. But Charles did not feel bold. He even calls himself a *moderate* man. I do not love, and am suspicious respecting the patrons of the Popery Bill. Can Burke and North, Richmond and Mansfield, Saville and Thurlow, have the *same insidious designs?* If they repeal the act, they deserve—but I will not say what, because I can hardly say anything bad enough. Let them prohibit the

teaching of the Protestant children at Popish schools, under the severest penalties. But let every man, in God's name, educate his own children as he pleases. Thurlow, I remember, pressed this point, when the Bill was debated, with most pathetic energy. Various, it seems, and most wide, are the conjectures concerning the cause of these riots. But they appear to me to be nothing more than the ragings of a licentious rabble, —half drunk, first with enthusiasm, and afterwards with gin— with a flaming sword in their mouths. Something for the imagination to fasten upon—some fuel may possibly have been thrown into the flame by French spies or American traitors (the latter I should most suspect, as we have had instances of it) but nothing, I think, from either quarter, that can amount to a preconcerted plan. Uncomfortable reflection, that your Joneses and your Scotts should rank with the *βανανσοι* in any respect. Tell it not in Gath, or, as it may be read, Goth. Invidia siculi, &c. Yet, thank God, there are men in the world whom I can sincerely envy, and yet as sincerely esteem and love. I cannot stop my pen from saying that you are one of them.

NAT. FORSTER.

Although the Discourse on Education, and on the plans pursued in Charity Schools, by S. Parr, LL.D. was not preached till 1785, I shall insert some account of it here. It was preached at Norwich "before a very respectable audience, and it is now submitted to the candour of the public," says Parr, "at the request of some persons, the sincerity of whose approbation I cannot distrust, and with the authority of whose judgment I ought not to trifle. I intend it, in some measure, as a sequel to a Sermon which I published in 1780, at the desire of the late Mr. Thurlow. In that Sermon I entered into a full and elaborate vindication of the general principles on which charity schools are supported. But upon the present occasion I have studiously preserved a

plainer style; I have chiefly attended to the practical part of the subject; I have enlarged more copiously upon the best methods of religious education for all young persons, and with a very few exceptions, I profess only to deliver such common and useful observations as are adapted to the apprehension of common and well-disposed readers."

If such were his aim, he certainly has not succeeded as to plainness of style; for few of his compositions are more redundant in ornament. But, if popularity be the seal of utility, public approbation has undoubtedly stamped the Discourse on Education as the best of Parr's works.

Mandeville and Rousseau, setting out from positions opposite in their direction, have met at the same point, and arrived at the same conclusions. The first, viewing man as an odious and contemptible and vicious being, thinks that the education of the poor will only enable them to practice simulation better, and to hide their enormities under more decent appearances. The author of Emile deems education contaminating, inasmuch as it cramps the energies of the young, which he always esteems a character aspiring after excellence, and confines it in a certain shape, or mould, which is sure to denaturalize and vitiate it.*

Parr rebuts and refutes the deductions of these authors, by arguing in the words of his text:

* "In some respects, however, I feel no reluctance in allowing the claims of both, to the infamy of consummate and notorious consistency," says Parr.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." That the success of a pious education is not perfect, furnishes no argument against our well-meant attempts, but the attempt is therefore not to be given up. From the constitution of the human mind; from the power of habit, and the capacity which the young senses have of being impressed; from all these sources different classes of intellect are formed, and man is made fitter for his different social relations. To a manufacturing town, charity schools he recommended as of singular utility. "The artificer being bound in closer ties to his employer, when brought up from infancy under his eye and by his kindness." The whole discourse is a fine effusion of eloquence, learning, and benevolence, written in a style of the utmost embellishment, perhaps occasionally with too much ornament, but full of dignity and force, and exuberant in illustration. Of the moral sentiment, and particularly of tenderness to animals, that sentiment, as it operated on Parr's mind, and influenced his conduct throughout life, the following passage is a beautiful illustration:

Another passion arising from the activity of the mind, and from the love of superiority, is cruelty. Now, of the most venerable court of judicature that ever existed in Greece, it is recorded that a boy was once condemned by it to the loss of life for mischievously plucking out the eyes of a quail. Common sense and common humanity recoil at such extreme rigour, and yet the principle upon which punishment was appointed is certainly reasonable. Practices of this kind, though viewed by some persons without horror, and even encouraged by direct approbation, extinguish, by degrees, compassion, and cherish

tyranny; that is, they destroy the noblest, and strengthen the most detestable part of the human character. He that can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal will soon learn to view the sufferings of a fellow-creature with indifference; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them even with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of children are open to impressions of every sort; and, indeed, wonderful is the facility with which a judicious instructor may habituate them to tender emotions. I have therefore always considered mercy to beings of an inferior species as a virtue which children are very capable of learning, but which is most difficult to be taught, if the heart has been once familiarized to spectacles of distress, and has been permitted either to behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton barbarity.

Of this Discourse I am sorry to observe, that the correspondence of Sir William Jones * says nothing; but there are several valuable notices of it from some of his other friends; but above all, I esteem that of Mrs. Coke, the accomplished and virtuous lady of Thomas W. Coke Esq. of Holkham, the most.

SIR,

I venture to give you the trouble of this letter, as I had rather that you should think me troublesome, than that you should suppose me insensible to the merit of your very valuable and flattering present. I have read your Discourse upon Education with the utmost attention, and with that eager desire of information which a parent may be supposed to possess, who has for seven years directed much serious thought to this most important object; for having only daughters, the pleasing task of their instruction became my province. Here you must excuse my saying, that if they had been sons, it would have been

* He was then in India.

my earnest wish not to confine my approbation of your excellent system to the barren tribute of my poor praise. What stamps the highest value on your opinions in my mind, is this, that they are not mere assertions, but the result of many years *extensive experience*, as well as much profound meditation, and diligent researches into the labours of other men; which latter your notes sufficiently testify, though those in the dead languages I do not pretend to understand. Whereas Rousseau, and several authors I have perused, who have treated this subject, not possessing the superior advantage of experience, only serve to lead astray by plausible theories, which are undoubtedly not practicable. I must here observe, that I am happy in having your authority, in opposition to the fashionable doctrines of scepticism, that religion is the surest foundation on which we can raise moral virtue in either sex. After what I have written, you cannot doubt the pleasure I should receive from your company at Holkham when I return there, and in affording you an opportunity to judge how far I have been able to put in practice, with respect to my children, a system of education I profess so entirely to approve.

I am, with much esteem, Sir, your most faithful servant,

JANE COKE.

Pardon the liberty I take in requesting to be informed, whether you think Dr. Johnson's Dictionary the best standard of the English language for the *unlearned* to consult concerning orthography and pronunciation?

Longford near Derby, Dec. 23d, 1785.

Rev. J. Greene to Dr. Parr.

Nov. 18th, 1785.

Permit me, Sir, to take this opportunity of returning you my best thanks for the very great pleasure and information which I have received from your admirable Discourse on Education. To speak my real sentiments of it, in a letter immediately addressed to you, might be an offence, in some measure, to delicacy. But surely it can be none to say that, in

my opinion, the character you give of Dr. Balguy's Discourses (*mutatis mutandis*) may justly be applied to your own.

Your faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. GREENE.

This Discourse, I find by the correspondence with Professor White, was reviewed by him, art. viii. v. vii. English Review, and his character of the style I insert to mark the injustice he committed, when thinking it necessary to make critical remarks. "The style is laboured and adorned, but often diffuse and redundant. It abounds with multiplications of phrases to express the same ideas: is too regularly divided into duads and triads, and sometimes grates the ear of the reader, with those *sesquipedalia verba* which, since the days of Johnson, have been confounded with fine writing."

These two Sermons are not only an era in Parr's life, but form an epoch in the history of education; they do honour to him as the advocate of the poor, and as a pioneer in the great work of general instruction — to his moral sensibilities, and insight into human character and to the foresight of that progress, which intellect was making, and which demands, in our days, a repeal of every law which obstructs the access of the meanest individual to true and vital religion.

Before the Reformation, the systems of Education in England, and every where else, were purely scholastic. They were entirely in the hands of the clergy; and the prince, the peer, the clerk, and the apprentice in law, or medicine, were all trained up in a particular system; all different in their manner,

but all adapted to the person of the catechumen. The prince and the noble were trained in a royal road, but their instruction was small, and in some instances it did not even include the art of writing. The clerk and the transcriber of ancient manuscripts and sacred records, were necessarily taught to write. The learned in the law, and the expert Leech also were so instructed; but the poor man's son, unless he was dedicated to the menial offices of the Church, to sing in the choir, or respond in the service, had never the advantage even of being taught to read. Of the three black-letter treatises on Education, published after the revival of letters, the systems are all grammatical and scholastic. Even after the Reformation there is no general and philosophical discussion of the subject. In "The Schoolmaster, or playne and perfite way of teaching children to understonde, write, and speak the Latin tongue, but specially for the private bringing up of Youth in Gentlemen and Noblemen's Houses 1589," with the proem of a curious dialogue at the Court of Windsor, concerning severity of discipline, in which many of the courtiers of the Queen in the presence of Elizabeth herself, were interlocutors, Ascham enters into some nice and good moral distinctions, but the work is didactic only as to grammar. Brinsley's Ludus Literarius, published in 1627, and dedicated to Princes Henry and Charles, is a general system of grammar education only, yet so minute in its instructions, as to give the precise rule for punishment, the instrument, the mode, the number of jerks.

During the dark ages monasteries, priories, abbies, and their dependant clergy, were the only places and instruments of education: and we may judge of the darkness which covered the people from the fact, that an exemption from degrading punishments was granted by the mercy of our laws to those lights of their generation who possessed the accomplishment of reading. But when the Reformation dawned, a better order of things was opened to the eyes of the Reformers, and among others education and the education of the poor was glanced at in their views of improvement. After the dissolution of the monasteries, *they** *alone* contemplated the distribution of the spoil, as a possible benefit to the community—they even quarrelled about it with the Court. Strype, in his Memorial of Archbishop Cranmer, says:

In the year 1539, the King took occasion to be displeased with the Archbishop, and the other Bishops of the *new learning*, as they then termed them, because they could not be brought to give their consent in the Parliament that the King should have all the monasteries suppressed to his own sole use. They were willing he should have all the land that his ancestors gave to any of them; but the residue they would have had bestowed upon hospitals, grammar-schools for bringing up of youth in virtue and good learning, with other things profitable in the commonwealth.—Book 1. c. xix.

In the settlement of the Church of Canterbury, education was a part of the plan, and I shall give

* Certainly those gentlemen and noblemen who sought for grants of estates, and enjoyed them, had no other view than their own benefit and personal interest.

Cranmer's argument for the education of the poor, to demonstrate the position, that the Reformers looked to education, as a main furtherance of their cause.

It came to pass, that, when they should elect the children of the Grammar-school, there were of the Commissioners more than one or two who would have none admitted but sons or younger brethren of gentlemen. As for other husbandmen's children, they were more meet, they said, for the plough, and to be artificers, than to occupy the place of the learned sort. So that they wished none else to be put to school, but only gentlemen's children. Whereunto the most Reverend Father the Archbishop, being of a contrary mind, said, "That he thought it not indifferent so to order the matter; for," said he, "poor men's children are many times endued with more singular gifts of nature, which are also the gifts of God, as with eloquence, memory, apt pronunciation, sobriety, and such like; and are commonly, also, more apt to apply their study than is the gentleman's son delicately educated." Hereunto it was, on the other part, replied, "That it was meet for the ploughman's son to go to the plough, and the artificer's son to apply the trade of his parent's vocation, and the gentleman's children are meet to have the knowledge of government and rule in the commonwealth. "For we have," said they, "as much need of ploughmen as any other State, and all sorts of men may not go to school." "I grant," replied the Archbishop, "much of your meaning herein, as needful in a commonwealth. But yet, utterly to exclude the ploughman's son and the poor man's son from the benefit of learning, as though they were unworthy to have the gifts of the Holy Ghost bestowed upon them, as well as upon others, is as much as to say, as that Almighty God should not be at liberty to bestow his great gifts of grace upon any person, nor no where else, but as we and other men shall appoint them to be employed, according to our fancy, and not according to His most godly will and pleasure, who giveth his gift, both of learning and other perfection in all sciences, unto all kinds and states of people indifferently. Even so doth he many times withdraw from them and their posterity again those bene-

ficial gifts, if they be not thankful. If we should shut up into a strait corner the bountiful grace of the Holy Ghost, and thereupon attempt to build our fancies, we should make as perfect a work thereof as those that took upon them to build the Tower of Babel. For God would so provide, that the offspring of our best-born children should peradventure become most unapt to learn; and very dolts, as I myself have seen no small number of them very dull, and without all manner of capacity. And to say the truth, I take it, that none of us all here being gentlemen born (as I think), but had our beginning that way from a low and base parentage; and through the benefit of learning, and other civil knowledge, for the most part all gentlemen ascend to their estate." Then it was again answered, "That most part of the nobility came up by feats of arms and martial acts." "As though," said the Archbishop, "that the noble captain was always unfurnished of good learning and knowledge to persuade and dissuade his army rhetorically, who rather that way is brought into authority, than else by his manly looks. To conclude; the poor man's son, by pains taking, will for the most part be learned, when the gentleman's son will not take the pains to get it; and we are taught by the Scriptures that Almighty God taketh up from the dunghill, and setteth him in high authority. And, whensoever it pleaseth him of his Divine providence, he deposeth princes from a right humble and poor estate. Wherefore, if the gentleman's son be apt to learning, let him be admitted; if not apt, let the poor man's child, that is apt, enter his room." With words to the like effect. Such a seasonable patron of poor men was the Archbishop.

The Reformation thus began the education of the poor; but it was very unequally followed up in England. In Scotland,* the reformation of religi-

* Doubtless the Reformation began the education of the poor in Scotland; but the Parliament fixed it by Statute. The Act in favour of Universities, Schools, and Hospitals, extends the Laws in favour of Ministers of the Gospel to them. But

ous abuses went deeper; and in a thin population, the efforts to enlighten the poor were more easy. So effectual indeed were they, that our own times have witnessed that rare and happy combination of circumstances, poverty united with virtuous habits, and religious feelings, both arising out of an independent and instructed mind. Even the fanatics in England introduced no system, like that of the Scotch. Archbishop Tenison recommended a system of education upon a like principle; but till the last generation, charity schools were confined to a few foundations; there was no school in every parish, to which the labourer could send his child; and the consequence was, that the bulk of the population was never taught to read. We may consider Parr, therefore, as I said before, as one of the first crusaders in the cause of the education of the poor.

More than fifty years ago, the Rev. Mr. Stock, incumbent of a Church at Gloucester, suggested the method of instructing the poor in Sunday schools; and recommended it to Mr. Raikes of the same city, who had the merit of adopting it. Not many of the peasants of England were then taught to read, and few to write. A grammar school, or a family found-

it was the "Act for settling of Schools" that did the business, by ordaining "that there be a School settled and established, and a Schoolmaster appointed, in every parish not already provided, &c. and provide a commodious house for a School, and settle and modify a salary to a Schoolmaster," &c.—Laws and Acts of Scotland, King William's first Parliament, vol. iii. p. 561. I lament that I had not the power of availing myself of the instruction of my learned friend, the eloquent and pious Dr. Chalmers, on the subject of parochial schools. I had not heard of his treatise when this sheet was first before me for correction.

ation, was found here and there, but their operation was so limited, that it tended to maintain the oligarchy of learning, rather than to diffuse its benefits among the people.

The Lancaster and Bell's systems bid fair to make the education of the poor as general as it need be, with those various ramifications of systems of instruction which embrace the infant lisping on the knee, and the adult who is willing to learn, and ashamed to be outstripped in the race of knowledge by his own offspring.

Parr in his Sermons exposes the fallacy of the assertion, that, by instructing the labouring classes, you set them above their manual occupations. If the whole of society be instructed together, of course it will move onward in equal progression. Occupation is essential to man's happiness. Where there is no necessity for labour to procure daily bread, even there it must be artificially sought for,* or repose will be without refreshment, and ease without pleasure. Archdeacon Butler, in his admirable Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Derby, p. 12, says,

'The stream of knowledge necessarily becomes shallower as it is spread; it occupies, indeed, a more widely-extended surface, but it is stagnant, vapid, and powerless. It neither roars down the cataract, sweeping away the rocks and obstacles which oppose its might; nor flows with deep and majestic course, bearing on its bosom the rich and costly freight of matured intellect or inventive genius; but it presents one dull unvaried surface, not deep enough to be roused by storms into wholesome agitation, and shallow enough to admit the growth

* See Dr. Maltby's 18th Sermon, vol. i. part vii. pp. 352, &c.

of noxious weeds, and to be kept turbid by the continual fermentation of the indigested matter over which it stagnates.

Yes—a few sciolists and superficial thinkers or smatterers in learning will necessarily arise, as the scum of a general system of instruction, during the process of fermentation: but the more it works, the stronger it is likely to be. Premature establishments of institutions for promoting the arts and sciences can do no harm, unless they exhaust the resources, and waste the time, of the needy. Let them pass; they are exuberances from the regular growth, and only shew its vigour.

Though experiments, says Dr. Butler, in incautious hands are never free from hazard; though they are like the letting out of water, which is not always safe or salutary; if it is directed into its proper channels, it may nourish the plants, and make the earth bring forth abundantly; if it is suffered to flow without restraint, where it ought to refresh and invigorate, it may inundate and destroy.

This sentiment is justly conceived and beautifully expressed; yet it would not be wise to cut off the benefits of irrigation from the soil, because a portion of the water might stagnate. Every system of education must have its restraining, as well as its encouraging powers.

I forbear entering the wide field which philosophers have spread before our fancy, as to the perfectibility of our earthly condition, and the general diffusion of imperturbable happiness. Man that is born of a woman has hitherto found his few days full of misery, nor is it possible that a temporary fabric, and a probationary state, should be exempt from

mutability. What improvements of science can entirely ward off the awful visitation of nature, the lightnings of Heaven, or the volcanoes of earth, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness? What illumination of the intellect can prevent the fiercer tempest of the passions? I do not agree with Gibbon, in his sarcastic remark on Sir John Chardin, that Europeans have done the Persians an ill office by diffusing among them sentiments of freedom. There can be no doubt that our nature admits of amelioration—that the lower orders ought to be instructed, and that a better and more happy condition must spring out of proper instruction.

At Norwich also appeared "A Discourse on the late Fast, by Phileleutherus Norfolciensis,* printed for Dodsley, &c. 1781. The author of the following Discourse is a serious, and, he hopes, an unprejudiced Clergyman of the Church of England. He conceals his name, because he is not impelled by

* The title Phileleutherus Cantabrigiensis was used in the Bangorian Controversy by the author of three Discourses addressed to Dr. Tenison; the first, A Defence of Private Judgment; second, Against the Authority of the Magistrate over Conscience: third, Considerations of the re-uniting of Protestants. Printed by Kempter 1718.

It is also used by the Author of Reflections upon Reason, styling himself Phileleutherus Britannicus, printed by W. and J. Innys (the Nichols's of their day), 1722. It was pointed out to Dr. Parr's notice by a note in Thirlby's edition of Justin Martyr, a book given to him by Dr. Robert Sumner, and enriched by the marginal annotations of both.

And also by Bentley, in his immortal criticism on Le Clerc's Menander, under the title of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis.

any motives of vanity to venture on publication; and he has published, because the sentiments which he maintains seem to coincide with the most useful purposes, which the late Fast could be intended to promote. Those sentiments, indeed, are not likely to attract popularity by slavish adulation, or seditious invective; they flatter the prejudices of no party, and are honestly intended to reform such immoralities as may justly be imputed to all."

It is not stated where this Sermon was preached; or whether it was ever preached at all. "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners, &c. &c. (Luke, xiii. v. 2 and 3.) was the text, and the dispensations of Providence in regard to states, &c. the subject. From the general subject he descends to that contest which was the Fast Day theme, "where the most sacred ties are torn asunder, the fondest affection alienated, the most useful attachments disregarded." The American war, during its progress, had brought forth many an angry debate at Colchester between Parr and Dr. Nathaniel Forster. Parr *there* was a partizan of the Americans and their cause, and it is probable that much of the matter of this Discourse, had there been discussed. "The effects of luxury on states—the influence and agency of Providence, as determining the fate of nations—the dependence of public happiness on the integrity of public manners—the effects of the pleasures of Asia, when poured into the lap of sensuality, and where her wealth is easily seized by the grasp of avarice. In the higher stations of life, too, when we see rank without dignity, money without wealth,

and voluptuousness almost without enjoyment." But I shall quote the following passages, as examples of the style and reasoning of this Discourse: the first, on the decay of empires; the second, a character of the Constitution of England:

I.

It may be laid down as an invariable maxim, that no empire, however fruitful in resources, extensive in dominion, or conspicuous in fame, can long subsist, after it hath ceased to be virtuous. Ostentatious magnificence, and the appearance even of formidable strength, it may still preserve; but on the first breakings of those tempests which hang over all the aims of thoughtless and aspiring men, its unsuspected weakness will be inevitably exposed in its unforeseen perdition.

Curious it is to observe the rapid strides with which the most celebrated States have descended from the airy and slippery eminences of greatness, to misery and shame. When the sword has been sheathed, and every alarm far removed by the successes of war, ingenuity and diligence are usually employed in improving those inventions to which men have been led by accident or incited by necessity. Refinement succeeds to improvement, and is itself followed close by corruption. Artificial wants, then, multiply beyond the power of supplying them; the dominion of appetite is extended farther and farther, till the objects of gratification, with whatever diversity they have been combined, and to whatever perfection they may have been wrought up, are almost exhausted. The lust of pleasure gives new force to the lust of wealth, because wealth only can furnish the materials of enjoyment. To the depravity of private morals succeeds the extinction of public spirit, and all become ripe for revolt, because all are eager for plunder. Complaints are then reciprocally urged and retorted, by those who cannot govern and those who will not obey. Laws, enacted to prevent evasion and violation, are themselves evaded by new artifices, and violated with greater audacity; secret cabals are formed; open tumults break out; till some daring usurper rivets, in one lucky moment, the fetters of despotism on a lawless, helpless multitude; or some foreign enemy, invited by the

facility of conquest, bends down their necks to the galling yoke of servitude.—P. 7.

II.

Venerable for its antiquity, and endeared to us by a long experience of its use, the Constitution of this Country may justly challenge the annals of the world to produce an equal. Founded on the solid rock of justice, cemented by duration, and fortified by every expedient that policy could suggest, it has hitherto withstood all the shocks of external violence, and all the dark machinations that have been employed to undermine it. Complaints, I know, have been urged against the multiplicity of our civil and the rigour of our penal laws; but when these laws are compared with such as are established in other countries, their principles will be found equitable, their spirit mild, and their administration most impartial. Although the discipline of our armies be excelled in some neighbouring States, where military strength is perverted into an engine of oppression, their valour in every just cause has long excited the admiration even of their enemies; and with regard to that force which forms the peculiar and firmest bulwark of our safety, the skill of our commanders, and the intrepidity of our seamen, are confessedly without example. Narrow, indeed, will be his views, and languid his satisfaction, who would confine the glory of this country to the wisdom of its laws and the vigour of its arms. Polite literature has been cultivated among us with a success that antiquity only has surpassed. The mechanic arts have been improved by us, not perhaps to the highest perfection of exterior elegance, but to the no less honourable purposes of general utility. In this respect they have probably reached their summit; and it might be wished that the wantonness of innovation, and the debaucheries of refinement, should be in future controled. As to the more abstract sciences, so profound have been our investigations, and so important our discoveries, that we are permitted to take the lead, I say not merely of Northern Europe, where civilization has scarcely dawned, nor of those Southern parts where superstition blasts every effort of genius; but of those brave and accomplished people who are alone entitled to dispute the palm of superiority with us, either in the atchievements of war or in the arts of peace. But, amidst the advantages that distinguish

this Country, a very illustrious rank must be assigned to that religion, which is alike exempt from the harshness of Calvinism and the corruptions of Popery; which preserves the sacred privileges of Revelation, without infringing the no less sacred rights of reason; which looks, I trust, with some degree of favour on the worthiest and the ablest of its teachers, who have been eminent as well for their enlarged sentiments of toleration as for their exemplary piety; and which no longer lifts up the terrors of persecution over the manly and rational inquirer, who, without offering any wanton insult to prescription, asserts and enjoys the liberty of paying a larger share of homage to the superior authority of truth.—P. 15.

Of this Discourse, which was characterized at the time, as "a treatise of the highest value, abounding with acute and important observations, striking and energetic language, sublime and pathetic eloquence, seldom equalled in wisdom, piety, and animation," Sir William Jones thus speaks:

MY DEAR PARR, *29th Nov.* 1781, *Lamb Buildings.*

Your eloquent figures would give eyes to Tiresias himself, or compel him at least to use his tongue. The cause of my silence has been a weakness in my eyes, the remains of an inflammation in the summer, which makes it imprudent for me to read or write by the light of a candle, however shaded. In the day-time I am obliged to write and read immoderately, especially at present; and Arthur, to whom I could dictate, is in the country for his health. Of the Alcaic Ode to Liberty I have not one copy; but Paradise has engaged to re-print it, with notes, historical and explanatory. I was forced to transcribe it myself for Bennet, but I cannot *now* find leisure to copy it. I send you, instead of it, a Pindaric ode, written almost extempore, on Lord Althorp's marriage. It is incorrect and careless, but full of fire. The translation of the Ode to Pyrrha was merely a whimsical contest with Milton, who professes to have rendered it "as near the Latin measure *as may be.*" No, say I, you may approach nearer to the original

measure; and I give a proof. I did not send the Law tract to any but professional men; and this rule made me forget Hallifax, who was entitled to a copy; but the Civilian was *merged*, as we say, in the Divine. My lippitude, which prevented me from writing, prevented me also from reading Phileleutherus; but Paradise speaks highly of it, and has promised to read it to me. The style seems very masterly, and the sentiments just. I smiled at your exhortation to *forgive* the Americans; but they will *forgive you*, and *if possible*, *your* Country. I have been fighting your battles in many companies, and bearing ample testimony to your *integrity*. I find more difficulty in supporting your *reasons*, especially your sheet-anchor—"that we should unite in upholding Government, because our enemies are so numerous and virulent." What! must we, because we have many misfortunes already, add to them the last and worst of human misfortunes, a despotism in substance, with freedom in shadow? This I cannot comprehend; but think that wise men ought to diminish, instead of increasing, the number and magnitude of their calamities. I will not exult on account of the late masterly stroke of Washington; but I confess, that I rejoice with an *exceeding great joy*. I heard much of your theses,* and hope you will print them. I am ever happy to receive your letters, but cannot write again till Christmas. Farewell!

What slender paramour under a rosy cave
Courts thee, sweetly bedew'd with liquid essences?
Say, fair Pyrrha, for whom thou
Bindst thy tresses of wavy gold,
In plainness elegant? Often, alas! will he
Weep, and fondly bewail thy mutability,
Oft, rough with many tempests,
View yon seas with astonishment,
Who now, credulous youth, folds thee in ecstacy,
Who thee, ever a kind, ever a lovely maid
Hopes, unmindful of breezes
Fallacious! O, unhappy, whom

* For Parr's LL.D. degree.

Thy strange beauty delights! Me on the holy wall
Yon votive monument indicates here to have
Hung my watery vestments
To the stern God of Ocean.

I add Milton's translation of the same ode, for the sake of comparison.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa."
HOR. Lib. 1. Od. 5.

"*Rendered almost word for word, without rime, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit, by* JOHN MILTON.

"What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea."

Dr. Nathaniel Forster's opinion shall close the account of this Discourse:

Colchester, 6th July, 1781.

'I thank you, my dear Sir, most cordially for your corrections and hints. I wish I may have been able to make a proper use of them. The Sermon, such as it is, may, I think, do good. It will certainly mortify the man who gave occasion to it. No bad effect that.

I should be very sorry to have you think that I only *like*

your first Discourse. I *feast* upon it, almost daily. Your political representations are impartiality itself; and, as I said before, the colouring is inimitable. Let me single out the comparison of extended empire to gold-leaf, as what seized me at the instant, and still keeps fast hold of me. If the diction sometimes appears *laboured*, it is because we pigmies in style, with all our stretchings and strugglings, cannot reach near it. From you it flows with ease and rapidity. Will you now excuse a dab or two of criticism? Is there not, in your representations of the Deity, a tone of severity, which savours rather more of systematic theology, than of the benevolence of your heart, or the philosophy of your head? Do you not speak, too, in rather harsh terms of *general* unbelief and unbelievers? The *crime* of unbelief remains yet to be explained. Of unbelief, I mean, upon principle, and from conviction. I cannot think that the *popular* representation of the punishment assigned to States has been *unjustly* ridiculed. Many people talk of them as if there were such existing *beings*. The argument for the *necessity* of such punishments, as stated, in form syllogistic, by Archbishops and Bishops, as well as inferior Parsons and Curates, is certainly the consummation of nonsense. "Wicked States or Nations must be punished *somewhere*. They *cannot* be punished hereafter—ergo," &c. The plain fact, to my understanding, is this: the vices of certain individuals, which compose a state or nation, produce, by the established order of things, certain evils to such individuals, in this their *relative* character; such as dissolution of government, loss of liberty, &c. These evils, under a *moral* government, are no doubt very properly called punishments. As to luxury, I have one single principle. When it is pernicious, it is criminal. The only question is, where the line is to be drawn. No general line, I think, can be drawn. But I think with you that criminality begins much sooner than is generally supposed. Yet luxury has been ever found to follow prosperity; and prosperity is the wish of all. But 'what is to be concluded from this? Not that luxury is a good, because prosperity is. It is only an instance of one of your former positions, of the generation of evil from good, by human folly, or something worse. "Private vices public benefits," is nonsense in its very

terms. An action that produced, not absolute, universal benefit, whatever name might be given it, would be amongst the first of virtues. To say that there is always the same quantity of vice and virtue in the world, is quite as nonsensical as saying that there is always the same quantity of motion in usum naturæ. Yet I think we may fairly say, that almost every vice has its kindred virtue, and *vice versâ*. And that, therefore, each throws a little bit of a weight in the opposite scale. But as to a *balance*—no such thing.

I must beg to have a sight of your thesis, whether you print it or not; but I hope you will print it. I wish much to see a style in modern Latin. I hear from Roderick a most splendid account of your proceedings at Cambridge. I am very sorry to find he is obliged to return to curatizing, and I heartily wish him something more comfortable. Twining set out for Yorkshire on Monday se'nnight. I hope the journey will set him up. He has of late been by no means well. Hopson's theory I cannot explain in detail, for I am not chemist enough to understand it. His general principles are, that heat and light are distinct bodies; that both together constitute phlogiston, when fixed in other bodies; and fire, when detached from them. His Latin, I am sure, is *sui generis*. And of a very different *genus* from either light or heat. With our best respects to Mrs. Parr, and congratulations to our good cousin, ever am, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely, NAT. FORSTER.

I expect Mountain * every minute with a brace of Kentishes.

The Rev. Dr. Parr.

Thus in these three Discourses Dr. Parr evinced his piety, by soberly yet zealously defending the doctrines of the Gospel; his love of his neighbour, by asking protection for the poor; and his love of his country, by advocating the cause of rational

* The late Bishop of Quebec, who married Miss Kentish, a very amiable woman, who now lives with one of her sons at Hemel Hempstead.

freedom. His confidence in his own powers now waxed strong. His style was formed; and, with the usual tendency of superior intellect, he began to project works of usefulness, or profit, or honour, to raise his reputation, or to promote his interests. And perhaps he viewed at a distance the execution of some great performance, that might make him a light to his own generation, and transmit his name to a late posterity. Such is the natural aspiration of genius, after "the last infirmity of noble minds." Nor was it less out of the order of things for Parr to aspire thus high, than his fellow schoolmaster Milton, "in the spacious circuit of his musings." For both of them well knew "the accomplishment lies not but in a power, above man's to promise," and both might truly assert, "that none had by more studious ways endeavoured."

At Norwich, the frequent association with Mr. Windham confirmed Parr in those politics, to which he had shewed an oblique tendency even at Harrow. His father was a Tory, perhaps a Jacobite. But ancient lore had imbued the young scholar with the noblest feelings of patriotism. Declamations on liberty, and the martyrs who suffered in her cause, were the objects of his daily study. His friend Jones was a Republican: how then can we wonder, that he himself should be strongly tinctured with the generous principles of freedom! At the election for the county of Middlesex, contested between John Wilkes and Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, Parr stood forward, contrary to the advice of Dr. Sumner and his own interest, as the

partizan of Wilkes. He went and voted for him, and Mr. Roderick's account * of the affair will amuse the reader. The sons of the Duke of Grafton, the Prime Minister, and of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, were at this time his pupils; yet so resolved was he to be independent, that he thus manfully scorned his own decided interests.

The Phileleutherus proved that he had not forgotten politics in 1781. And in 1783 the changes of ministry, the distractions of parties, the hopes of the Whigs, and lastly their coalition with the Tories, aroused him again into authorship, and he re-printed Rapin on Whigs and Tories with notes, praising the coalition and not abusing Pitt, who then shone on the horizon as a star of brightness, and soon became Lord of the ascendant; but, above all, maintaining the constitutional prerogative of the Crown. Whether the hope of pleasing his patron † who was a party in the coalition, was one

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* Roderick's letter to me in Appendix.

† The following is the Earl of Dartmouth's letter, dated London, 22nd Dec. 1783:

SIR,

The very extraordinary and unprecedented steps that have lately been taken, must have excited in every thinking mind the same alarm and indignation that they have raised in you; and I should have been happy to have concurred in pointing out a man for your representative, who would have shewn a proper abhorrence of a measure, so full of danger and so big with mischief. I am highly obliged to you for your goodness in consulting me upon this occasion; but I believe I may now assure you that you may return to the prosecution of your useful labours: and perhaps you will think that the circumstances of the

of the silent inducements for undertaking this work; or whether he began to seek preferment by political partizanship, I do not venture to assert. If these were his hopes they were defeated. The Coalition was rent asunder by the power of the Crown. Pitt triumphed, and Parr from this moment became the steady follower and the warm admirer of Charles Fox. Rapin on Whigs and Tories, though reprinted, was never published under the auspices of Parr. The defeat of the Coalition was probably the cause: for it would have done him no dishonour, either as a moderate Whig, or as an Ecclesiastic of the Church of England, to have published it. The notes illustrate the progress of our free constitution from the authorities of modern date, rather than those which are now of such vogue of Saxon

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times render the present not an unfavourable moment for the production of them, as soon as you please. All idea of dissolution seems now to be totally abandoned. The Commons have just voted an address to the Crown, to advise his Majesty not to dissolve the Parliament, and humbly to request him to listen to the advice of his faithful Commons, rather than to that of men (the substance has only been related to me, I don't answer for the words,) who may have private and interested views in the advice they give him. A friend of Mr. Pitt's informed the House that he had authority from Mr. Pitt to say, he should not advise the king to dissolve the Parliament; and a brother of Lord Temple acquainted them, that his noble relation had resigned his employment, that he might stand as a private man to meet the charges that had been thrown out against him. Every moment is productive of some new event; and whether there will be any administration to-morrow morning or none, time only can shew. I am, Sir, with great regard and esteem, your most obedient humble servant, DARTMOUTH.

and Norman times. De Lolme, Blackstone, Bolingbroke, Hurd, Stewart, Hume, Jebb, with those classical illustrations which his memory readily supplied from the ancients, are his chief authorities; and it will be curious and instructive to quote his opinions of some men at this period of his life, and to contrast them with the opinions which were formed by his more mature judgment.

As an unpublished work, and a work seen hitherto only by myself, I state my opinions of it with little confidence. That Parr's sentiments were much biassed by the events which had then occurred is clear, from his addressing this work to Lord Dartmouth, who had been steadily his friend, and who was associated with his kinsman Lord North in the Coalition. Of the Treatise itself no more need be said, than that it is a vehicle for the notes of Parr. Whatsoever may have been the deep-seated principle of Rapin's politics, whether republican or not, it is clear at all events that he was a friend of civil and religious liberty. The modifications and limitations which Parr appends to Rapin's dissertation, are the points of consequence to his biographer; and I shall take occasion to illustrate his character in different parts of these Memoirs, by quotations from this unpublished work. Many rays of light may be cast from them upon his system, whether of politics or of polity at different periods of his life. His estimate of literary men,* who have written on constitutional subjects; his opinion of

* Jebb, Price, and Priestley, page 73, &c. &c.

statesmen, then hurled from power, or attempting to grasp the reins of it; his views of the progress of the history of our constitution; the feudal system; the charters of our rights; the defeat of the despotical aims of the Stuarts; and our episcopal establishment of religion. All these topics are discussed and illustrated in the notes to the republication of Rapin on Whigs and Tories, from which a selection will be made in these volumes; but, I cannot resist now inserting the following quotations as specimens.

There is a noble note on the Revolution in 1688.

The wants of the people were redressed: their claims were admitted: their majesty in the language of modern patriotism was respected for just and honourable reasons. At this awful crisis, their resentments were not wound up to an unnatural pitch; their complaints were extorted by real misery; and therefore they were both worthy of protection, and capable of receiving it, without any shock to the Government, or any insult to the laws. Galled under the pressure of wrongs they had already experienced, and terrified with the prospect of greater mischiefs which they had yet to dread from the churlish bigotry and headstrong infatuation of their king, they boldly stood forth to shelter those rights, for which their fathers had so lately bled, from presumptuous violation. But the frightful convulsions to which they had been eye witnesses in the reign of Charles, and the outrageous disorders which followed the usurpation of Cromwell, were still fresh in their memories, and deterred them from rushing again into the same licentiousness of anarchy, and the same frenzy of fanaticism. The higher orders of men were, also, at this juncture too much alarmed by *real and imminent evils* to distress themselves, or to delude their inferiors by inflammatory representations of those that were ideal or remote. From these events a very important lesson may be derived by persons, who from the eminence of their station and the extent of their influence, are enabled

to command the minds of the multitude; they will find that resistance is most successful when it is well founded—that the passions of the people, in the prosecution even of the best purposes, should not be excited by artificial expedients, and that their concurrence is most effectual, as well as most warrantable, when it springs from *sincere conviction that something ought to be done* for their relief, and is tempered by that good sense which is content with *doing enough*.

Every statesman who feels his own importance, and wishes to employ it for the welfare of the community, should remember the words of Scipio. Multitudo omnis, sicut natura maris, per se immobilis est; venti et auræ cient. Ita aut tranquillum aut procellæ in populo sunt. Causa atque origo omnis furoris penes auctores est. Lib. xxviii. page 658. edit. var.

This beautiful speech seems to be borrowed from the speech of Artabanus in Herodotus :—

"Ἀνθρώπων κακῶν ὁμιλίαι σφάλλουσι· κατάπερ τὴν πάντων χρησιμωτάτην ἀνθρώποισι θάλασσαν πνέυματα, φασὶ, ἀνέμων ἐμπίπτοντα οὐ περιορᾷν φύσει τῇ ἑωυτῆς χρῆσθαι."—Herod. lib. vii. page 517. edit. Wess.

But as an especial curiosity, I copy the character of him who was styled ὁ δεῖνα by the author of the preface to Bellendenus, four years afterwards.

Happy shall I be to find this respectable association strengthened and adorned by the accession of a rising senator, whom his more rational admirers may wish to see connected with other colleagues, employed in a less doubtful cause, and supporting by his counsels that government which it were an inglorious triumph to disturb by his popularity. In the character of this extraordinary man, we see a rare and magnificent assemblage of excellencies, as well natural as acquired; of attainments not less solid than brilliant; extensive learning, refined taste and discernment, both widely comprehensive and minutely accurate. By a kind of intuition he seems to grasp that knowledge of men and things, by which others are compelled to ascend by slow and patient toil. His genius, in the

mean time, acquires fresh lustre from integrity hitherto uncorrupted, and, I hope, incorruptible. The fierceness of ambition he tempers, or is capable of tempering, by the softest and most exquisite feelings of humanity.

Ὦ παῖ γένοιο πατρὸς [ἡπιώτερος,]
Τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ὁμοῖος.—Soph. Aj.

To the generous ardour of youth he has added the extensive views of age, and he may without flattery be said to possess at once the captivating eloquence of Callidius, and the yet more fascinating policy of Scipio—"Est enim non veris tantum virtutibus mirabilis, sed arte quâdam ab juventâ ad ostentationem earum compositus."—See Livy, book xxvi. page 454. vol. II. and Tully's Brutus, p. 663. Edit. Verberg.

I would insert the whole note on Episcopalians, but for the fear of rendering this memoir too long. All the notes will, I hope, be published; for Parr discussed the questions contained in them, and especially that of liberty, with a zeal, and let me add, a sobriety and right reason, that do him honour, and would have done him more, had he foreseen what was shortly to happen. But, those awful events then hidden in the womb of night, which were destined to convulse and deform the earth, had not developed even their germ.

The following letter of the present Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Huntingford) alludes to a squib published in the newspapers, on Parr's being supposed to go up in an air balloon then recently used:

What's that? what is it flying yonder?
'Tis Doctor Parr outflying Pindar.

I have heard and read much, my dear Sir, of Pindar's flight "Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum"—and I remember Horace

prophesies to himself, "Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar pennâ"—but what are the flights of Pindar or Horace to those which you have taken?

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ.

I don't care in what sense you apply *virtus* to yourself; whether as moral virtue or manly courage, for you have an uncommon share of both, as I know from your friends in the first respect, and from the papers in the second. Is it really true that you have ascended in a balloon? If so, let me first hope that you met with no inconvenience, and then let me congratulate you on so new and pleasant an excursion. Did you meet with the divine bards of other days in the heavenly regions? I am sure Homer and Sophocles would rejoice to admit into their society an enthusiastic lover of their works, as you are known to be. Sophocles would have asked you somewhat about your intention of favouring the world with an edition of his "dulces reliquiæ;" he would have wished to know if you waited for Brunck's edition; then perhaps he would have discoursed with you on what our friend Burney has pretty strongly advanced respecting the power which liquids have to lengthen preceding vowels. For his opinion may be urged,

1. The known usage of doubling consonants for the sake of the metre, among the Attic writers.

2. The continual instances of λ and ρ being doubled for that purpose, as they appear to us, though most likely they were written singly originally, ρ especially had the force of lengthening, by virtue of the aspirate. Against him will be,

1. The innumerable examples, where the ι as in ξεινος and υ as in Ουλυμπος are introduced.

2. That the Latin language, i. e. the Æolic dialect of the Greek, certainly knew of no such power; for it allows vowels to be shortened before a mute and liquid, if not naturally long: and if it lengthens (I mean not by nature) a vowel before a mute and liquid, it is not by virtue of the liquid, but of the concurrence of two consonants.

I was commending the remark to Mr. Burgess, who was unfortunately prevented from a discussion, but immediately said

it had been advanced by very acute men. I had formerly observed in *Αἰολοῦ*, Odyss. 11. &c. &c. but I doubted whether that was to the purpose, not being an Attic writer (at least not being an Attic of the second age). Morell, I see in p. 41, has somewhat on the subject. I should be very glad to know your sentiments on this matter.

Some weeks ago I troubled you with a letter respecting *Law*. He is a very sensible boy, and will soon acquit himself well in composition, that most material point (after good morals) in school education. You promised me the sight of an epitaph. I hope you will soon send it to your affectionate G. J. H.

From politics and criticism, it is delightful to pass to better subjects—to justice and to mercy. I have already quoted Parr's sentiments on cruelty to animals from the discourse on Education; and how much that feeling was directed to his own kind, he demonstrated on every occasion that could possibly call it forth. His love of mercy, and his abhorrence of the inflictions of the penalties of law, when they were not called for by extreme iniquity, began with his public life, and continued to the end. The letters of Dr. Nathaniel Forster declare how deeply both the friends were wounded by the enormities of the riots in 1780 in London; how much they hated the spirit that then prevailed; and how much they deplored the bloody results. Among Parr's papers are collected narratives of the proceedings at the trials of these rioters; and he has marked with unusual indignation the eloquence and austerity of Lord Loughborough, who presided at them; and the extent to which he carried what he called, and perhaps what he thought, justice, even to children on that occasion. Norwich affords the

first glowing example of the Christian character of Parr's active benevolence, when exerted for the preservation of an unfortunate culprit. Matthew Barker was convicted at the summer assizes of 1784, and condemned to death for house-breaking, and was left for execution by Lord Loughborough. On the day appointed for him to die, some favourable circumstances were brought to light, and by Parr's influence over the sheriff the execution was most humanely deferred by the latter, till these circumstances could be clearly stated to the Judge and the Secretary of State. Parr had been convinced by his intercourse with the prisoner that he was truly contrite; that his crime was the consequence, not of any depraved habits, but of a sudden temptation, arising from extreme poverty and a dread of being arrested for debt. He was respited twice, with great reluctance on the part of the Judge.

The solitude in which he is now kept, the solemn instructions which are given him by several clergymen who visit him in prison, and the natural goodness of his mind, present the fairest hopes of his returning to society, with the most sincere and steady resolution of avoiding future crimes, and of atoning to the utmost of his power for those already committed. From our knowledge of these circumstances, we humbly implore your Majesty's most gracious clemency in granting a free pardon to the unhappy prisoner, after the expiration of ..... months from the time of his condemnation. By this extension of his imprisonment, his example will be more efficacious in the sight of the public, and his mind will be thoroughly stored with virtuous principles, with due and unfeigned submission to the authority of the laws, &c. &c.

This language was employed in a petition to the King, which was supported by all Parr's influence in

Norfolk, and backed by an application of Dr. Pretyman, late Bishop of Winchester, to his pupil Mr. Pitt. It succeeded; Barker was pardoned, and became afterwards a virtuous and useful member of society.

This is not the only case in which Parr used the whole of his interest to save miserable convicts from condign punishment. Few assizes passed at Warwick without application from some one of the culprits, and his consequent interference. The case of a gentleman, who was convicted of murder at Stafford, drew forth every effort of his soul. This unhappy man, indisputably a lunatic, did suffer death, in defiance of the evidence of two eminent physicians, Dr. Arnold of Leicester, and Dr. Edward Johnstone of Birmingham; and Parr was almost his constant companion, and his ghostly adviser, during the short interval between condemnation and execution. For the Rev. Mr. Brooks, who was arraigned at Warwick for murder, but was declared lunatic by the jury, he advanced upwards of a hundred pounds, that he might not be lost for want of means of defence. The case of Fenning, who was executed for poisoning, he went through, and discussed, and criticised, with the most laborious investigation of enlightened humanity. The documents before me would fill a large volume of these cases of misery, drawn out at length; and it is a balm to the soul of him, who sees so much of afflicted humanity as I do, to contemplate this part of the character of this *Israelite indeed*, comforting him who was ready to perish, and protecting him

when released from bonds. Thus, in this part of his character, was he an instrument by which, "in contingent and emergent events of Providence, God makes compensation to us, for all the evils of chance and hostilities of accident, and brings good out of evil—which is that solemn triumph which mercy makes over justice, when it rides upon a cloud, and crowns its darkness with a robe of glorious light."*

Whilst at Norwich, Parr introduced many useful improvements in the institution and government of that school.

Nor can the reader fail to have some curiosity to know the sentiments of a man on the subject of scholastic discipline, who added long experience to great sagacity; and who, in the general turn of his mind, was solicitous to correct, rather than abolish, the institutions of civilized life. He has often declared that, upon his intentions and his exertions, as a teacher and governor of youth, he must to the latest hour of his life look back with the purest satisfaction. He professed himself an advocate for the old and salutary discipline of our public schools. He resisted all the specious arguments, which are employed in vindicating those refinements which the partiality of parents, the ingenuity of experimentalists, and the growing luxury of the age, have introduced into the education of our youth. He stoutly appealed to his own personal experience, and to the established practice of our most celebrated seminaries, in favour of those rules, which for many ages have produced the best scholars—the finest

* Jeremy Taylor's ΕΝΙΑΥΤΟΣ, Sermon xxv.

writers—the most useful members of society in private life, and the most distinguished characters in public. Though strict in enforcing the laws, which appeared to him necessary for awakening attention in the indolent, and animating perseverance in the ingenious, he was always liberal of praise, and always anxious to rescue those who were placed under his care from all serious consequences of their juvenile indiscretions. He secretly respected the judgment, which young men might be disposed to form of his talents, principles, and temper. He encouraged in them the noblest sentiments of honour, and an unshaken regard to truth. He took in a wide, but accurate view of the courses, by which their future happiness might be promoted. He was not only a learned instructor, but a faithful adviser, and a steady friend. Such were the opinions, and such the measures of Parr in that humble path of life in which he was doomed to tread, while the companions of his youth were pushing forward with distinguished and merited success in that wide field which was open to them, for the display of their great talents, and the gratification of their honourable ambition. It must be remembered, that Parr was always eager to do justice to the merit of contemporary teachers; and he conceived that their qualifications in the present age were sufficient to support the credit of classical learning, and by the diffusion of it, to correct the mischiefs which sometimes arose from that superficial and desultory reading which is now become fashionable, under the imposing name of general knowledge. It is delightful

to me to record a portion of the praise which he has poured forth on Dr. Benjamin Heath, his successful rival at Harrow:

I know the obligations under which boys educated at Harrow School lie to the activity and erudition of Dr. Benjamin Heath; and Etonians, from experience, can appreciate more exactly, than common fame enables me to do, the claims which Dr. George Heath may have upon their respect and their gratitude.

He praised the proficiency made in the Greek language by the scholars of Dr. Raine at the Charter House. He thought that in composition, Etonians were distinguished for correctness, and Wykehamists by eloquence; and he, with marked approbation, would expatiate upon the Winchester practice, which directs boys frequently to recite very large portions of Greek and Latin verses. He maintained, that inquisitive and ingenious boys, after repeating passages which they have not regularly learnt, would be anxious to understand what they read, would remember with care what they, of their own accord, and by their own efforts have understood; and that by this process they laid up for themselves a copious and varied supply of poetical imagery and poetical expression. He suspected that the minds of very young boys were seldom improved by writing or reading epigrams; and he contended that the Psalms and Scriptural History were unfit to be translated by beginners, while their stock of Latin words was very small, and while the mechanical structure of hexameters and pentameters was not very familiar to their ears. But the chief defects which he imputed to our

public seminaries were, that a sufficient portion of Latin prose, especially in Cicero and Cæsar, were not read; that too little time was bestowed upon prose composition in that language; and that boys were called upon to invent, before materials for invention could have been collected.* His scheme, therefore, was not that of Milton; he did not proceed with the ambitious or novel design of infusing "extraordinary knowledge into the youthful mind."† Above all, the absurd idea of making children philosophers never entered his mind. He knew that science was not sense; but that, to make sense, was the great groundwork of the intellectual improvement of the future man. He went decidedly with, or rather he was the forerunner of, the opinion of his learned and elegant friend Dr. Symmons; and, to a considerable length, with the courageous and erudite defenders of the antient establishments. I should

* These defects, which he loudly proclaimed in the latter years of his life, were materially remedied in the system of Archdeacon Butler, the best teacher, as he justly styled him, of his day. The name of this illustrious scholar, and, what is far better, this excellent man, will be introduced at greater length hereafter, not as Parr's scholar, but one of his most beloved friends.

"Oh, namesake! (he exclaims, in a letter dated August 20th 1824, the last but one he ever wrote to him,) how my heart glows when in every company Shrewsbury School is mentioned as holding an equal rank with Eton and Winchester, and when the Master is applauded as a most learned and judicious teacher, and as a wise and venerable governor..... The Bishops of Lincoln and Worcester are most riotous in your praise."

† Symmons's Life of Milton.

almost have thought that he had been the writer or the dictator of the following sentence: "Many able men, offended at the number of years devoted by our public schools to the attainment of language, have indulged in some similar speculations, and have endeavoured to crowd the immature and growing mind with a variety of intellectual food, adapted to oppress rather than to nourish it. But the success of these philanthropic projectors has been very partial; and calculated, on the whole, to attest the wisdom of our established system, which, instilling into the boy the first principles of religion, and, with them, the sanctions and the objects of moral duty, contents itself with cultivating the taste and the attention of its pupil, and with giving him the means of access to the knowledge of his riper years."*

The essence of his observations and his practice is distilled in precious abundance in the Sermons on Education; and on the power of habit and example, and the mode of training different tempers, he has eloquently discoursed, in vol. II. pp. 122—140. I long to quote the luminous and just precepts which he has there delivered: they are golden maxims, and every syllable of them is worthy of remembrance. Education is in part the art of training youth in good habits, by giving virtue first possession of the heart, and leading it on amidst the corruptions of nature, or the temptations of sense, in a regular and undebauched course. He says,

Of what importance is it then to comply with the precept of

* Symmons's Life of Milton, page 156.

my text, and how just is the promise by which we are encouraged to observe it? To our boyhood it gives that sweet simplicity and innocence which melts every serious beholder into affection, and relieves even the most savage heart with a momentary feeling of honest approbation. In our youth it inspires us with such a fine sense of decorum, as makes us shrink from folly with scorn, and from vice with loathing; and it animates us at the same time with that unwearied activity of mind, which struggles with every difficulty, and triumphs over every danger. Our manhood it distinguishes by that firmness and dignity of thinking, which exalts us from one degree of excellence to another, which causes us to start at the smallest deviation from rectitude, and impels us to recover from the shock by the instantaneous and determined exertion of our whole strength. To old age, which is itself the fruit of a well-spent life, it gives a serenity of mind, which the world can neither bestow nor take away—a deep and sincere love of virtue, which finds a pure and perpetual source of pleasure in the effects which it has wrought on the tempers and the manners of our friends and our children—a comfortable remembrance of habitual well-doing, which can alone endear to us the days which are past, and will no more return, or enable us to look on to the approach of the unknown world without solicitude and without dismay.

On first going to Norwich, Parr became curate to the worthy Mr. Tapps, in the churches of St. Saviour and St. George Colgate. The trouble was too great amidst his school labours, and he resigned these two curacies in three quarters of a year. In the spring of 1780 he was presented by Lady Jane Trafford, mother of his pupil, Mr. Southwell Trafford,* to the living of Asterby, Lincolnshire, which he resigned in the spring of 1783, when the same

* Mr. Sigismund Trafford, who afterwards took the name of Southwell.

generous patroness gave him the perpetual curacy of Hatton, Warwickshire. From Asterby he netted only £36 *per annum*. Let it not be supposed that all his friends saw a man of such transcendent talents thus struggling against fortune, and maintaining himself by almost slavish drudgery, with indifference. Lord Dartmouth * confessed his merit,

* SIR, *Sandwell*, 14 *Dec.* 1781.

You are not to be told the reason of my not having answered the letter which I received from you by the hands of my son, when you sent him home to me in July. My health is now, I thank God, so far restored, that with a little time, and due care, I may hope to be again on a par with other men of my age. It is unnecessary for me to add any thing to what you say of my son. I feel the truth, at the same time that I enjoy the pleasure, of the commendations you bestow upon him; and it will give you some satisfaction to know, that his appearance at Christ Church has not belied the expectations you have raised of him. His first composition was very much approved, and the Governors of the College have expressed their favourable opinion of him in very strong terms. I have no doubt that he will be distinguished there, both for abilities and conduct. He is much obliged to you for the principles he carries with him; and if he is able to withstand the torrent of false maxims, and more dangerous contagion of evil example, which prevail too generally among those of his age, there is nothing great or praiseworthy that may not in time be expected from him. Though my expressions will but poorly convey the sense I have of the attention you have shewn him, and the pains you have taken, both to form his mind and inform his understanding, you will give me leave to return my most hearty thanks, and to assure you, that I shall always think with great satisfaction of the connection that has subsisted between us. Lady Dartmouth desires to join me in compliments to you and Mrs. Parr. I am, Sir, with great truth and regard, your most obedient humble servant, DARTMOUTH.

Rev. Mr. Parr.

was anxious to make some provision for him, and endeavoured possibly to obtain from private friendship what could not be commanded from public influence. Lord Dartmouth asked from Lord Thurlow, then High Chancellor of England, a Prebend of Norwich. It is understood, that the good and venerable Earl was denied his request with an oath. Of Lord Thurlow thus signalizing himself against the cause of learning, I have two words to say, under the heads of Bellendenus, and the Regency. It will be more gratifying to the mind of every virtuous man to learn, that Lord Dartmouth met with a more congenial and complying spirit in Dr. Robert Lowth, Bishop of London, who in 1783 conferred upon Parr, at his Lordship's request, the Prebend of Wenlock's Barn in St. Paul's Cathedral.

As the Prebend of St. Paul's became not only the instrument of independence, but of affluence, to Parr's latter life, I insert at length the letter of that great and good Prelate who presented him to it:

DEAR SIR,

When Lord Dartmouth spoke to me in your favour, I assure you, I most readily and with great pleasure accepted his recommendation. Though it is now a great while ago, I never forgot it; but have never had any opportunity of offering to you any thing that would be agreeable. The Prebend of St. Paul's now vacant, though of little value, yet will be attended with no sort of trouble, but that of taking possession. If you come to town next week, time enough to be collated before the following Sunday, you may read on that Sunday the Service, and your whole business will be finished. You need not bring with you any testimonials; nor so much as your letters of orders; for I

think I ordained you Priest myself. The conditions of the Prebend are as follows:—An estate of £200 per annum is held of the Prebend by lease of 21 years, which, if renewed at 4 years will give a fine of £100; if at 7 years, £250. The late Prebendary was proprietor of the lease, which he took care to renew every year, to keep the term always full.* So you can have no fine till 4 years hence. The reserved annual rent is £18. 10*s*. Bread money (which I cannot explain to you) £3. 9*s*. First Fruits are £21. 6*s*. 8*d*. Tenths, £2. 2*s*. 8*d*. The only duty is, I think, a sermon every year. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, R. LONDON.

London House, March 8th, 1783.

I found, says Parr, the Rev. Mr. Newton, afterwards Minor Canon of Norwich, Under-Master of the School. He resigned in a year or two, when I recommended Mr. Beloe. In consequence of my disagreement with this worthless man, he resigned in favour of Mr. Pratt, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, an acute and honourable man. My assistants were, Mr. Rooke, a Demy of Magdalen College, recommended to me by Dr. Burrough, of the same College. Rooke was succeeded by Daniel Walters, a very ingenious, industrious, faithful, and honourable man, recommended to me by Dr. David Hughes, afterwards Principal of Jesus College, where Daniel had entered as a Servitor. Daniel was too poor to sustain the expense of staying at Oxford till he got a degree. He, however, though not qualified, was made Master of Cardigan School, South Wales, by the good-natured connivance of Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, and by strong recommendations of Dr. Hughes

* Some of those persons who display their courage in assailing a *dead* lion, have censured Dr. Parr for renewing this lease every year, as if it were an unheard-of practice in the Church. We here see that it was the practice of his predecessor, and made known to him, without any expression of censure, by the excellent Prelate who bestowed the Prebend. It is no wonder that Dr. Parr, so notoriously ignorant in these worldly matters, should have followed the example of his predecessor, when stated to him by such authority.

and myself. He in a few years died of a consumption. The father published some Welch Poems, and began a Welch Dictionary, to which I subscribed, but he did not finish it. His brother, John Walters, was a graduate of Jesus College, Oxford, and published some good English Poems. He was more ingenious, but less learned than his brother Daniel. He was much esteemed by Dr. Hughes, and the celebrated Professor White. He was made Master of Ruthyn School, North Wales, and, like his brother, died while young, of a consumption. Wales is not often blessed with such teachers as were Daniel and John Walters. When Daniel left Norwich for Cambridge, I appointed the above-mentioned Mr. Pratt my assistant. Mr. Newton resumed the under-mastership, but soon resigned it, after I had left Norwich, and was succeeded by Mr. Pratt, who was a most valuable instructor.

I succeeded Mr. Lemon in the upper Mastership. Lemon had no talent as a teacher: he had considerable learning, which the good people of Norwich did not sufficiently value. The Etymological Dictionary which he wrote, with the aid of papers left to him by the learned Mr. Spelman of Norfolk, is a decisive proof of erudition. The School sunk under Lemon; and the Corporation, upon his resigning the Mastership, gave him a small living. I was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Forster, who had been bred at Eton, and gained a classical medal at Cambridge. He had some learning, some taste, and much good-nature; and his mild government, compared with my strictness, made him for some time popular; but his popularity was not of long continuance, and the School began to decline. He went as a private tutor to the son of the Earl of Bristol at Eton, and was deservedly preferred. Forster was succeeded by Valpy, who is probably the best Master that ever adorned the School. The house was much enlarged; the scholars, both oppidans and boarders, most numerous. The School has high, just, and, I am sure, permanent reputation under the present excellent Master.

Such was Parr's own account of his predecessors and successors at Norwich. As the terms of his teaching have not yet been recorded in these Me-

moirs, I now insert them; and the reader will perhaps not look upon them without some surprise, when he compares the terms with those of some popular teachers of the present day.

Printed Terms for Norwich School.

Admission to the school and the house, four guineas.

Teaching, four guineas per annum.

Board and lodging, twenty guineas per annum.

Washing, mending, and house necessaries, one guinea and a half per annum.

A silver spoon, with the name engraven.

For oppidans:

Admission to natives of the City, one guinea.

Admission to scholars, who are not natives, two guineas.

Teaching for each, one guinea a quarter.

School expences for each, 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum.

Extra articles left entirely to choice; for which masters are respectively provided.

Private tuition, four guineas per annum.

Writing and arithmetic, five shillings entrance, ten shillings per quarter.

Italian, one guinea entrance, four guineas per annum.

French, half a guinea entrance, three guineas per annum.

Dancing, five shillings entrance, one guinea per quarter.

Fencing, half a guinea entrance, one guinea per quarter.

N.B. As Master of a free grammar-school, both at Colchester and Norwich, I felt it my duty to admit, and accordingly I did admit, such natives of both towns as were sent to me by the respective Corporations of both towns, and my salary was the proper pay for my care of them. Very few boys were sent me by either of these Corporations. But, soon after my arrival at Norwich, I discovered, and determined to check, a scandalous abuse which had prevailed, with the knowledge and consent of my predecessor. At Bene't College, Cambridge, and, I believe, at Caius, there were scholarships for boys educated at Norwich School; and I found that neighbouring clergymen, and perhaps gentlemen, in order to obtain these scholarships,

had been accustomed to send their boys at a pretty advanced age to Norwich School, to keep them there for a short time, and thus qualify them to become candidates for such scholarships, to the prejudice of natives who were substantially and bonâ fide statutable candidates, because they were born in the town, and had regularly gone through their education in the free grammar-school. My power in the admission of oppidans was a matter of mere discretion; and therefore I announced to the Corporation, and to the neighbourhood, my determination not to admit boys, who boarded in my house, or other houses, and who were not natives recommended by the Corporation, after they were more than twelve or thirteen years old, if there was any probability that boys otherwise admitted had in view scholarships in the University. Yet I admitted boys of a more advanced age as boarders, whether they did or did not mean to go to the University. I always reserved as much as possible the rights of the natives. At the same time, if boys, being boarders, and not natives, passed through the ordinary course of education according to the restrictions, I neither did, nor could interfere with the power of the Corporation to give such boys scholarships; and in point of fact, in one or two instances, such scholarships were given, but I do not remember any instance in which such scholarships were given, when there were natives qualified to be candidates. My regulation put a stop to fraudulent proceedings.

To Norwich he took with him from Colchester Henry Alexander, Henry Headley, Sigismund Trafford, Honourable Henry Legge, the ingenious, learned, and amiable Thomas Monroe, from Bottesdale, Suffolk, afterwards Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, and one of the authors of the Ollapodrida, and of some verses, Greek, Latin, and English. Among others, who were admitted at Norwich, are the names of Day, Murray, two Chapmans, Browne, Aufrere, Columbine, Sutcliffe, Goddard, Palgrave, Love Robertson, Thomas, son of the Vicar

of Dereham and nephew of the worthy Bishop of Rochester, and Gilbert Matthison, a favourite pupil.

I admitted Edward Maltby, aged 9, January 18, 1779 (says Parr).

Let me pay a tribute of affection and respect to the memory of Henry Headley, son of Henry Headley, of North Waltham. He came to me at Colchester, and was idle. His idleness continued at Norwich. I wished to part with him. His father, with tears, prevailed on me to make a final experiment; it succeeded speedily and amply. He displayed taste, he acquired learning, he composed well, he went to Trinity College, Oxford, and was highly esteemed by Tom Warton. His volume of Poems has some merit; his Collection of Ancient Poetry, in two volumes, shews great research and great discrimination. The Preface abounds with curious learning and original thinking.

Both of the Chapmans were Wranglers, in their respective years. The elder, Charles, became Fellow of Ben'et College, and afterwards incumbent of St. Peter's, Mancroft, in his native city. Benedict was the sixth Wrangler of his year, then Fellow and Tutor of Caius College, and is now the worthy Rector of Ashdon. Although the Doctor differed widely in politics from his pupil and friend, yet he esteemed him highly as an upright, honourable, and generous man. That the confidence between the master and scholar was mutual, may be inferred from the single circumstance, that the latter consulted him about an inscription to the statue of Mr. Pitt. Some of his letters will be copied in the Appendix.

Two West Indians of the name of Cottle were placed under his care also at Norwich. With Thomas Cottle there is a good deal of correspondence.

I am not sure whether a person of that name who wrote an epic poem, was one of this family.

"My worthy and intelligent pupil and patron * Sigismund Trafford Southwell, Esquire, married the daughter of Alderman Crow, lived for some years in Surry-street, Norwich, and bought an estate and good house at Wrexham, where he now resides. May Heaven bless his family!"

Edward Maltby was born at Norwich April 6, 1770, and went to the school as soon as Parr acted as Master.

For more than six years he was there guided along the flowery path of learning, and the foundations of those accomplishments were laid which have made Dr. Maltby one of the great scholars of the age. When Parr resigned the school at Norwich, as Maltby was only fifteen, though head boy of the school, he was sent by his venerable preceptor's advice, to

* The following letter Parr labels from "My pupil, friend, and patron:"

MY KIND FRIEND, *Tuesday 17th*, 1786.

I wish you would, by return of post, let me know into whose hands I can repay the money you was so friendly as to lend me; for as I have it to pay, the sooner I do it the more it will be agreeable to myself, and perhaps useful to you. In the spring, somewhere about the latter end of April, if convenient to you and your good lady, my friendess, I will come and paint your rails at Hatton, so lay in a stock of invisible green. I have not called on Paradise, and what is more, I will not, for a weak man I pity, a fawning one I despise, a false one I hate.

S. TRAFFORD.

P. S. The newspaper has probably told you why I write on black paper, though my being disinherited may perhaps be news; but never mind, as old Bunch makes me independent.

Winchester, and Dr. Joseph Warton, then Head Master of that school, thus speaks of him in a letter to Parr:

SIR, *Winchester, Feb. 9th*, 1787.

I cannot dispense with myself for not answering your obliging letter, though you kindly say you would yourself excuse it. On account of very many and very strong solicitations, upon an extraordinary good character sent to me of —— White, from the clergyman his late master, I have taken him into the school; and your letter is an additional motive. I wish he may resemble Maltby, the best and most amiable of young men. I am, Sir, with true respect, your very obliged, humble servant, JOS. WARTON.

He was entered by Bishop Pretyman, who had married his first cousin, at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and gained the University Scholarship in January 1791, after the most arduous contest that had been then known.* His competitors were Sir

* I owe to the kindness of my learned and eloquent friend Dr. Gardner, Canon of Lichfield, a copy of the minute respecting his examination, extracted from the archives of the University.

Jan. 15, 1791.

At a meeting at the Vice-Chancellor's Lodge, in St. John's College, of the Rev. Dr. Craven, V. C: Rev. Dr. Jowett, King's Reader in Civil Law, Rev. Mr. Porter, King's Professor of Hebrew, and the Rev. Mr. Mansel, Public Orator of the University, being the major part of the Electors into Lord Craven's Scholarship, appointed such by the Will of the Right Hon. Lord Craven, in order to fill up the Scholarship declared vacant Oct. 28th, 1790.

It appeared that three Candidates, Sir Thomas Rivers Gay, Bart. Edward Maltby, Robert Smith, had acquitted themselves in their examination with great credit and ability, in a degree

Thomas Rivers, Bart. and Mr. R. Smith, afterwards Advocate General in Bengal. The struggle lasted three weeks, and so hot was the competition, and so equally matched were the combatants, that the examiners declared it a drawn battle, and desired the youths themselves to assign the prize. Sir Thomas Rivers instantly withdrew his pretensions, as less in need of the pecuniary remuneration than his friends; and Mr. Smith, from some motive of like delicacy, resigned the prize to Maltby. On this occasion there are many notices of Parr's anxiety to know the result of the contest. "Send me instantly an account," he says, "send even an express, the moment the Scholarship is assigned;" and on hearing the result he thus writes:

DEAR EDWARD,

Let me applaud you and congratulate you, with an ardour which is not exceeded by all that is felt for you in the bosom of your parents. I applaud and I congratulate you, dear Ned, again and again; and with the more fervour, and the more triumph, because your competitors have also a right to my applause and my congratulation. It was a furious struggle; and therefore the event is to you the more glorious.

On Sunday, for the first time, I heard a vague and loose account of the business; and yesterday, in a letter from Mrs.

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so equal that the Electors were come to no decision about their relative merits, when two of the said Candidates having voluntarily resigned their pretensions in favour of the third, Maltby, it was agreed to elect Maltby into the Scholarship vacant by the resignation of John Heys.

Signed in the presence of me George Bodlase, Notary Public and Registrar. — W. CRAVEN, Vice-Chancellor. J. JOWETT, R. L. R. J. PORTER, Heb. Prof. W. L. MANSEL, Public Orator.

Parr, I read the substance of your two letters to me. It was my birthday; and your health, Edward, was proposed by me, next to my own. Go on, Edward, from strength to strength. Give Sir T. Rivers my praise for his ability in the examination, and his delicacy about the decision; and believe me, dear Ned, yours most sincerely, S. PARR.

Nando's Coffee House, Fleet-street, Jan. 27th.

From strength to strength, he did proceed; he took a high degree; he gained the classical medal, and became so eminent as a scholar that he was patronized by the Bishop of Lincoln, as soon as he was of age to take holy orders. His Lordship made him his domestic Chaplain, and the tutor of his children, and settled him in his vicinity, by presenting him with the living of Buckden.

During the whole course of Parr's subsequent life, Dr. Maltby was endeared to him by all those ties which especially bind such men together. He was proud of him as his pupil; he loved him as his friend, and from the year 1779 to January 1825, when I found Dr. Maltby beside the death-bed of his master, with the exception of some occasional difference of opinion, and particularly about one publication, there was an unabated attachment.

Dr. Maltby has never been unemployed. His pen has poured forth instruction, on some of the most interesting and awful topics of our holy religion; and learning has been adorned and promoted by his profound investigations, and his unwearied labours. How much Christianity owes to him, his Sermons and the Illustrations of the Truth of the Christian Religion demonstrate; and how capable he was of bedecking it with the chaste dress of an-

cient lore, his Concio, and his other classical compositions testify. In all these compositions doubtless he consulted his old master; for who did not, who could have the advantage of his critical advice. But I see some angry discussions, that the advice was sometimes asked late, was sometimes reluctantly accepted, and that there were cases in which it was altogether put aside. Hinc illæ lachrymæ! nor do I hesitate to reveal the circumstances of one case, in which the friendship between the pupil and his master was at least put in abeyance. Dr. Maltby has sent me the following letter, written in October, 1815, by Parr, to him — "A specimen," as he says, "of the distant manner he assumed, when any difference had arisen, as had been the case between himself and me, about some metrical points in Morell's Thesaurus."

DEAR SIR,

Knowing well and honouring your good feelings as a husband and a father, I hope you have no inquietude from illness in your family. I hope not to trespass too far on your long-tried attention to my worldly affairs, by requesting that you would have the goodness to stir up my tenant, and to deduct £1 for the sufferers from fire at ..... I received a printed paper, and promised £1. You will pardon the liberty I take in stating, that the Preface to the Thesaurus is written with great perspicuity, and more than usual correctness; especially in the consecution of tenses, and the arrangement and choice of moods. They are in the right manner of a scholar. I shall not run the risk of displeasing you, by pointing out one, and it is the only mistake. I shall return in a fortnight to Hatton, and hope there to be favoured with a letter. Before I finish, let me communicate to you one remark, which was made to me by a most learned man, and which is peculiarly delightful to my soul—he said you were a just and candid critic, and expressed

some surprise, as critics have rarely this transcendental excellence. I beg compliments to Mrs. Maltby; and am, dear Sir, your well-wisher and most respectful servant, S. PARR.

In proportion to Parr's warmth of regard and zeal in the service of his friends, was his disappointment in finding any request which he made to them refused, or any advice neglected. He was jealous to excess in exacting a strict conformity to his will, when he was consulted about any literary work, nor always quite reasonable, when those who consulted him, ventured to differ in opinion. Thus it happened when Dr. Maltby contemplated a new edition of Morell's Thesaurus. Parr was extremely anxious to direct the attention of his friend to many elaborate and recondite works upon metre, which Dr. Maltby thought rather curious than useful, and therefore frankly expressed his disinclination to bestow his time in such reading. He said, "If Dr. Parr was so very anxious upon the subject, and would revise Morell's Treatise himself, or draw up one entirely new, he would print it as Dr. Parr's without alteration; but that, if he was to follow his own ideas, he would accept no assistance whatever." Parr however declined the task of compiling or composing a regular treatise, but sent his friend an immense mass of materials, which Dr. Maltby was unwilling to use; and therefore sent them back, with the exception of some few portions, which are distinctly acknowledged as Dr. Parr's. It was this rejection of his counsels, and perhaps an uneasy feeling that Dr. Maltby had listened more to the advice of Porson than of himself in the commencement of his arduous

undertaking, which produced temporary estrangement, and gave birth to letters like the foregoing. Yet, with a very few exceptions, produced by similar causes, the friendship between the preceptor and pupil continued from the first moment of their connection to its final termination in the death of the good old man. From the time when Maltby quitted him for Winchester school, the Doctor commenced a correspondence, which was pursued on both sides in feelings the most friendly, and accompanied by acts the most kind. In this correspondence, were I at liberty to publish it, or if it accorded with my views as biographer of Parr to lay it before the public, might be seen the whole history of Dr. Maltby's life (an eventful one perhaps for a literary man), the progress of his useful labours, the result of his studies and his reflections.

But it may be enough to say, that in every event of it, whether joyous or the reverse, he found the most cordial sympathy in the bosom of his preceptor; unfeigned joy at the prosperous, and poignant affliction at such as seemed otherwise. It may therefore be supposed, that Parr viewed with intense anxiety the singular and severe contests which his friend sustained for the distinguished post of Preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and that, although he fully acknowledged the learning and talents of Bishop Lloyd; though he revered the genius and amiable disposition of Bishop Heber; yet his heart was intent upon the success of his favourite pupil. His anxiety was at length rewarded when, in Easter Term 1823, Dr. Maltby was raised, by an

unanimous vote of the Benchers of that learned society, to one of the most honourable, though by no means lucrative situations, in which any ecclesiastic in this or any other country can possibly be placed. That illustrious body, which has so often on former occasions distinguished itself by the choice of preachers, by the election of such men as Donne and Gataker, as Archbishops Usher and Tillotson, and as Bishops Gastrell, Warburton, and Hurd, no less than by its general patronage of merit, and its love of piety and learning, finally elected Dr. Maltby their preacher.

For nearly five years has Dr. Maltby held a situation which has been constantly filled by the most distinguished scholars and divines who have adorned the annals of our Church; and if I may judge by the single specimen * of his labours, which has yet been given to the public, and by the character which his Discourses have acquired, especially those on the Gospel of St. Luke, he has fully justified the choice of the Benchers, and the expectations of his venerable Master.

In 1781 Parr took the degree of LL. D. in the University of Cambridge, having kept two Acts and supported two Theses before Dr. Hallifax, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, from whom he received the following letter:

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* See the Dedication of a Visitation Sermon, preached before the late Bishop of Lincoln in 1825, and published at the request of his Lordship and the Clergy.

DEAR SIR, *Warsop, Notts, 6th Jan.* 1781.

Your favour of the 2d instant, sent to me at my brother's in Albemarle-street, I did not receive till this day, and I hasten to acknowledge it by the return of the post. I left London on Monday last, the 1st inst. and mean to stay here till the end of the present month. On the 1st of February I hope to be completely settled at Cambridge, and shall then be ready to receive and obey your commands. In the mean time, I wish to accommodate myself to your conveniency as well as I can. If you have any particular questions on which you would choose to make your *Theses* (for I speak in the plural number, as there must be two of them), let me know. I am not ignorant of the merits of the person with whom I am to commit myself; and will endeavour not to disgrace you or myself when we come to closer quarters. I remember with pleasure the happy hours we have passed together at Stanmore and Brooks Hill, and shall indulge a conscious pride in shewing to the University, that I know how to distinguish between a man of real literary merit and a flimsy sciolist. If you favour me with a line, direct to me *near Mansfield, Notts*, without any other town's name. Fix your own time for your acts, and I will suit myself accordingly. With my compliments to Mrs. Parr, I am, dear Sir, very truly your most obedient servant, S. HALLIFAX.

Parr's Acts in the schools excited a good deal of curiosity. His Theses were fine compositions; but not having a complete command over his papers, he bungled in referring to them, and thus embarrassed the disputations. "I must beg to have a sight of your Thesis, (says Dr. Forster, in a letter which has already been copied,) whether you print it or not, but I hope you will print it. I wish much to see a style in modern Latin. I hear from Roderick a most splendid account of your proceeding at Cambridge."

He buried his daughter Jane in the cloisters of

the Cathedral Church at Norwich. She was born at Colchester, and died in 1782. Mrs. Parr, in a letter to her husband, then about to quit Norwich for Warwickshire, entreats him not to forget the tomb in the cloisters before he takes his leave. His youngest daughter, Catharine, was born at Norwich in 1781.

CHAP. III.

From 1786 *to* 1790.

What Dr. Parr's immediate motive was for resigning the school at Norwich, I do not find. In August 1785 he formally sent in his resignation, and went to reside at Hatton at Easter 1786. Whether the charms of a country life had fascinated his imagination, or whether his spirits wanted repose and retirement, from the noise and bustle of a public school, it is clear that he was not easy, and his letters to the Rev. H. Homer open to us some of the fancies which he then indulged.

At Norwich, in a letter to Walter Pollard, Esq. of Furnival's Inn, he exposes with the greatest confidence, many of his private feelings and anxieties, and doubts about securing a moderate competency.*

Pollard had been his scholar at Stanmore, but was obliged to flee from England, and borrowed money from him in his embarrassments. Parr calls him a very acute, learned, and wrong-headed man.

The following observations were extorted from

* For a minute account of Pollard, see Memoirs of the Author of Indian Antiquities, part 1. pp. 62—82, &c.

Parr by Pollard's representation of his own distresses.

DEAR SIR, *March 29th*, 1782.

Most sincerely do I lament the difficulties with which you have struggled, and most warmly do I applaud the fortitude with which you have sustained them. Let me beseech you, dear Sir, not to confound omission with neglect, nor to charge upon coldness towards your interest, or indifferenee about your friendship, a silence that was really the result of other causes. The fluctuating state of my body between health and sickness, and even between life and death, has produced a general relaxation of that activity with which I had been accustomed to attend to the affairs of my friends. You desire my confidence; and I therefore add, that the little progress I have made in worldly matters, the heavy losses I have sustained by the war, the inconsiderable advantages I have gained by a laborious and irksome employment, and the mortifying discouragements I have met in my Clerical profession, have all conspired to depress my spirits and undermine my constitution. I was content to give up ecclesiastical preferment, while I had a prospect of making some comfortable provision for my old age in my business as a teacher; but the best of my years have now elapsed, and I am, through a most vexatious and trying series of events, not a shilling richer than when I went to Stanmore. I have this very week closed an account on which I stood indebted near £2,000, which I was obliged to borrow when I launched into active life. My house at Stanmore I sold literally for less money than I expended on the repairs only. To this loss of more than a thousand pounds, I am to add near £700, which I may lose entirely, and must lose in a great measure, by the reduction of St. Vincent and St. Kitts. My patience, so far as religion prescribes it, is sufficient to support me under this severity of moral trial—but the hour is past in which I might hope to secure a comfortable independency, and I am now labouring under the gloomy prospect of toiling with exhausted strength for a scanty subsistence to myself and my family. It is but eighteen months that I could pronounce a shilling my own; now, indeed, *meo sum pauper in ære*—but my

integrity I ever have held fast, and suffer me to tell you that you mistake in imputing to me absolutely a change of conduct. To the principles of the late Administration I never acceded; and in my conversation I have steadily and uniformly opposed the subtlety of the Scotch and the tyranny of the Bedfordians. I congratulate my country, and bless him who *consulit et mihi et urbi*, that these pestilential enemies of all free and virtuous Governments are at last crushed; but the distresses and dangers of the kingdom were so alarming that I wished for some kind of union, and was unwilling to obstruct many measures which seemed to tend to the common safety. You will see my political principles in my Sermon; and you will also see that my politics, my morals, and religious notions, all coincide, and all conspire to one great end, national happiness, built on national reformation. In my words and deeds my love of real liberty has never cooled for a moment; and though, in the perplexed state of our public affairs, I thought moderation a temporary duty, yet I never stooped to the meanness of apostacy, and never gave up the cause of America, and never coloured over the deformities of character which belong to those corrupt wretches who have in reality, though in secrecy, so long and so fatally controlled the Counsels of this unhappy Kingdom. But I begin now *ἀνακυπτειν κάρα*. As I did not disapprove of all the persons employed in the late Administration, so I cannot approve of all concerned in this. There is, however, a wonderful concentration of eminent and indisputable ability; and in Lord Rockingham and Lord Althorp, in Burke, and others I could name, there is, I trust, a pure and disinterested love for the public good. They have my best wishes, and my firmest support. I intended writing to you about a parcel for our friends Julius and Gardiner, at St. Kitts, but I must wait for better, or at least further tidings. Remember me to Jones and Paradise, with whom I exclaim, as sincerely as they can, *εὑρήκαμεν—συγχαίρωμεν*.

You will see me in August or July.

Believe me, yours heartily, dear Pollard,

S. PARR.

To Walter Pollard, Esq.

What fortune he had secured in 1785, could not have gone far in maintaining him without labour; the increase of income from Hatton and his prebend did not amount to one hundred a year. He was still therefore obliged to take pupils, a smaller number at a larger price. The house at Hatton, though comfortable enough, contained no room sufficiently large for his library; so he built that square room, which for more than forty years was one of the porches of the Academy of England, and will not be forgotten whilst the present generation of learned men survives.

Before Parr left Norwich, it appears from the correspondence, that he wished not merely to enjoy the country, but to be useful to the county in which he was about to reside. He applied to his friend Henry Homer, whose brother was an attorney at Coventry, for his advice how he might be placed in the commission of the peace for the county of Warwick.

My brother, says Mr. Homer, thinks there would be little difficulty, by signifying your desires to Mr. Hewitt, of Coventry, Clerk of the Peace for the County, or to the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Hertford. Let me acquaint you that an acting magistrate is much wanted in your neighbourhood, and that another gentleman (a Mr. Moland, of Solihull) wishes to be put on, and it may save some trouble for both of you to get into the same commission; and my advice is, that you take as early a step as possible.

From the Right Hon. Mr. Windham he received the following answer, about the same time, upon the same subject:

DEAR SIR,

I take shame to myself on various accounts, for having so long delayed to write to you. To take that first which is first in order of time, I should have informed you that, upon receipt of your letter, I wrote immediately to Lord Beauchamp, and received an answer perfectly civil, saying that from knowledge of you, as well as in compliance with my request, he should not fail to give your name to Lord Hertford, against the issuing of the next commission.

These applications failed; he was not permitted to be useful to his neighbourhood in the capacity of a county magistrate.

When a commission of the peace was issued in 1795, Parr wrote to Lord Warwick, expostulating with him on his name being omitted in so large a nomination of justices of the peace. Lord Warwick sent the following answer:

SIR, *Shrewsbury, October 28th*, 1795.

I apprehend that the proper answer to the letter which I have just received from you is, that I do not consider myself as responsible to any individual for the motives of my conduct, when acting in the discharge of my public duty.

I am, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

WARWICK.

But it was impossible that such a mind as Parr's, now in the meridian of its brightness, should rest, occupied merely with the common avocations of life. Politics had induced him to think of the republication of Rapin; and I suspect that disappointment in political hopes induced him to think of some other means of venting his political opinions. It seems from a letter of the amiable, pious, and learned Bishop of Hereford, Dr. G. J. Hunting-

ford,* dated Winton College, December 5, 1784, that he was then inquiring about Bellendenus.

Dr. Warton has not got Bellendenus' Book de tribus Luminibus. He says the title always appeared to him a very affected and fantastical one, and he knows not the meaning of it. You say Tully is one. In what capacity? as an orator, philosopher, or critic? What think you of Tully, Horace, and Quintilian? Or Lucretius, Catullus, and Virgil? But I am rash to conjecture, when Dr. Warton will not venture to give a single hint.

I find no other mention of Bellenden in the early correspondence; but it appears from "The Remarks on the Statement," that Parr had conversed with Henry Homer on the work of Bellendenus de tribus luminibus Romanorum, and on the suspected plagiarism of Conyers Middleton. Homer took the book to him in the autumn of 1786. Parr immediately went to work, and Dr. Maltby says in a letter, dated, "Buckden, May 2, 1794, "That in December 1786 and January 1787, I transcribed for you the Preface to Bellenden twice," &c. &c. The Honourable Augustus Legge was another amanuensis; but Parr, in his Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe, himself gives a history of the republication of Bellenden at pages 42, 43, 51, which exactly tallies with the correspondence that now lies before me. The following criticism of his friend Dr. Bennet, subsequently Lord Bishop of Cloyne, found amongst Parr's pa-

* I shall have occasion to introduce many letters of his Lordship hereafter; and thankfully would insert the whole correspondence, did the prescribed limits permit me to indulge my own inclination.

pers, but whether published or not in the periodical Reviews of the time, I have not yet learned, will give the best possible account of this celebrated work, but I am obliged to lop off more than one half of the original:

William Bellenden, a Scotch writer, (whose name, we confess, was more familiar to us than his works,) flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is said to have been a Professor in the University of Paris. At Paris he certainly sojourned long, for it was there he published, in 1608, his Cicero Princeps, a singular work, in which he extracted from Cicero's writings detached remarks, and compressed them into one regular body, containing the rules of Monarchical Government, with the line of conduct to be adopted, and the virtues proper to be encouraged, by the Prince himself; and the treatise, when finished, he dedicated, from a principle of patriotism and gratitude, to the son of his master, Henry, then Prince of Wales. Four years afterwards, namely in 1612, he proceeded to publish another work of a similar nature, which he called, Cicero Consul, Senator, Senatus Romanus, and in which he treated with much perspicuity, and a fund of solid information, on the nature of the Consular Office, and the constitution of the Roman Senate. Finding the works received, as they deserved, with the unanimous approbation of the learned, he conceived the plan of a third work, de Statu prisci Orbis, which was to contain a history of the progress of government and philosophy, from the times before the Flood to their various degrees of improvement under the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. He had proceeded so far as to print a few copies of this work in the year 1615, when it seems to have been suggested that his three treatises, De Statu Principis, De Statu Reipublicæ, De Statu Orbis, being on subjects so nearly resembling each other, there might be a propriety in uniting them into one work, by re-publishing the two former, and entitling the whole Bellendenus de Statu. With this view, he recalled the few copies of his last work that were abroad, and, after a delay of some months, published the three treatises together, under their new title, in the year 1615. In the British

Museum (that admirable repository of curious books) one copy of the book De Statu prisci Orbis, dated in 1615, still exists, which the author had probably sent into England as a present, and could not recall; and in all the others the date appears, on a nice inspection, to have been originally MDCXV. and to have had an I afterwards added, on the alteration of the author's plan. The Editor has shewn great ingenuity in clearing up this typographical difficulty. The great work being now completed, Bellenden looked forward with a pretty well-grounded expectation for that applause which his labour and his ingenuity deserved. But his views were disappointed, by one of those events that no art of man could foresee or remedy. The vessel in which the whole impression was embarked was overtaken by a storm before she could reach the English coast, and foundered with all her cargo. A very few copies only, which the learned author either kept for his own use or had sent as presents by private hands, seem to have been preserved from the destruction which awaited the others; and this work of Bellendenus has, therefore, from its scarcity, often escaped the notice of the most diligent collectors. It is not to be found in the library of the Duke of Argyle, nor in that of the late Dr. Hunter; neither Morhoffius nor Fabricius had ever seen it; the Observationes Literariæ, published at Magdeburg in 1705, and the Amœnitates Literariæ, at Frankfort in 1728, both of which treat learnedly and copiously on scarce books, make no mention of it; in a word, the single treatises are so rare, that not above ten of them are to be found in all the libraries of England. And of the larger work, it does not appear that more than six copies are known to exist; one in the public library at Cambridge, a second in that of Emanuel College in the same University, long admired as a well-chosen collection of excellent books; a third in All Souls Library at Oxford; and two in the possession of the Editors.* These gentlemen appear to have been stimulated to oblige the public with the present edition, not only from the scarcity of the original work, but from another circumstance, in some degree connected with it. Bellenden, it seems, concerned, but not discouraged at his loss,

* There is another in the library of Shrewsbury School, left by Dr. Taylor, editor of Demosthenes, to that foundation.

determined to arrange his materials in another form. By the intimate acquaintance with Cicero's writings into which the nature of his plan had led him, he had learned to admire the solidity, as well as feel the elegance, of that charming author, who expresses stronger sense in better words than all the writers of his country taken together. Bellenden, therefore, now conceived the idea of a work, which he entitled De tribus Luminibus Romanorum; and in which he designed to have examined the characters and explained the merit of Cicero, Seneca, and the elder Pliny.* The first of these he finished; but was prevented by death from completing his plan. This circumstance of the *tria lumina* appears to have suggested to the minds of the Editors the idea of re-publishing the three original treatises of Bellendenus de Statu, and dedicating them to the Tria Lumina Anglorum, Lord North, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Burke.

But the most extraordinary, and I know not whether we may not say the most important part of the work, is a Preface of 86 pages, containing the most vehement attack upon the present Ministry that we have ever seen, and written in such Latin as we must congratulate this Country upon being able to produce. We know and have felt the elegant Latinity of Lowth, and Barford, and Sir William Jones. We have seen a Clerum by Dr. Sumner of Harrow, which was deservedly out of print, as soon as it was published; but we have never met with more critical discrimination, with bolder variety of phrase, with finer words, and with fuller periods, than in the composition before us.

The Preface begins with the account of Bellenden's death,

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* It seems from the following letter of Dr. Eaton, Bishop Lowth's Chaplain, that Parr had doubts of one of the Lumina, and had conversed with the Bishop on the subject:

DEAR SIR, *Dean-street, Dec. 9th*, 1786.

The Bishop of London's health is so very indifferent, and his memory so much affected by it, that I despaired of being able to shew him your letter in dextro tempore; but on Thursday morning I found him in better spirits than usual, and immediately produced your letter. He did not recollect the conversation you mention, but, without the least hesitation, said that the Pliny you allude to must be the Naturalist. I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant, ST. EATON.

while he was engaged in his work De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum.

Some pages are then taken up with a review of Bellenden's three treatises; after which the Editors hasten to what was a favourite part of their work, a panegyric on the oratory and abilities of the Tria Lumina Anglorum, to whom their labours are inscribed. They first lament the neglect which Mr. Burke has lately experienced from those who depreciate the eloquence they cannot imitate. "Fuerunt inter Romanos (say our Authors, p. 7.) qui Marcum Tullium incessere audebant, ut timidum Asianumque et redundantem. Nostra etiam in ætate non desunt, qui eandem de Burkio nobis insusurraverint insulsam et frigidam cantilenam." This charge they refute with the indignation it deserves; and conclude with a compliment to that integrity of life which gives their friend's eloquence its full weight and importance. The good humour and good nature of Lord North, the propriety and information of his speeches, form the next subject for their panegyric, where the delicate mention of the American war (to which it is plain they were no friends) gives us a very high idea of their own oratorical abilities. They next come to Mr. Fox, on whom they are very copious and discriminative, observing, what we also have observed, his singular excellence in conducting a debate; how well he knows what ground to seize, and how to seize it. With what power he throws the question into a new light; how he retreats fighting from untenable ground, non abjecto, sed ne rejecto quidem scuto. Upon the dissolution of Parliament, which removed their three luminaries from the helm of Government, they let fall all the weight of their indignation, and attack the "Oratores novi, stulti, adolescentuli," with great severity. The Minister himself now becomes the object of their censure; his youth and inexperience are dwelt upon, with more elegance of Latin, perhaps, than novelty of remark; but much also is added that is both forcible and new.

Continuing thus to enter into all the great questions in politics, and the arguments usually urged for or against the measures of government, they proceed to a very interesting part of their plan, the views and characters of the minister's principal adherents. The men brought forwards upon this occasion to public notice are Clodius, who is supposed to be a well known

city officer; Doson, a person once high in administration, and remarkable for his promises more than his performances; Novius, a great officer in the law; Miso-Themistocles, a particular enemy to military merit; and Thrasybulus, a native of the North, who takes the lead in the affairs of India. Of all these, characters are given at length, drawn indeed in no very flattering colours, but designed so strongly, and finished so elegantly, as must convince the world that Mr. Fox has friends who, in Latin prose as well as in English poetry, have left all imitation behind them.

The rest of the Preface is taken up with editorial business about the work, with some very liberal and ingenious remarks on the eminence of the Scotch writers in moral philosophy, and with a defence of the Authors themselves, their digressions on politics, their mode of writing Latin, and the length of their Preface; and this is glanced upon with a dignity that shews the spirit of a master, and the firmness, without the insolence, of conscious merit. It has been objected, indeed, and that even by friends to the work, that the political disquisitions might have been compressed into a less enormous bulk, without much sacrifice of their real force, and its enemies have clamoured loudly against the introduction of so many Greek words in Latin sentences, and the long and frequent quotations; while others have suggested that such phrases as "nodum in scirpo quærere," "aquam hærere," and "fluctus in simpulo excitare," (though nothing can be objected against the Latinity,) are not well suited to the rich expressions and harmonious pauses of Cicero, which are to be met with in every period. For answer to these objections, we can do no less than refer our reader to the Preface itself, where he will find them substantially removed. For ourselves, we shall not cease to admire the whole as a treasure of fine writing, and recommend it most sincerely to the study of every young reader, who wishes to comprehend the nicer elegancies of the Latin language; the use of the subjunctive moods, for instance, the force of the indefinite, the beauty of the connecting particles, and all that variety and grace of position which can neither be defined nor taught, and is to be attained only by an intimate acquaintance with the Classics themselves, which the best scholar finds it difficult to use, and which none but a good scholar can feel when they are

used. With the party principles of the Authors we have no concern; in their mode of defending them, we see much speciousness and ingenuity; and the scholars on the Continent, whatever they may think of our politics, will have no reason to speak contemptuously of our Latin, after so extraordinary a specimen of it. In a word, we cannot estimate too highly the improvement, as well as the pleasure, we have received from this work, and must apply to the Cicero of Bellenden, published as it is, what Quintilian says so forcibly of the Roman writer himself: "Illum se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit."

Henry Homer,* Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, of a respectable family in Warwickshire, was Parr's editor of Bellendenus. There is some correspondence on the removal of Parr's goods and books to Hatton, and Homer is employed to arrange the carriage with a relation of his at Birmingham. But there is no mention of Bellendenus while Parr lived at Norwich. It seems by a letter from Homer, dated Emanuel College, July 13th, 1786, that some conversation had taken place between Homer and Parr about Bellenden at Hatton, and that he had employed Homer to collate the Cambridge editions with his own.

'I only wrote the title page of Bellendenus, that, if you thought it worth inspecting, you might have it. I have had it in my room some time, and have always forgot to send you the difference of the contents from your own. I will promise you, I shall not grudge copying as many sheets as you like, for the purposes you mention, if you think there would be any very apposite.'

'It has been so much the fashion of late years to edite books, or write verses for the purpose of prefaces or the appendage of notes, that this edition of

* There is an affecting account of Parr's friendship and intercourse with Homer, in the Answer to the Statement of Dr. Combe, pp. 20, seq.

Bellendenus was criticised as written for this purpose. Homer alludes to such spiteful remarks in the following sentence:

Dr. James, and all Eton admire; therefore a fig for the Masters of B——t and E——l; the one I don't think could construe it, and it would have cracked the other's skull, especially after a soaking debauch; the one must hate it, the other is not eminent enough to despise it. If I hear F—— make the same assertion he shall know from some corner in a paper that he lies; as the book was first thought of, and the Preface was of subsequent consideration. You must remember that I said, the preface must never be lowered in point of dignity; therefore be assured, that any misconstructions thereupon would as sensibly touch me as you.

Bennet was occasionally employed to inspect the proof sheets; and I insert the following letter, as a proof of his opinion, and in addition to the criticisms:

MY DEAR FRIEND, *February* 1787.

I have restrained myself from answering your letter, that I might have time to give you my opinion of the three or four sheets which arrived by the post this morning; and I cannot sufficiently express my obligation for the entertainment I have received. With the Latinity not only no fault is to be found, but every excellence of composition; and I shall recommend it to the diligent perusal of all my young men of literature here, as a model to form their taste. A few errors in the press I now and then correct, and such doubts as I have about matters of fact (for matters of opinion are out of the question), I take the liberty to refer you to Homer. For instance, in the quotation from Ælian, p. 37, are you sure it was *consulem quondam?* I thought there was a particular law, that no Consul should govern Egypt, and Tiberius in Tacitus is angry with Germanicus for going there; observing in another place, Divus Augustus apud equestres, qui Ægypto præsiderent; and Muretus says in his note, there was a condition Ægypt should be free, if the Roman fasces ever came to Memphis: non a Proconsule aut Proprætore administrabatur Alexandria, sed a Juridico aut liberto Cæsaris. The quotation in your book is only Fragment

Æl. without specifying the place; as I would have looked and settled the matter for you. Another matter of fact I venture to doubt about, when you say, p. 45, the new peers are magnam partem aut prædones Asiæ opibus superbientes aut *vere* loco infimo—of the latter description perhaps there are enough, though you do not, I hope, mean to adopt the newspaper clamours about Charles Jenkinson of Oxfordshire, one of the first Commoner families in England for antiquity, and of very good estate. To this, however, I say, as generally expressed, there can be no objection. But I do not recollect any peer that comes under the first description. Lord Clive is an Irish peer, and therefore no senator, and as to Lord Pigot, whose title also is extinct, if I am right, you are wrong in your assertion. I cannot enough admire your quotations through the whole Preface. They have a depth of learning with an elegance of selection that are seldom united. Homer has sent me down the print, with the motto altered as I wished.

And so, you want me to reckon up Pitt's good actions, and so fall upon me with your eloquence. No, my friend, I will laugh with you on politics; but I will dispute no more. If the side you have adopted be that which means sincerely the welfare of the Country, may it succeed! At any rate, may your labours in the cause lead you to those emoluments and honours which neither your merits nor your virtues, *without* party zeal, are likely in this age to obtain. If you are likely to be in London at Easter, I shall hope to see you. I am going to read the fourth sheet with care, and send it off by to-morrow's post. Your's very affectionately, W. BENNET.

Sunday Eve.

P. S. You are sure you are safe on the side of the law, both in the quotation from Terence of Thurlow, "lubrica in verbis fides;" and from the same censure on the Duke of Richmond, "Justus ipse cum neque sit neque videatur." Might not the phrase be softened by *nimis*, or some such word? You think that you are guarded on the side of Scotus. I am not sorry for the trimming you give the rascals; they are bad instruments—I think not in a bad cause—But if you had fallen more violently on Verres, I should have grieved. He is attacked on one side, because they hate him; and on the other, because they fear

him; and his services to his Country (for which it appears to me that his worst actions were committed) are forgotten by both.

Bennet, though of different politics, was sincere in his admiration of Bellendenus.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Emanuel, Feb. 27.*

I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, by making me acquainted with your scholastico-political plan; and rejoice most unfeignedly that you have at last undertaken a work which will shew posterity your talents in Latin composition. Homer, encouraged by your example, lent me as much of the Preface as is finished; and you will, or at least ought, to believe me, when I declare I never read a more elegant composition in my life. I am delighted with the three Dedications, and particularly that to him, cujus —nunquam fides virtusque contremuit. Your motto from Aristophanes is not to be exceeded; the hunc tu Dea I think not so highly of; and if you would trust my taste, I would beg you to alter the secundis temporibus dubrisque rectus, because every body may say that of every body—and go on with it, pray go on with it,

Consulque non unius anni
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum, &c. &c.

Never let us be general in a matter of this sort, when we can be so strikingly particular. As to Homer's idea that Agamemnon will be offended at it, depend upon it (if he can get any body to construe it to him) he will never forgive what is written already, so this slight addition to the offence is below your notice. I repeat that I never read so fine a piece of Latin in my life, and this is a great deal for me to say, when you consider how much my principles are shocked by the *matter* of the work. I will deny that you are the author, but I am sure it will be known. Who is there else that can write any thing like it? The petty scholars of the age may publish a Latin Clerum, translated from an old Sermon, (always excepting Sumner's, to whom just praise is due,) or now and then, in a fit of rashness, venture to write a line on a stone in a church-yard; but farther they say not. While the Editor of this work—effinxisse mihi videtur vim Demosthenis, copiam Platonis, jucunditatem

Isocratis. I sent up Phileleutherus; but the other two works I lost, with all my little Latin morsels, viz. Sumner's Clerum and Taylor's Speeches, several little things of Jones, yours, and Archdale's, which were stolen from me, as I suspect, by a young man who was allowed a very familiar entrance into my rooms, and made a bad use of it. Your friend White is said to have succeeded to the living of Melton, in Suffolk; and as he will not probably reside there much, Lambert is very anxious to have a relation and namesake of his, the present Curate, continued. You will oblige him very much if you can assist him in this view.

The Dissenters (Price at their head) are going to have a motion made for the repeal of the Test Act. The Bishops had a meeting at Lambeth, and all determined to oppose it but Shipley and Watson.

I have seen the Criticisms on Xenophon, which are very good and scholarlike, far superior to the general turn of critical remarks, and on the whole too learned for the readers of reviews; and I do rejoice that you have at last published something, not even yet in your own name, but which will be given to you. I am really glad to the heart. But to return to your criticisms in the review. Though Hurd deserves punishment, and severely too, for his impudent sneers at better scholars than himself, yet his note against Dorville is certainly an ingenious one. You must spare Cooke for every reason; but principally, because he is really mad, and ought long ago to have been confined. Porson has not given up his Æschylus, that I can hear, though he proceeds slowly. I rejoice that your daughter is recovered, and mean to see your retirement, and admire your orthodoxy, in the course of the next summer. Adieu! very sincerely and affectionately yours, WM. BENNET.

To the Rev. Dr. Parr, Hatton, near Warwick.

On March 16th, 1787, Homer writes to Parr thus:

Bennet longs for the completion, and writes to me in these terms: "ut nihil supra, as to Latinity—read, admired, and applauded, it must be, by *all* parties, however some may smart under the rod (I mean those who can read); perhaps old Thurlow cannot; or, as usual, will affect to despise all knowledge but that which is producible at a common forum.

Again, in another letter, Homer says:

As you had explained so much to Bennet, I first shewed him the dedications; and Lord North's he had read over two or three times, saying, he thought it the most elegantly turned composition he had ever read. I then shewed him the printed part of the Preface, and he declared it was, by far, the best Latin he had ever seen; that he had long wished you would shew your powers in this line. He says, the book will be scarce again, and I believe him to be sincere.

As Bennet had touched on the question of law; it was sensitively felt by Parr, who propounded it in turn to Homer.

"Conjecture was busy," says Parr, "in finding personal or political allusions," in the vowels of his own and Homer's name, at the end of the Preface.

The whole work came out in London, and Parr observed all the little arts of secrecy to conceal his name. It escaped not however the penetration of Mr. Reed and Mr. Steevens, who were consulted by Homer, that Parr was the author, and Reed was afterwards interested and employed in the publication of the Warburtonian Tracts. Of both these annotators on our great Bard, there are several notices in Homer and Parr's correspondence. The following letters will exhibit a specimen of Parr's acrimonious feelings, and his manner of expressing them towards Steevens.

DEAR HOMER,

The more I think upon the Preface, the more I feel my fears growing upon me. I am frightened about that fellow Steevens; and I do forbid, as much as I dare, your giving him a copy. What right has he to know you have any concern in it? and what conclusions will he not draw from you to me? What base, and even dangerous, use will he not make of these

conclusions? Make my mind therefore easy, dear Harry, and bind yourself by a solemn promise to give Steevens no copy. He is a bitter foe—he is incapable of being a sincere friend. I am unwilling for our correspondence to go on in the present train. I wish Mr. Sheridan to be the franker, and Bruton-street is less distant than Aldermanbury; and I will give you a letter of introduction, when you authorize me to do so, whereby you may settle the time and manner of conveyance. Maltby tells me that Steevens looked about your room with a curious and inquisitive eye. I wish you would order him not to be admitted, especially in your absence. Letters may come in while you are absent. What do you know of the black letter, to let this black man so fascinate you? Homer, be not cajoled by any compliments he may pay to you or myself. He has F—'s heart and F—'s principles, with a worse character and a better head. *I tremble about the packets, &c.*

Franked by Sheridan, Birmingham, August 26th, 1787.

DEAR H. *Hotel, Birmingham.*

I am just setting off for Cheshire (Crewe Hall). Critics, translators, answerers, all abroad. Well! so it should be. What is much read, is not much despised; what is opposed, is also feared; what is answered in English, must be formidable from other qualities than singularity, when it is written in Latin. Let them scold, and refute; it will extend the sale, and not shake the ultimate credit of the book. I answer nothing. Do you collect all news, and, depend upon it, they will get some able advocates—but what then? I am sure Steevens is at work, and *I have reason to suspect P———*. This is between us. But you will oblige me if you will take an early opportunity of speaking thus to Mr. Steevens: "Dr. Parr thinks and speaks highly of your talents, taste, and erudition, and has often defended you. He is acquainted with the whole of your character; he is ready enough to own his dislike of you as a man, and he says, from certain peculiarities he knows of in your life and character, you are the last man he would spare, if provoked. You are one of the first men he would suspect of calumniating him; and he has an immense store of facts collected against you, which he declares, before all mankind, he

will hurl at you with all his might, if you do him any injustice *secretly*. Of your open censure he is not afraid; and yet he sets a great value on your praise, when it is sincere.

Certainly, neither of the Editors had much confidence in the good-will of Steevens; for, when the subject of advertising was in agitation, Homer says, "Steevens has a share in the St. James's,* and *therefore I shall not put* into that." Of the immense labour of Homer in editing Bellenden, I could produce some hundred documents from his correspondence with Parr. On the inspection of every sheet, some change of expression or sentiment, some classical illustration, or some lucky hit, continually altered the page; commas, colons, and semicolons, were the subjects of many angry letters; one whole sheet was even cancelled for some errors that might have been readily corrected; and the patience of readers in some future years will, I hope, be exercised and rewarded by a perusal of the whole correspondence between Homer and Parr on the subjects of Bellenden and the Warburtonian Tracts. The following letter I have selected as a specimen of the typographical accuracy, and of the moral rectitude and veracity of Parr:

DEAR HOMER, *Post-mark, March* 20, 1787.

I am at all times sorry to give trouble; but I now give it for the last time, and I do not only request as a friend, but I do call upon you by all that can be dear to my feelings, to execute instantly and punctually what I now direct. In the last

* Parr angrily alludes to this in one of his letters to Dr. Charles Burney, whose father was a friend of Steevens.

The letters of Parr to Dr. Charles Burney contain much matter concerning the Bellenden.

page, "latissime" is put wrong; it should be after "possit." It is so bad, so very bad as it now stands, that no earthly consideration shall induce me to let it go. Therefore, add to the Errata, Pag. ult. pone "latissime" post "possit;" or rather, pro "quam latissime fieri possit," lege "*quam fieri possit, latissime*," *a comma at each*. Secondly, and lastly, I have said inaccurately that Bauer knew nothing of the order in which Bellenden published his works. He knew something, but not all—not enough. Now, I will not assert a false fact; for it is worse than false Latin, and therefore, if the reading sent from Banbury be inscribed, why then you must say, linea eadem lege "parum" pro "nihil," et "explorati" pro "exploratum."

I mean the passage to be, "uterque earum parum explorati habuit," instead of "nihil eorum uterque exploratum habuit." If it be not inserted, so far as concerns "eorum uterque," then alter the whole, and say, pro "nihil eorum uterque exploratum habuit," lege "*uterque eorum parum explorati habuit*." If only thirty or forty are bound, unbind them again, till you can have these additions made to the errata. At all events, in every—every copy not bound, make the alterations. I suppose the leaf can without injury be recommitted to the press; if not, it is my anxious wish, my earnest request, my peremptory command, that the last leaf of the Preface be re-printed totally. I am sorry, dear Sir, but it cannot be helped; and give me the satisfaction of hearing that you comply, and let it be no answer that some copies are dispersed, for all, all, all, that remain, shall be corrected. And so farewell.

Yours truly, S. PARR.

Now this is the last instance in which you are to oblige me, and do it willingly; and these alterations must, must, must be inserted. I wish "parum" before "explorati," and you change the whole, and if you have corrected anything about "eorum uterque," why you may say vel potius, pro

"nihil eorum uterque exploratum habuit," lege

"uterque eorum parum enplorati habuit."

Use your discretion.

This fidgetting about expressions, is trifling compared to many other letters. Any corrector of the

press may judge of poor Homer's toils * from this example; and if added to it, he could see the writing to be decyphered, he could not fail to thank his stars, that his labours had reached the last letter. The Preface is dated, cal. Maii 1787. The sale was not immediately brisk; Homer complains of it, but exults at the praise bestowed upon the Preface by scholars. In a letter, dated Windsor, Aug. 2, 1787:

Universally given to you here—all admire—Dr. Sumner will soon call upon you—immense reading—most elegant composition.—At Winchester Dr. W—— positively asserted it must be yours, because no one else was equal to such a composition —pleased with the honourable mention of himself. Has Maltby informed you of this, viz. the Bishop of London's brother, a very old man,† was so struck by your remarks on Middleton, that it brought to his recollection a most singular circumstance. He happened to be with Middleton just before his Life of Cicero came out; a gentleman came in, and, in the course of

* And indeed Parr himself seems to have been aware of the necessity of inculcating patience to him. "Homer (says he) your patience will now be so much exercised, that you will be fitted for married life; and if you have not your reward in this life by matrimony, you will, after bearing all the trials I put in your way, be qualified to contend with Job himself for half the share of his reward in another. And if you were to eat eggs dressed by my cook, and could prevent your eyes from swelling, your teeth from chattering, your heart from heaving, your head from shaking, your hands from brandishing, and your tongue from railing, threatening, cursing, lying, and swearing, you would thus be a match for Job in t' other half, and the Warwickshire proverb would thus be changed, from patient Job to more patient Homer.

"limatiores," instead of "ornatiores."

"callida,"—"calida," &c.

† The Rev. Mr. Lowth, a most learned and excellent man, Prebendary of Winchester.

conversation, asked Middleton if he had ever seen Bellendenus. He faultered, grew pale, and acknowledged he had. The reason Mr. Lowth did not know, till he had read the Preface. Of these Tracts Lowth was *totally* ignorant, though he had often heard of the De Tribus, &c. Was the Delphic oracle once in 100 times so happy in its solution of difficult questions?

I have not been able to wade so far through the correspondence, as to find the testimonia eruditorum, or clarorum virorum, to Parr himself. Doubtless, some incense was offered to him, from those he so warmly praised, and whose antagonists he so harshly blamed.

Of the sense he himself entertained of the effect of his work in a high quarter, one of the following letters is a ludicrous exhibition, the other an exhilarating. They are both addressed to the Rev. H. Homer:

DEAR SIR,

What will you say? or rather, what shall I say myself of myself? It is now ten o'clock at night, and I am smoaking a quiet pipe, after a most vehement, and, I think, a most splendid effort of composition—an effort it was indeed, a mighty and a glorious effort. For the object of it is to lift up Burke to the pinnacle where he ought to have been placed before, and to drag down Lord Chatham from that eminence to which the cowardice of his hearers, and the credulity of the public, had most weakly and most undeservedly exalted the impostor, and father of impostors! Read it, dear Harry, read it, I say, aloud; read it again and again; and when your tongue has turned its edge from me to the father of W. Pitt—when your ears tingle and ring with my sonorous periods—when your heart glows and beats with the fond and triumphant remembrance of Edmund Burke—then, dear Homer, you will forgive me, you will love me, you will congratulate me, and readily will you take upon yourself the trouble of printing, what in writing has cost me so much greater, though not longer trouble. Old boy, I tell you that no part of the Preface is better conceived, or better written;

none will be read more eagerly, or felt by those whom you wish to feel it, more severely. Old boy, old boy, it 's a stinger! and now to other business. The brackets at adversariorum are right. Licet must have no conjunctive mark; it is a verb. Illi ipsi is right: and so right, that ipsi illi would be wrong; and you know I have corrected two passages, which had escaped my eye. Mind, mind once more, old boy! in prose ipsi must always follow illi. As to tanquam, I prefer the N to the M; the orthography is indifferent, and so even the correct and morose Gesner acknowledges. This long addition will retard us a little; but I must see it once, and only once more. I am sorry for it, but I cannot help it, and also I cannot waste such good stuff. I wish you to let Payne know that I am sorry at his undertaking the Translation; and that I am not surprised at the conduct of the translator, whose character I have known too long and too well. Let the advertisement come out on the 12th of November at farthest, and say nothing, nothing, nothing about auctior atque emendatior. There is no difference about haud or non before negaverint; but remember, remember, remember, not merely the approaching 5th of November, but my earnest request, my explicit direction, my positive command to state fully, plainly, fairly—to state without apology, hesitation, without disgust, any and every, the greatest and least difficulty, as to spelling, punctuation, or language. This is written by a Foxite, from a Foxite, to a Foxite; and kiss it and obey it. Where is Steevens? &c.

The foregoing letter was written on adding the whole of the matter, as it now is, in the second edition, of the Preface, page xi. beginning with "illud etiam" down to "alere atque informare," page xviii. The following letter was written under the fancies, which accompany the idea, "that he was about to pursue the triumph and partake the gale:"

DEAR HOMER,

As the contents of this letter are of the first importance, I

employ a friend to write for me. The Preface will certainly make a great noise; it will give the greatest possible offence; and would subject the author, if known, to the most formidable dangers, perhaps from a prosecution in the Courts of Law, but certainly from implacable vengeance in the Court of St. James. I found my mind so thoroughly warmed, that I neither gave, nor was capable of giving, the least quarter to those whom you and I consider as the enemies of their country. But they are men, firmly seated in power; they have keen eyes, and their hands are both long and strong. I would assume the sophistry of Pitt, and the impudence of Dundas, and perhaps I should guard against the awkwardness of P..... in telling a lie—for no human consideration will induce me to acknowledge myself the author. It is a secret scarcely to be trusted to the Duke of Portland himself; for I should always ascribe the merit of it, if merit there be, to some friend; hinting, or perhaps acknowledging, that I had some share. When you see it, you will also see the necessity, the urgent and supreme necessity, of this caution. For, let them say what they will, I am not a monopolizer of Greek and Latin; and besides, my friend, if politics were a part, who would spare my Latinity? Even the King's-men * who applaud the one, would yet cavil at the other; but of criticism I am not much afraid—the law does scare me. Now for the application. I have yielded to you, and after yielding I heartily concur with you in some points, and in your turn you must implicitly and faithfully make these concessions. 1. The printer's name shall on no account whatever be mentioned. The printer himself shall on no account whatsoever be informed who wrote the Preface. I say, on no account. I say again, on no account whatsoever. If you say any thing, say only this: that it was written by a friend of yours; and add, with a bold face and a firm tone, that your coadjutor in the mere edition is not the writer of the Preface. It shall be dated from Cambridge, first, to avert suspicion, and, secondly, to shew the public that all Cambridge men are not Pittites. No man will suspect Henry Homer of writing. I will not even

* Fellows of King's College.

have the name of any particular London bookseller affixed, for more curiosity will be excited if we only say as follows: This day are published, dedicated to Lord North, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox, Libri tres rarissimi a Gulielmo Bellendeno, olim scripti quorum tituli sunt, &c. Veneunt Londini, veneunt, with the date of the year. On these matters you must let me judge. Probably I can get a reviewer for the Critical, and I will myself take care of the Monthly. Maty must be left to himself; and the English Review, conducted as it is by Scotchmen, will not abuse the re-publication of a book written by a Scotch scholar. Harry Homer! I wish you were now in my library. Thurlow, Richmond, Pitt, Wilkes, and the Junto, and the picture-mongers, and picture-buyers, and picture-drawers, are most unmercifully scourged. They have it, my boy, with so much classical allusion, that somebody at Windsor must send for our sleek Bishop of Worcester to construe and explain it for them; and then the good Bishop will be puzzled, and construe wrong..... If your Majesty pleases, I will make it intelligible by a Commentary, says the Bishop, such as I wrote on Horace, or my brother Kidgell on the Essay on Man. What, what, what! do Bishops read that book? Yes, Sir, and like it, as much as they do my Commentaries.

From two of the Lumina I find no thanks for the Dedication. The Right Honourable Edmund Burke writes thus to the Rev. Dr. Parr:

DEAR SIR,

I hope that my delay in making a proper acknowledgment for your instructive, and what is rarely joined to instructive, your very flattering present, does not make me appear insensible to its value, or ungrateful for the high honour I have received in your associating me with persons entitled, by their own splendid qualities, to a distinction which I owe entirely to your indulgence and partiality. That partiality will, however, pass with most people as a presumption that I am not wholly without some degree of that sort of merit which is calculated to affect a liberal and benevolent mind; and which, therefore, can never be considered as in the lowest class, in any just esti-

mate of things. Excuse this delay, on the same good-natured principles that made you think it worth your while to mention me in such good company. I had rather incur some blame, even from you, than attempt to excuse myself on account of occupations which are never enough, either in quantity or in importance, to serve for an apology for any omissions with regard to the respect and gratitude I owe to my friends.

Indeed, Sir, it gives me no small pride and pleasure to find my name perpetuated in the works of a man of the most extensive and critical erudition, and who would have held that rank when there were more who distinguished themselves in that line than we enjoy at present in any part of Europe. This poor testimony is not wholly without its weight; because, being in truth myself a very incompetent judge, I do no more than echo the public voice, and that is of greater consequence than any individual suffrage, though from a more enlightened person. I am earnest in my wishes that this sort of erudition may live and flourish; for, let persons of limited conception think what they will of it, it has ever been, and ever must be, the first principle of a taste, not only in the arts, but in life and in morals. If we have any priority over our neighbours, it is in no small measure owing to the early care we take with respect to a Classical education, which cannot be supplied by the cultivation of any other branch of learning, and which makes some amends for many shocking defects in our system of training our youth. It diffuses its influence over the society at large; it is enjoyed where it is not directly bestowed; and those feel its operations who do not know to what they owe the advantages they possess.

You are very generous in your condolence with me on the little estimation in which it is my fortune to be held. I am, however, myself not in the smallest degree affected with that circumstance. Whatever attention either is, or has at any time been paid to my opinions in the exercise of my public duty, is certainly more than I can lay any claim to; and I ought therefore, to receive any measure of it, however small, as I do receive it, very thankfully. From a confidence in my own good intentions, I might wish my credit to be greater; as I might by that means become of more use to the part of af-

fairs, which I touch. But in this respect, perhaps, I am mistaken. The effect might have been quite different. If I had enjoyed a reputation of greater splendour I might have been more intent on what might nourish that reputation, than on those ends, for which alone a reputation ought to be cultivated; and with greater fame I might have done less, than even the little I have been able to perform. On the whole, I ought to be well satisfied, and I think I am, as to the matter of fact; for these three last years I cannot say that my attempts have not been as favourably received as they have been at any period of my life; I mean, that they have been thus received, since the adversaries of the system I have been engaged in have totally prevailed. It ought to be, if not to myself, to every body else, a matter of satisfaction that the time in which I was the most obscured, was that in which our friends have shone out with the greatest lustre, and had attained the highest pitch of their credit and prosperity. If at such times I am a little run down, exertions of more consequence, and more wisely directed to their end, are prevalent. The season for weaker talents is, when there is little to be done.

May we flatter ourselves that the same indulgence which induced you to see us in town, will persuade you, if anything should bring you towards Beconsfield, to let us have the same pleasure in the country. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect respect and regard, dear Sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant, EDM. BURKE.

Gerard-street, June 9, 1787.

From Mr. R. Archdale to Dr. Parr, dated

Nov. 30th, 1787.

Halhed and I are reading the Preface to Bellendenus; therefore, my dear Sam, tell me as soon as possible, under cover to Sir G. Collier, Bulstrode-street, what we may understand by the allusion (page 37) to the Greek of Στεφανον Graii vertere vocantes, &c. 'tis said to mean Lager, but how and why? We wish to know too from whence you take the motto to Mr. Fox's portrait? and shall not be unthankful, if you will construe

it for us. Pray do this, for the peace of mind of us both, and do it soon. As to the Preface, we only beg leave to offer the words of Johnson on another occasion: "Criticism would be impossible, and praise useless," and tell us too—does the "Scotus" mean Dundas, or Major Scott, or either, or neither, or both, for to each is it by some people given. Adieu! Halhed hopes and desires to see you whenever you visit London, and is sorry he was absent when you were here last. As to myself, I am just arrived from, and just returning to Ireland, where Lord Charlemont lent me your book, and where, as every where, I shall be yours,

R. ARCHDALE.

Of the edition of Bellendenus the Bishop of Cloyne's notice is so ample, that I shall not quote the opinions of other Reviewers. The original work is an honour to the Country from which it proceeded—that Country, which from the days of Buchanan to those of Dr. James Gregory, has never failed in fine writers or good scholars; and which may boast, since the establishment of the parochial schools, of a more intelligent population than any other on the face of the earth. The preface I consider as a sequel to the notes, added to the suppressed edition of Rapin on Whigs and Tories. The defeat of the Coalition had destroyed Parr's hopes of preferment—his connection with Mr. Windham at Norwich pointed his feelings to certain party men—he became enamoured of the leaders of Opposition, one of whose coadjutors had been his pupil; and the editing of Bellendenus afforded him the pretence, and gave him the power, of attaching himself to the Coalition and their allies. It gave him also an opportunity of displaying his powers in Latin

composition, and his command of that language,* and the almost infinite extent of his matchless learning, as well as his wish of exposing the plagiarisms of Dr. Conyers Middleton. It had long been suspected that Middleton borrowed largely, from some unknown source, materials for his life of Cicero, which has been in some measure proved by the republication of Bellendenus, and is remarkably confirmed by Mr. Lowth's anecdote. This is not all. In Parr's set of the Miscellaneous Works of Middleton, there are two notices on the blank leaves of the fourth and fifth volumes, which I shall insert.

When Dr. Middleton published his book De Medicorum Romæ degentium conditione ignobili, &c. it was answered by Dr. Leatherland, and also by Dr. Ward, Professor of Gresham College, who is said to have assisted Dr. Mead in writing Latin.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, a manuscript of Middleton was for the first time published, in 4to, by Dr. Heberden, and I have it. Now, as in the Life of Cicero Middleton was charged with plagiarism from Bellenden, and his Letter from Rome brought upon him the same charge, but with less justice, from a writer whom I believe to be Otto; so his work on Roman Physicians was accused of plagiarism, as I find from the following passage:

Dr. John Christian Wolff is preparing for the press an Answer to Dr. Middleton's Dissertation de Medicorum Romæ degentium conditione ignobili atque servili. Dr. Wolff thinks his adversary much obliged to a little book printed at Leyden in 1671, and reprinted in 1681, though he has not once quoted it.

* "There are in the Preface almost all the phraseological beauties I knew in Latin, and in particular you will find the subjunctive used properly, and with great wit, and yet I have endeavoured to shun all appearance of affected phraseology." This is his own observation to one of his friends.

It is entituled, "Medicus Romanus servus sexaginta solidis estimatus." See "The present State of the Republic of Letters," for February 1728, vol. i.

I never saw the work of Wolff. S. PARR.

I had often heard, when a young man, from scholars, that much of the matter contained in Dr. Middleton's famous Letter from Rome was borrowed, without acknowledgment, from some preceding writer. (He then details the authority which fixes upon Otto as the Author.) In June 1813 I bought the book at Dr. Gosset's sale. It was published at Utrecht 1731, and consists of three parts; the first of which, De Diis vialibus, appeared at Halle 1714, and consists of 14 chapters. In the 14th chapter, De Fatis Deorum vialium, it takes up the very subject upon which Middleton wrote..... If Middleton ever saw this book, it must have been of great service to him. See p. 24 of Middleton, and 312 of Otto, who also quotes Mabillon.

In regard to the politics of the Preface, the awful verdict of posterity alone can determine the reasonableness and truth: and that verdict will decide and proclaim whether the steps that led to the rejection of the India Bill by the House of Lords; and the influence that seated a stripling on the Treasury Bench, and bravely maintained him there, in defiance of the votes of the House of Commons of England, were not more deserving of parliamentary impeachment than classical invective. But of its policy there can be no doubt. None but such a character as Parr's, could have risen from beneath the ruins, which he had drawn down upon himself by his injudicious violence. The Coalition was a hateful measure to the people of England, who only judge of events from their success, and the apparent honesty and sincerity of the actors, whose optics are not fine enough to discover possible and remote uti-

lities, and to whom the intrigues of courts and the glozes of faction are as little intelligible as any other deviations from the usual course of natural actions, and the common maxims of common sense. On this occasion they adhered to their governors, and even punished their representatives. The Coalition, indeed, of the Oppositionists to the American War with Lord North, was unnatural in all its aspects. The Whig and the Tory could never amalgamate; the principles of toleration and reform, always professed by Mr. Fox, could never be associated with the system of passive obedience, of non-resistance, and that ecclesiastical zeal which induced Lord North to go down to the House, blind and led like Samson to the feast, to rivet the chains of a profane test.* And lo! how few were the years about to elapse, 'ere the third of the luminaries, urged on by his own pressing wants, or maddened by the French Revolution, dissolved the closest friendship of his whole political life with insulting arrogance, and severed himself from the man whom he had professed so long to love above all others, on a discussion and difference about speculative opinions.

Yet these were the three luminaries, the bright gods of Parr's political day, at whose shrine he prostrated and sacrificed himself!

Eloquent, unrivalled in Latin composition, forcible in delineation of character, more than any other composition of the age, and exuberant in learning,

* The reasonableness of a *test* is not hard to be proved; but perhaps it must be allowed, that the *proper test* has not been chosen.—JOHNSON'S SWIFT.

is the Preface to Bellendenus; and so nicely worked is the picture, so well blended are the colours, and so richly adorned with beautiful wreaths of foliage, and flowers of learned quotation, that this production of his pen will perhaps be handed down to posterity. But the delicate pencilling and rich colouring of praise on one side, are merely a set off against the dark and rough strokes and shades of the other. Compare the Demi-god Fox, and the Catiline Pitt—even Demosthenes spake not of Philip of Macedon more harshly: and perhaps in the delineation of the character of ὁ δεῖνα, the verdict of posterity will be, that in the Preface of Bellendenus the Oracle of Eloquence Παῤῥίζει.

The attack on Pitt contains one curiosity. Amid the fine writing and learned quoting, some iambics from the pen of Parr, interweaving the sentiments of Shakspeare with an Epigram of Epicharmus,* to delineate the character of Pitt, which if they were not the ground, might be supposed to give the hint, for the establishment of the Porson prize in the University of Cambridge.

Ψυκρὸν κέαρ τοῦ παιδίου θερμοῖς ἔπι
Ὑδαρὲς τέ πως καὶ λεπτὸν αἷμ' ἀεὶ τρέφον
Νήφειν τ' ἀπιστεῖν τ' ἄρθρα τοῦ βίου λέγει,
Ἀγέλαστον, ἄφιλον κα' προσήγορον τέρας.

It may be asked, cui bono was all this written? What cause of provocation had Parr? I know of none, except the general disappointment of his party, and the unmannerly oaths of Thurlow. For,

* Bentl. ad Mill. p. 17.

in the Notes to Rapin, he speaks with hope of Pitt, and does not upbraid him. But, if the censures were just, were they generous and wise? What business had he to call names in Greek, and to load with insult those whom he hated *only* politically? This was the observation of Thurlow.

Statesmen, Parr observed on another occasion, have long arms: and it may be presumed they have as long memories as other men, and that injustice, or even injury, sinks as deep into their hearts as into those of other men, when the attack is unprovoked. But when it degenerates into insult, as it did in the instances of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Thurlow, it can never be forgiven. A public man flies to revenge, as his only resource; and when the sword of justice is not within his reach, places the aggressor under the ban of his secret hatred, and bequeaths even to his successor his own spirit of vengeance and retaliation. Parr himself probably intended, in unsheathing the sword against the Pittites, to throw away the scabbard. He entered into the centre of the battalion of the Foxites, to stand or fall with his party; and if they gained the victory, to share the spoil. His long life of consistency was *most* honourable to him. He *did* adhere to his party, and suffered in their defeat. During the perilous times of the French Revolution, he was exposed to the insults and malignity of the ruling faction in his own county; and, though he stood firm and unmoved, his domestic peace was more than once disturbed. *Yet* is it not certain, though his party had gained the

victory, that he would have been permitted to partake the spoil. For Mr. Fox had not always the power of disposing of preferment, even when minister. Had the Coalition succeeded, *it is only a surmise* that he might have been Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. On the appointment of the Regency, *it was said* he was to be promoted to the See of Bristol. But, when his friends were actually in administration, it was insinuated that Lord Grenville declined promising a Bishopric, on the ground of Parr's unpopularity in his own profession. If it were so, he had sacrificed himself for nothing; wasting his powers in praising those who could not serve him, embarking those great talents in the service of a party or a faction, which were intended for the benefit of his country and his race—and, above all, departing from the great rules of his religion, "not to speak evil, nor to give offence to the least of his brethren." Let his example be a beacon and a warning to the scholar, how he employs his talents and his learning in *writing* for a party! Every man perhaps ought to belong to some party in a free State; but whatsoever freedom of opinion he may claim for himself, he ought not to monopolize, nor deny it to another. He may be an antagonist without bitterness, and stand up for his own principles without outraging those of others. Thus, while I blame Parr for throwing away his time and talents on a splendid declamation, I would not have it forgotten that his consistency maintained him in high station in the world, and the best credit among his friends. Even those who did not think

with him in politics, when the perilous times were past, courted him. His hopes of high preferment were blasted by his own petulance; not by the mildew of Bishop Hurd, nor the thunder and lightning of Chancellor Thurlow. *His long vernacular Sermons* would soon have been listened to with delight from the mitred chair, had he been quiet about political *men*, and not assailed them personally and insultingly.

Parr was attacked in a poem called the Parriad, and in a Latin poem, called, "Carmen Antamœbœum," and in a work styled, "An Examination of the Politics of the Preface of Bellendenus;" and of the paragraph venders of the day, many spat their venom with the usual insolence, and more than common spitefulness of hirelings. Of the Parriad, by William Chapman, A. M. Bew, 1788, the Monthly Reviewers say, "there is greater deficiency in the decency, than in the poetry." Of the "Carmen Antamœbæum, in olentem Bellendeni Editorem," Bell, 1788, the same Reviewers say, "It is called Carmen, though it has lines which defy scansion. The critical rod is not the only one from which this writer ought to receive his reward."

Homer's letters give an account of these squibs, and Parr himself also solves the mystery of the publication of the "Examination," in a letter to Dr. Maltby, assigning the conception of it to Dr. Cooper of Yarmouth, and the execution to David Urquhart, a Clergyman in Norfolk. Parr's Preface to Bellendenus was translated into English without his knowledge, and much to his injury, as he ima-

gined, soon after its appearance. Mr. Homer's letters will expose the supposed translator, and Parr's feelings of resentment, at this encroachment on his rights.

Mr. W. Beloe was the translator, I believe, and a particular mark has been set upon him by his account of his old master, in a work deliberately composed and printed during his life, though not published till after his death, "The Sexagenarian." Beloe was scholar to Parr at Stanmore, and removed from thence by a memorial of the upper boys. In chapter X. of the Sexagenarian, he has recorded the history of his feelings, "after he was placed under the care of a great dragon of learning," but has given no clue to the causes of his unhappiness, save in the suspicion he fell under, of one petty act of guilt, from the accusation of which he could not clear himself. But Mr. Beloe, as if resolved to leave no doubt of his early character, has himself given an account of his conduct, when first entered at Ben'et College, Cambridge. He was sent from Stanmore, not by the unkindness of the master, but by the hatred of the boys. It was not the cruelty of his *Orbilius*, but the contempt of his companions, that removed him to College. When "a raw freshman," he inscribed an epigram in one of the Chapel Prayer Books, against two young men of much higher pretensions than himself, so apposite, and severe, as unavoidably to provoke their indignation and resentment. "I was avoided as a dangerous miscreant," says Beloe himself, Sexagenarian, i. p. 34: and no wonder was it, that the boy and the youth was so avoided, who has confessed he

wrote an Amœbæan eclogue to expose the eccentricities of an amiable man, (did he only write one?*) and was so well versed in writing Satanic letters. P. 36.

The Sexagenarian was criticised in the Monthly Review for February 1818, by a gentleman and a scholar, by one who thinks only the truth, and has the courage to speak it.

This criticism triumphantly vindicates Dr. Parr, whose mind was sorely hurt by Beloe's attack. But he was not so angry on his own account, as of his friends, who had been traduced by the posthumous slanderer. On Mr. Monro's account he desired Mr. Maurice to make known to common friends the falsehood of the assertions regarding that gentleman.

Inclosed (says Maurice, March 10, 1818) is Sir William Scott's answer, when I sent him that portion of your letter respecting Beloe's book, which you wished me to make known to mutual friends, in vindication, I think, of your conduct towards Tom Monro.

Sir William Scott's answer to the Rev. Thomas Maurice, British Museum.

SIR,

I return you Dr. Parr's letter, which is written with a proper indignation against the ungrateful author of that publication. It is impossible that such a publication could injure Dr. Parr in any man's estimation. If Mr. N.... assured you that I was convinced he had nothing to do with it, he rather mistakes the state of my mind upon that matter.

* See the Carmen Antamœbæum against the author of Bellendenus.

Thomas Maurice was received at Stanmore by Parr soon after his establishment there; and of Parr, Mr. William Legge, and some of the leaders of the school, he has given a most interesting account, beginning at page 60 of the Memoirs of the Author of Indian Antiquities. He there not only makes us acquainted with the boys and their habits, but has done ample justice to the master, who almost inspired his scholars with a love of learning.

'It was indeed impossible, (says he,) while we were construing the choruses, and often very sublime speeches, of the Ἄγγελος, or Messenger, in the Greek Tragedians, for the most stupid boy not to be deeply affected with the mode in which Dr. Parr—for so I shall venture to call my revered friend, as a title more dignified, and more familiar to me, though he did not take that degree till several years afterwards—with the mode, I say, in which he treated the subject of our instruction. For, in our progress through the interesting drama, to the antient Greek and Roman authorities, brought in illustration of the author, were added similar passages, generally *imitations*, to be found in modern writers, principally English; as, for instance, in respect to the tragedy just mentioned, the Œdipus Tyrannus, all the pathetic ejaculations of Milton, relative to his blindness, were adduced to increase the interest, from Paradise Lost and Samson Agonistes. This was done in the most impressive manner, by an instructor who, in addition to his profound knowledge of Greek lore, accurately knew, and strenuously exerted, all the powers of the English language, to enforce them on his pupils. During his eloquent recitations, I have known youths of feeling affected by them even to tears; and, I believe, none who heard them ever after forgot them.

It is not necessary to follow the Memoirs of the Author of Indian Antiquities through his high Cambrian origin, or his more pressing domestic ca-

lamities; nor to detail the long list of magnificent patrons of his oriental labours. Suffice it to say, that these Memoirs, like those of the Sexagenarian, are a sort of literary history of the period. They record abundance of names, they copy abundance of letters, they tell agreeable stories, but with these remarkable differences:—Maurice is full of Stanmore, of gratitude to his master, of lively interest for many of his schoolfellows; but, unlike him, the traducer of no one. Like the Sexagenarian, he loves high Church politics; but does not attempt to traduce low Church politicians, as he did. Like him indeed, he courts and flatters patrons and ministers; but, unlike the other, he does not vilify benefactors. I did not read the Memoirs of the Author of Indian Antiquities till long after I had composed the account of Parr at Stanmore; and I now beg leave to direct the attention of the reader to the account of Stanmore, which Mr. Roderick gave me, when he was in his 83d year, after the lapse of near 50 years, to shew how accurately it agrees with the younger, and more gaudy account by Maurice. Mr. Lytton, in one of his letters, which I have copied, bore testimony to Joseph Gerald's personification of Zanga.

The incomparable scholar, Gerald, (says Maurice,) went eloquently through a part of eight or nine hundred lines, without a pause or a blunder (Œdipus). Would to God he had acted his part with equal correctness in the great drama of life!

Maurice brings forward particularly Walter Pollard, one of his schoolfellows at Stanmore, whom I have noticed, and appends some very foolish observa-

tions on American politics, and on certain incidents of his life. But we owe to this circumstance the introduction of some valuable correspondence of Sir William Jones. Of Stanmore I shall conclude the account, by recommending to the learned reader the close of the first part of the Memoirs of A. I. A. from p. 104; and that reader cannot fail to be impressed with the striking and involuntary testimony that is there borne to Parr's merits as an instructor. To the teacher, who led his pupils on gradually, from poetry and oratory and history to philosophy—who illustrated the leading facts by his memory, and by a comparison of the respective merits of the different schools, and who, by an able discrimination displayed them in opposition with the more enlightened theories of the moderns.—To such a teacher, who was capable from the rich stores of his mind, to paint all the beauties of style and all the force of intellect manifested in these compositions, it is no wonder, should be applied the most expressive homage, that language could pay. The men he produced are evidences of the precious advantage of his instruction; and there can be no doubt that to Sumner and to him, but especially to him, the higher branches of scholastic instruction owe much of their present improvement—for, his instructions were no mummeries—learning by him was inexorably enforced; and diligence with him was an indispensable obligation. He compelled the boy to learn, who could learn, without enticing or tricking him into the service of letters; and when he was of age to reflect, he made it his interest to reflect, and he

taught him to reflect. He attended diligently to the mental bias of every boy; and no one capable of instruction ever departed from him without receiving it. Like Busby, he practised severity; and like him, I have no doubt he would have had at one time sixteen Bishops on the bench, had he continued to old age seated in the chair of one of our great public schools. In these, and in all other respects, Maurice has done justice to Parr's talents and merits as a preceptor, and I shall print some letters, as they do honour to his own character, in displaying to the last, his gratitude and attachment to that master, who was, and continued to be, his benefactor through life.*

* See Appendix.

CHAP. IV.

Bampton Lectures.

While Parr resided at Norwich, Professor White of Oxford had engaged him in his service, and employed his leisure in revising the Bampton Lectures, about to be preached before the University in 1784.

It becomes my duty, therefore, to consider the nature of his literary connection with the Professor, and to trace the extent of his contributions to the works of so celebrated an author.

I have no exact information of the beginning of Parr's acquaintance with White—perhaps it began by the introduction of Mr. Walters, his assistant in Norwich School; for the following letter, which shews a recent acquaintance, mentions the name of Mr. Walters, as implicated in some communication interesting to both parties.

From the Rev. Joseph White to the Rev. Samuel Parr.

REV. SIR, *Oxford, Feb.* 1781.

I am ashamed to acknowledge that I had the honour of receiving from you, about three months since, a very polite letter, with the inclosed biblical queries, &c. &c. I thoughtlessly laid aside your letters amongst some other papers, and afterwards forgot it, till I was reminded of it by Mr. Walters.

Thus early did they correspond on literary subjects. In the next year, White continued to ask

literary favours, for he had received them before, according to the avowal made in the following letter:

WORTHY SIR, *Oxford, Nov. 25th*, 1782.

My edition of Abdollatiph's History of Egypt, which you *have* kindly encouraged by your subscription, and which is now nearly out of the press, I intend to dedicate to my friend and patron, Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Bangor. May I beg the obliging assistance of your pen on this occasion, by throwing into a compact inscription the following character of the Bishop: *He has long honoured me with his benevolence and friendship as an individual, and with his generous protection as an author. He has been always admired for the conscientious discharge of his Episcopal function; and amiable in the performance of the private duties of his family.* A dedication is always the most conspicuous part of a book, and therefore I wish to trust to the known elegance of your Latin style, for satisfying the public expectation in this particular, rather than perhaps disappoint it by what I might myself have written. Your kindness on *a former occasion* has caused you this trouble, from, worthy Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

JOSEPH WHITE.

On the same subject he addresses the following letter to Parr:

WORTHY SIR, *Oxford, March 13, 1783.*

I had just received your very friendly and judicious letters, when I was suddenly called to London to transact some literary business of importance. Amidst the hurry that unavoidably attends the first day after my return to this place, and the preparation I am obliged to make for a large class of Hebrew pupils, I cannot forbear (in a few hasty lines) to thank you for the pains you have bestowed on my dedication and prefaces; and to express my admiration of the critical skill you have bestowed in revising them. The new manner you have given to the dedication is masterly, and is calculated to satisfy the ear and the mind much better than in its former shape. As you have authorised me to expect that in the course of your future leisure, you will honour with a perusal the work you have patronized by your learned assistance, I am inclined to hope that

I may prevail with you in requesting some additional communications from your pen, and that you will add to its value by a cursory revisal, from time to time, of the whole manuscript. That part of the book for which I am responsible will extend but to a few printed sheets; and, whether you favour me with substituting your elegant Latin for the phrases you dislike, or by underlining them with some cautionary mark, I shall receive every specimen of your criticism with the respect and gratitude it must deserve. I have great pleasure in expecting your promised visit at Oxford, which I shall add to the number of obligations you have conferred upon me. The occasion of your journey gives me equal satisfaction; yet I cannot forbear to regret that the limited and narrow patronage of these times has not rendered it more adequate to acknowledged worth and abilities. I remain, learned Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant, J. WHITE.

The next correspondence with Dr. White, opens the whole scheme of the Bampton Lectures. On one set of papers is written, "An original draft for the Bampton Lectures, sent to Dr. Parr for his correction at Norwich;" in which the scheme itself is unfolded at large; and but for the bulk of the documents, I should have recommended their publication in these works. They will perhaps be laid before the public hereafter; and curious to the eyes of posterity must be the first germination of such a work as *White's* Bampton Lecture. As the production grew, we shall see how it was trained by Badcock, and with what vigorous shoots it flourished under the fostering and grafting hand of Parr.

Wadham College, Dec. 1st, 1783.

Mr. White presents his most respectful compliments to Dr. Parr, and requests the favour of two or three lines from him, on the subject of a proper introduction to the characters of

Christ and Mahomet. The materials are all prepared, and ready to be wrought into shape. If Dr. Parr would condescend to suggest to Mr. White how he might best open and conduct the subject, he would esteem it as a very particular favour. Mr. W. rests assured that he shall have the honour of a line from Dr. Parr upon this business, as soon as it suits his convenience. In great haste.

As the business went on, Professor White expresses encreased earnestness for Parr's assistance.

LEARNED AND WORTHY SIR, *Feb. 24th*, 1784.

I thank you most heartily for your admirable improvements of the three first sheets of Lecture I. which I have lately received. The enclosed is a part of Lecture III. Another part I have sent by this evening's post, addressed to Mr. Fraser, at the Secretary of State's Office, and I have requested the favour of him to forward it to you immediately. Both these Lectures form the whole view of the difficulties Christianity had to struggle with at its first appearance, with respect to Jews and Gentiles. The remainder of the Sermon (which is no inconsiderable part) will be sent to you as soon as possible. The post is this moment going out, and I have only time to mention two circumstances. One is, that this Sermon is to be preached on the third Sunday of next month. The other, that, as I believe I shall be in London the whole of next week, I particularly wish that you would be so good as to send all the corrected sheets addressed to me at Mr. Ellis's. If I happen not to go to London, Mr. Ellis has franks enough to convey the papers to Oxford; but I believe I shall be in London. I remain, worthy Sir, with the sincerest gratitude, your most obliged servant, J. WHITE.

Your corrections were not admitted in the last part of the third sheet I sent you, because I wrote those papers three months ago.

WORTHY AND LEARNED SIR, *Feb. 26*, 1784.

I hope you have before this time received the packets from

me, containing the whole view of the Jewish and Gentile world at the time of Christ's appearance. This view is as accurate as I could make it, and I flatter myself I have taken in what is essential to the argument. When it has received your improvements, I think it will be heard with attention at St. Mary's. It happens fortunately that the eight Lectures are preached at three different periods; three this Term (on the 7th, 14th, and 21st of March), three in Easter Term, two in October. This exactly suits my three divisions. The introductory Lecture, the History of Mahometism, and the History of Christianity, form the first part. The Characters of Mahomet and Christ, the Doctrines of the Koran and the Gospel, the Claims of External Evidence urged by Mahomet and Christ, form the second part. And the different influence of the two Religions on the welfare of the Individual and of Nations, is the subject of the two last Sermons.

The conclusion of Lecture III. which will make about 20 pages more, I shall forward to you as soon as I can prepare it. I wish much to make this an interesting Sermon; and as it is the last Discourse I am to preach this Term, I must earnestly entreat you to kindle again that fire which burns so admirably in Lecture I. Apropos—I think one of the additions you sent me (viz. that which begins with, "Hitherto, indeed, infidelity has not been able to achieve anything," and down to, "There is a Providence," contains as much masterly eloquence as can be found in the same compass of sentences in any work in the English language. The three sheets I sent you last, had been written out by me two months before, and I had not leisure to copy them, otherwise the passage, "amidst the claimants of truth," &c. would have appeared according to your excellent correction. I forgot to mention this circumstance to you. The Latin Dedication to Abdollatiph was kindly accepted by the Archbishop, and it is to be prefixed to that work when it appears. I purpose, likewise, to dedicate these Sermons to his Grace, and have already drawn up something that I am tolerably satisfied with, "*On the propriety of attempting to further the progress of Christianity amongst our Mahometan Subjects in India.*"

I remain, worthy Sir, with the sincerest respect and gratitude, yours wholly, J. W.

Oxford, May 13th, 1784.

MY MOST LEARNED AND WORTHY FRIEND,

The fame of the Bampton Lectures increases daily; they give equal satisfaction to the beaux and the belles and the doctors. The church is crowded in the most extraordinary manner.*

Stinton (to whom I communicated them in confidence as yours) is wonderfully struck with the propriety, the strength, and the elegance of your observations on the character of Christ.

I sent you this morning by the coach the first Christian part of Lecture VI.; the enclosed is the remainder of that Lecture. I earnestly request the favour of you to give a little relievo to the general diction; it is too much in basso: and if you would be so good as to throw in a brilliant passage or two, particularly a few sentences at the end, it would be esteemed a very great obligation. This is the concluding Lecture of the Term. Please to send the corrected copy, not to Mr. Ellis, but immediately to myself, at Oxford; or to Mr. Stinton, who will give me your letter unopened. He knows your hand-writing, and esteems you very highly for the essential services you have done me on the present very important occasion. I remain, worthy Sir, with the deepest sense of gratitude, and with the most profound respect, your most obliged servant, J. WHITE.

N.B. Lecture VI. is to be read next Sunday se'nnight.

P.S. The Porter has this moment brought me your corrections of the first part of Lecture V. I have not time, before the post goes off, to read your letter with attention. Whatever your commands may be, I will obey them; and, if an answer be requisite, I will send it to-morrow.

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* Mr. John Walters, (afterwards Tutor of Jesus College,) brother of Daniel Walters, Dr. Parr's Assistant at Norwich, writes thus to Dr. Parr;

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Oxford, May 1st*, 1784.

.....The Professor is preaching the Bampton Lectures with a splendour and success before unheard of in Oxford; for great part of which he expresses his obligations to your assistance. [*Yes! from this quarter he knew that there would be a direct communication of what he said to Dr. Parr.* ED.]

June 2d, 1784.

MY MOST WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

I now send you the continuation of the Lecture upon the effects of the two Religions upon the character of the Individual. It is (as I have already mentioned to you) rude and imperfect. I have in this Discourse ventured upon a species of writing wherein *I am wholly a stranger*, but with which you are *most perfectly* familiar. I must therefore *put* myself entirely under your guidance and protection. The illustrations of the reasoning with regard to Mahometism, I think I can make out very well. I forgot to mention to you in my last (containing the four first pages of this Discourse), that I meant to allude in one part to the discovery of the Magnet and the invention of Printing. I fear I did not clearly explain myself; I humbly beg the favour of you to make my meaning more intelligible.

As this Lecture completes the number prescribed by the Founder, I wish to terminate my career with credit; any improvements, therefore, of the papers I take the liberty of sending you, will be in the highest degree acceptable to me. *The particular illustrations* of the two points of the Lecture, and the conclusion of all, I reserve to myself — not having yet finished them. The inclosed papers I humbly take the liberty of requesting you to transmit to Mr. Ellis and Mr. Stinton, directed to me. I am, my most worthy and most learned Friend, yours respectfully and gratefully, J. W.

WORTHY AND LEARNED SIR, *London, Aug. 6th*, 1784.

Having been called up to town for a day or two on particular business, I have taken the opportunity of sending you, by the Norwich coach of this evening, (from the Swan with two Necks,) copies of my third, fourth, and 5th Lectures. If they should miscarry, I beg the favour of you to inform me of it by a line directed to me at Oxford, whither I must go to-morrow, and where I must stay the remainder of the summer. It is the heaviest misfortune of my life, that I cannot accept your kind invitation to Norwich, but the thing is impossible; a thousand

pleasures and advantages would have arisen to me from so seasonable an interview. Your kind offer of sending me some remarks on Bayle, and the book de Tribus Impostoribus, I accept with the sincerest gratitude; they will be very valuable additions to the book I am publishing. I have the pleasure of informing you, that your very friendly zeal in correcting so admirably my rude sketch, is likely to gain the end you proposed, the procurement of some comfortable preferment from his Grace of Canterbury. He tells me he hears from all parts great accounts of the masterly elegance of the Lectures. THAT ELEGANCE IS WHOLLY YOURS. The third Lecture will not be put up to press till *Monday se'nnight* or Tuesday se'nnight. Any corrections of the text, or any notes upon the text, previous to publication, will be received from you with that respect which is due to the first scholar of the age, and will give a lustre to every page that is honoured by your animadversions. I am, worthy and learned Sir, you most obliged and most grateful humble servant, JOSEPH WHITE.

P. S. I engage, before the end of October, to send you as perfect a copy of Photius's MS. Lexicon as can be procured.

Oxford, August 9th, 1784.

MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

You have lately accused me of being too lazy in writing to you; I am afraid you will now think me impertinently troublesome. I am under great anxiety about the just delineation of the character of Christ, which is to be the last Sermon of the first volume. Mahomet's is wonderfully improved, since I sent it to you on Friday. Will it not be a little indecorous for the character of the Impostor to be drawn with more brilliancy than that of the venerable Founder of our Religion? The superior difficulty of the task will not strike every reader who perceives a difference in the style. Will you, therefore, my worthy friend, permit me once more to presume on the same disinterested friendship that has repeatedly exerted itself to serve me, for the revisal of this Lecture in particular, and the correction of whatever shall appear to your nice judgment improperly expressed? The extension of some passages that are

concise, the contraction of others that are diffuse and redundant, the elevation of those that are low, and the illumination of those that are obscure, which your pen is so capable of giving, would throw a wonderful lustre over this sketch of sacred biography, and enable me to send it abroad to meet the scrutinizing eye of the public. I know how great is the favour I am requesting; I know the variety and importance of your avocations, and the unreasonableness of my request after obligations so recent in their effects; but I also know the unequalled rapidity of your pen, either in the original structure or in the subsequent improvement of composition; and what have still greater weight with me, those benevolent and friendly dispositions with which you have honoured, worthy Sir, your most obliged and most grateful servant, J. WHITE.

Please to transmit to me my copy of the character of Christ by the post, with any alterations you please to make, as soon as suits your convenience. The press will soon be at our heels.

Speaking with Stinton the other day concerning the book De Tribus Impostoribus,* I desired him to set down on paper what he could meet with on the subject. The next morning he gave me the following memorandum, which, without his permission, I take the liberty of sending you. A full note on the subject of so curious a book would be a singular accession to my character of Mahomet.

It would take up too much space to copy the letters through 1785; they are all addressed "To my worthy and learned friend," and in a note, dated Sept. 29th, he asks for a Sermon for Whitehall.

It may be on any subject, I wish it were tolerably legible.

J. W.

Oxford, December 21st, 1786.

WORTHY AND LEARNED SIR,

I am obliged to you for your kind invitation to Hatton ..... the book (the accursed book) † is actually printing, but the press is slow; nothing, however, is wanting on my part to expedite the publication. You will receive in a few

* See Appendix. † Abdollatiph.

days a satisfactory letter from J. Parsons (Bishop of P.) on the subject of Bellendenus.

Of the Rector (Dr. Stinton of Exeter) I have nothing to say; but that we meet accidentally once or twice a week, shake hands, walk and talk together on general subjects, but never meet at each other's rooms. I remain, worthy Sir, &c. yours respectfully, J. W.

Smith of Pembroke intends to accompany me.

Oxford, October 11th, 1787.

MY MOST WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

I have been poorly in health, and not much in spirits, for some time past; otherwise I should not have failed, as bound by every tie of decency and propriety, to have written to you long ago. Two or three trifling matters have given me uneasiness, and unhappily I cannot boast of your fortitude; I am no philosopher at all. However, with respect to yourself, I must do myself the justice to say, that not a day has passed since our last meeting, in which I have not thought of you with gratitude, with reverence, and with the most sincere and ardent wishes for your happiness.

I went to the Bodleian immediately on receiving your letter, but could find no manuscript notes on Terentianus Maurus. If you will send me a reference to them, I will copy them immediately. Stinton dined and supped with me on Monday, and I spent a day with him in Exeter last week, by particular invitation. I received information this morning that there is a parcel for me in town from Sir William Jones, and am curious to know the contents, and hope it will contain some observations on the Bampton Lectures, which I understand Sir William has read with attention, &c.

In the foregoing letter, December 21st, 1786, White asserts, that the accursed book is in the press. I find the following lively memorandum, dated "January 12th, 1787," in Parr's hand; the memorandum itself by Mr. Parry, subscribed by White and witnessed by Mr. Parry and Dr. Parr.

The Rev. Jos. White, B. D. Fellow of Wadham C. Oxford, Laudian Professor of Arabic, one of His Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall, sometimes Minister at Hatton, and more often a lover in the same; a great promiser, and no performer; a warm lover, and yet an old Bachelor; a great scholar, but a greater idler; doth hereby and herein, and in virtue hereof, solemnly promise, covenant, engage, vow, and downright swear by Mahomet, Hannah, Fohi, and all other Gods under the earth, and Goddesses upon the earth, among whom he includeth Beelzebub, Belial, and Abaddon, of the former, Hannah the glove-maker, and the Bar Maid of Nando's, of the latter—that he, the aforesaid Professor, will produce and publish, lawfully begotten of his own brain, the long-expected, long-promised, long-neglected, long-delayed, long-hated, and long-abused Latin translation of Abdolatif's History of Egypt, with Notes and Preface thereto belonging, and nothing therewithal connected, prints, paper, and packthread excepted, on or before the 1st of May next ensuing, under the penalty of one guinea, to be by him the said Professor expended in Roast Beef and Old Port, whereof, in consequence hereof, he is not to partake. JOSEPH WHITE.

Witnesses, SAMUEL PARR.
JOHN PARRY.

The Bampton Lectures and the Abdollatiph were not the only demands on Parr's intellect made by Professor White. The following letters will prove that he not only preached for him at Whitehall, but that he also furnished him with a Sermon for the 5th of November, and a Consecration Sermon:

MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND, *Oxford, Feb. 26th*, 1786.

I have executed all your commissions in Oxford with scrupulous exactness. I have employed myself diligently in Abdollatif. I have written to Schultens. I have sent the Preface to the press, and you will soon see it in print.

The Bishop of London has politely excused my attendance

at Whitehall, upon your kind offer of supplying my place. The afternoon Sermon shall be forwarded to you in two or three days.

The good Proctor (Mr. Routh), Smith, Stinton, and John Parsons, desire to be respectfully remembered to you; they are all well. Dr. Adams * is very sorry on your account, that he was absent in January. Yours gratefully, J. W.

I am extremely angry with Gilbert Stuart; the concluding part of the review is very impertinent.†

To the Rev. Dr. Parr.

MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND, *March 29th.*

I return you my sincere thanks for the great favour you have done me, in supplying my preaching at Whitehall. It would have been extremely inconvenient to me to have attended myself; and the audience, I doubt not, thought themselves very much obliged to me for giving them an opportunity of hearing the first preacher in England.

I have executed all your commissions to Mr. Legge, Burgess, &c. &c. The good and the learned among us wish impatiently to see you here; and the Proctor, in particular, desires to know by return of post what night he may have the pleasure of expecting you.

Yours wholly and for ever, J. W.

To the Rev. Dr. Parr.

It was not till near the close of White's life, that Parr recovered from him two Sermons, which had gained him nearly as much fame as the Bampton Lectures themselves. One of them was a Sermon preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, by White, on the

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* Master of Pembroke.

† Is not this the review of the Education Sermon? I quoted a sentence from it under that head as written by White. Is it possible that Stuart should add this concluding impertinent sentence, without White's knowledge?

5th of November, 1787, and which I heard him deliver to a congregation, which with difficulty restrained itself from the demonstration of applause. There was a low buzz, when he concluded a long and eloquent discourse on the influence and stratagems of popery, with the sentence, "And now it waves the olive branch, and now it brandishes the sword." The other was a Consecration Sermon.

By much effort (says Parr, in a memorandum on the following letter) I recovered the two Sermons which I had given to Dr. White. I had forgotten them, though, in his pamphlet, Dr. White had mentioned them slightly. After much evasion, I obtained them; and I endeavoured to obtain them because Dr. Routh had mentioned them to Mr. Bartlam. They were, at my request, delivered into the hands of Dr. Routh, who gave a receipt to Dr. White. Dr. Routh was pleased with them; and at last I remembered, that when the Lambeth Sermon was preached, Bishop Hallifax, who heard it, as White told me, said it was superior to the Bampton Lectures. I read only parts of them, when I had recovered them, and I gave them to John Bartlam, who now possesses them.

DEAR SIR, *Birmingham, August 9th*, 1808.

Mr. Warner very obligingly communicated to me the verbal message which, in consequence of bad health, you, while you were at Bath, had desired him to convey to me; and I afterwards wrote to him a very serious message, which it seems he could not deliver to you, because you had then left that place. I expected, however, to be favoured with a letter from you after your arrival at Oxford; and in consequence of the determination which I have formed upon a very unpleasant, but a very important subject, I find myself under the necessity of writing to you for the third time.

It exceeds the bounds of all probability that the two Sermons should not be within your reach; and as, upon examining a copy of the first letter which I had occasion to write to

you, I think it quite superfluous to enlarge upon the reasonableness of my claim, I must again entreat you, dear Sir, by every consideration which ought to weigh with you, as a man of letters and a man of honour, to lose no further time in restoring to me two compositions which, having answered the purpose for which they were originally intended, can no longer be of use to yourself; and, therefore, instead of falling into the hands of any other person, should be given back to myself, their author. You and I are descending, perhaps, rapidly to the grave. It is the sincere, it is the anxious, it is the most serious wish of my heart to avoid altercation. For Heaven's sake, then, do what I require to be done; and what I shall persist in requiring, because I feel the strongest conviction that I am right.

I hope, that the Bath waters have been useful to you, and I shall hear with real and great pleasure, that your recovery is far advanced. I beg my best compliments to your lady, and have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Sir, your faithful well-wisher and obedient humble servant,

To the Rev. Dr. White. S. PARR.

Christ Church, Aug. 20, 1808.

Dr. White presents compliments to Dr. Parr, and informs him, that, according to Dr. Parr's instructions, he has this day delivered to the President of Magdalen College a packet, containing two MSS. viz. a Sermon for the fifth of November, on Matt. x. 34. And a Consecration Sermon on 1 Cor. xiv. 33.

After the lapse of twenty-one years Dr. White cannot undertake to specify the unimportant alterations which he made in these Discourses. The additions he believes to be accurately marked in the margin with red ink.

After the most diligent examination of his papers, Dr. White assures Dr. Parr that he possesses no other copies of these Sermons; and he has no reason to think, that any other copy of either of them exists.

To the Rev. Dr. Parr.

The Rev. Dr. Routh to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, Aug.* 21, 1808.

Dr. White called yesterday, bringing two Sermons with him, which he desired me to acknowledge the receipt of in writing. This I did, after examining whether the Sermons agreed with the form of the receipt he had drawn up. He then put them in a paper, sealing it, and delivered the parcel to me. All he said on the subject was, that he had long doubted whether he could find these Sermons.

God bless you, my dear Sir, and believe me to be, sincerely yours, M. J. ROUTH.

But we must go back again in order of time. I insert the following letters to display the management of White, when the Bampton Lectures became part of the triumphant literature of the University of Oxford:

WORTHY AND LEARNED SIR, *Oxford, Dec.* 1, 1784.

I am very much ashamed to say, that since the publication of the Sermons I have been a little dissipated, being overwhelmed with the flattering approbation of the University, and the kind invitations of friends. The period of pleasure is now past, and I am returning to serious application.

I most sincerely beg your pardon for not having paid a more punctual attention to your letters. I have in this instance been guilty of a great fault, for which I am heartily sorry, but I am conscious of no mental ingratitude and no disingenuity.

I think myself extremely obliged to you for your kind intention of reviewing the Sermons; and should much rather have had them reviewed by you than by any other man in the kingdom. But I had no choice at all in the matter. When I went last year into Devonshire to spend a week or two with Stinton, I had the honour of being invited to dinner by several gentlemen in the neighbourhood. At Sir John Chichester's table I MET ACCIDENTALLY WITH MR. BADCOCK, who lives at a few miles distance from Youlston, and who appeared to be a very

gentlemanlike, sensible man. He was extremely polite to me, and kindly offered, if I should publish any future work, he would represent it to the public in the most favourable light he could. The fame of the Lectures (which fame chiefly belongs to yourself) got into Devonshire before the Sermons were put to press. Upon this occasion I received a letter of congratulation from Mr. B. reminding me that he had promised to undertake the Review, and wishing me to send him four or five of the Sermons, as soon as such a number should be worked off; which, when I came to the end of the fifth Sermon, I accordingly did. When the book was published, I sent a whole copy to Mr. B. and since that time have heard nothing farther concerning the Review. I suppose the fact is, Mr. B. had prepared some observations on the subject; and having (as I have heard) mentioned to some gentlemen of our University who are natives of Devonshire, that he should write the critique, did not like to give me the credit of an article which he had taken some pains about. This is the simple history of the business, and I am sure you have so much candour, that you will not be angry with me for what I had no concern in.

I intend to write to you a letter of apology with regard to the publication itself to-morrow; and am in the mean time, *worthy Sir, with the profoundest respect and the sincerest gratitude, your most obliged servant,* J. WHITE.

The sale of the Lectures continues to be rapid. The last Sermon is considered by every person as the best beyond comparison.

To the Rev. Dr. Parr, Norwich.

I shall now lay before the readers the correspondence between Parr and Mr. Badcock, formerly a Dissenting Minister at Barnstaple in Devon, a man of great learning, and who had distinguished himself by his controversial writings against Dr. Priestley and Mr. Madan, the author of Thelyphthora; by some other theological discussions, and various criticisms and Essays in the Monthly Review. It ap-

pears, from the letters of the Rev. Mr. Hutton to Dr. Parr, that Mr. Badcock had quitted the Dissenters.

In truth he was certainly obliged to leave Barnstaple in consequence of embarrassments in an affair of gallantry, in which his conduct gave serious offence to many of his friends. This affair, I can assure you, is not forgotten by his Dissenting brethren in Devon; and if you say that he conformed to the Church towards the close of his life, when his *judgment was most mature*, I am convinced you will soon see *other* reasons assigned for his conformity; and I wish the subject could be passed over in silence. I am confident that B.'s memory will suffer by the discussion. He found that the unrelenting spirit of persecution was not appeased, even when he was countenanced by the most respectable characters in the county, and the conformity to the Church was not calculated to suppress the malevolence of his foes.

The hints about literary assistance, and the insinuations concerning the dark character of some individual contained in one of Parr's letters, it will be seen, were instantly comprehended by Badcock; for *he* was acquainted with the assistance Parr gave to White, though Parr knew nothing of Badcock's services in the Bampton Lectures.

From Mr. Badcock to the Rev. Dr. Parr, Norwich.

South Molton, Devon, Easter Day 1785.

REVEREND SIR,

I believe my name is not unknown to you. Yours is well known to me; and your great learning and abilities have been frequently the subjects of conversation among my friends.

I am now your petitioner, and I am not ashamed to beg, if Dr. Parr will vouchsafe to grant.

You had, I find, a wish to review our friend White's Sermons. I had made a previous application for them; and I suppose Mr.

Griffiths thought it would have been a slight to me, had he afterwards accepted your obliging offer.

I have for some time been exceedingly ill with my old disorder the head-ache; and have such frequent and severe attacks that I am at times alarmed at an apprehension of disagreeable consequences. All the time I could redeem from the visits of this most unwelcome companion, I have been obliged to devote to other pursuits. The illness of my uncle, with whom I live, hath given me continual anxiety; and his present situation is such as to require all my attention and care.

In this moment of distress and uneasiness I take the liberty of writing to you, to solicit your remarks on White's Sermons. I shall be obliged to you if you would send them to South Molton to be incorporated with those I have made, and with your assistance (which I shall be proud to acknowledge) I shall be able to produce an article worthy of the work. Please to point out what passages deserve most notice. I write in great haste, amidst much distraction of mind and pain of body, and have the honour to be, Reverend Sir, your very sincere and obedient

SAM. BADCOCK.

P. S. The article must be ready for the ensuing month.

Dr. Parr's Answer to Mr. Badcock.

DEAR SIR, *Norwich, April 1st, 1785.*

Our friend Mr. Griffiths told me that you were subject to severe head-aches. I am sorry to find the account confirmed by the letter which I had the honour of receiving from you. I am myself exposed to the same disaster, and when your letter came I was confined to my room.

I had intended to review the Professor's Sermons, and I mentioned this intention to Mr. Burney. It gave me, however, great pleasure to find that the task was undertaken in a quarter where I was sure it would be well executed.

I had drawn up a long train of preliminary remarks on the style and use of Sermons, and I had struggled with Hume's position in favour of the Pagan religion, which owed its support to splendid ceremonies rather than to doctrines. As the Review

is begun, these remarks cannot have a proper place, and I have not bestowed a thought on the Sermons in detail. The new edition came out yesterday, and I shall be glad to have the review adapted to it. There is one Sermon which Mr. White shewed me, on the propagation of the Gospel. I think it very sensible, and wish to see large extracts made from it. The book will reach me, I hope, in a day or two; and I will take the liberty of pointing out in a future letter such passages as seem to me deserving of notice. You cannot offend me by any difference of opinion as to their merit. I am no stranger to your great attainments as a critic, and thank you very sincerely for opening with me a correspondence, which I hope for an opportunity of improving.

I shall be glad to hear that you have a little breathing time from your head-ache, and from the affliction you are now feeling on account of your uncle. The observations on miracles are, I think, judicious; and I am pleased with the composition, though I condemn the spirit of the Professor's animated invective against Socinianism. I am, dear Sir, your well-wisher and respectful obedient servant, S. PARR.

From the Rev. Dr. Parr to the Rev. Mr. Samuel Badcock.

DEAR SIR, *Norwich, May 2nd,* 1785.

Set your heart at rest; for I hear from your friends, and I infer from your writings, both epistolary and controversial, that it is an honest and affectionate heart. I will, ex jure postliminii, undertake the review of Professor White's Sermons, and I can only say, the public has a heavy loss in the change of critics. Not one syllable of what I had written before can be used, as you have already published an introduction, and a masterly one, let me say.....On Sunday, too, I must preach before the Bishop, certain Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, and the Corporation. It is a charity sermon, and, should it be published, I desire you to review it; and I also desire you to speak your real opinion, not like the versifier in Persius, 1—55, who exclaims, Et verum inquis amo, verum mihi dicite, but with

the sincerity of a man who feels some little confidence in his own strength, and who feels as sincerely the greatest respect for your judgment, and the greatest esteem for your candour. How far is Devonshire from Warwickshire, where I am going to live? The map frightens me; but I hope balloons will soon enable us to see each other. Towards such men as yourself, I have a strong curiosity, like Horace, to know the "vultum habitumque hominis;" and should our cross fate deny me the satisfaction, I yet hope to meet you, and men like you, in a better life, when *we shall know even as we are known.* I am, dear Sir, your hearty well-wisher and obedient servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

It will be seen, in the correspondence immediately following, that White's negligence, to give it the mildest appellation, had excited Badcock's anger against Parr, in consequence of the detention of a letter. What White's motives might be, it is not difficult to conjecture. Was it jealousy, or was it fear? The subsequent events throw a light upon this dark manœuvre; and well might he apprehend the meeting, and the growing friendship and confidence of two men whom he had duped and cajoled. It is a fine specimen of what Parr terms, in his remonstrance to White, "your own dark management, united with your own clumsy execution."

From the Rev. Dr. White to the Rev. Mr. Badcock, inclosing "a copy of Dr. Parr's letter to Mr. Badcock."

DEAR SIR,

Professor White drives the pen, whilst I am wielding the pipe; and though the fumes of tobacco are friendly to stupefaction, the remembrance of you, of your talents, and your virtues, inspires me with cheerfulness, and almost animates me

to eloquence. But away, my dear Sir, with studied sentences, and rounded periods, and all the idle parade of literary compliment. I, for two months, have been emancipated from the galling fetters of my profession. I am at this moment open to all the generous and expanded feelings of friendship; and to you, who are a scholar, a philosopher, and a Christian, I find an object which calls forth their utmost vigour, and fills up their most complete extent. I have read and admired your writings; I have heard, and I love your character. I long to see you, to converse with you, and to enjoy, under the auspices of your presence, and the animating influence of your example, those pure and sublime pleasures which can only be tasted by scholars who are, without pedantry, by philosophers who judge without dogmatism, and by Christians who believe without bigotry. White tells me that you never eat, never drink, and, what is worse than all, that you never smoke; but he does ample justice to the soundness of your judgment, to the copiousness of your knowledge, to the gaiety of your spirits, to the purity, to the candour, and to the benevolence of your heart. Let me, then, entreat you to saddle your horse, and hasten to Oxford, where I shall stay till the 14th of January; and where the cup which I am now quaffing will neither be full nor sweet, unless you pour into it the ἀττικὸν μέλι which flows in rich and abundant streams from your head and heart. God bless you, dear Sir, and grant the continuance and increase of your friendship, as one of the most important of those blessings which he in his providence has in store for me.

[What follows the Doctor wrote with his own hand.]

You will read and believe, and understand, and feel, what I write, when I subscribe myself, yours most respectfully and heartily, SAM. PARR.

Exeter College, December 24th, 1785.

DEAR SIR, *Wadham Coll. Aug.* 7,* 1786.

The above letter, of which I took a copy at the time, was

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* White's note for £500 has the same date, and was probably sent as one of the "inclosed papers."

hastily written one night about half-past twelve at the Rector of Exeter's, where Dr. Parr and myself happened to be alone, and were speaking of you. It miscarried, I apprehend, through my paying the postage, and sending it, together with the letter, by an improper person to the office.

I am much obliged to you for the great civilities you were so good as to shew me when I was last in Devon; and am, dear Sir, with the sincerest respect and the most affectionate regard,

Yours, J. WHITE.

Please to present my best respects, with many thanks, to your mother, your sister, and your uncle.

I am going to Dr. Parr's at Hatton, near Warwick, to-morrow morning, and shall be there at least eight days, where I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you. The inclosed papers, marked on the outside, "Memorandums. Monthly Review." you will be so good as to keep by you, and return them me when I have the pleasure of seeing you next in Devon.

From the Rev. Mr. Badcock to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *South Molton, July*, 1786.

I find there hath been a misconception of certain particulars, which I take the earliest opportunity to rectify.

When your admirable Sermon on Education was sent to me, I was in a state both of body and mind ill qualified to do justice to its great and distinguishing merits. I found myself every way unequal to the task of criticism, and was convinced that I was incapable of expressing my own sentiments in such language as I am satisfied with. I could not have stated my objections with sufficient perspicuity, or expressed my approbation with sufficient force. I therefore writ immediately to Mr. G——, and desired he would commit the business to better hands, signifying at the same time a wish that you might be informed that I had relinquished the undertaking.

To the objections, which arose from the state of my health and spirits, I added another, and it was this; that I had just then formed a resolution (and from which I never intend to deviate for any person, or on any occasion), that I would not

any longer be known to any author (if it could possibly be avoided) as the reviewer of his work. I have felt the great inconvenience of it. It is a damp on criticism. It represses all its freedom and vigour, and, as it gives me the idea of a task, I always execute it with reluctance, and never recollect it with satisfaction.

I therefore ask your pardon for having precipitately given you any reason to expect that I would undertake the review of your Sermon; but I concluded that it was resigned to better hands, which would do it more justice, and give you greater satisfaction.

This apology is due to your great talents and erudition; and I am sorry that I should so long have laid under the imputation of unfriendliness. I took it for granted, that you had been positively assured, that *I was not the author of the article in which your Sermon is reviewed.*

I also pledge you my honour to another thing. I *never* received your letter from Oxford; I never received one line from you in answer to my last, and, to tell you the truth, I was somewhat hurt at your neglect.

Our friend, Mr. Professor White, is now with me, AND HE CONJECTURES THAT YOU NEVER RECEIVED MY LETTER. The contents I cannot recollect. It was an answer to one in which you speak of your intended removal from Norwich, and I perfectly remember that I regretted that I could not *decypher* some of your *characters,* "for I would not lose a word that drops from the pen of Dr. Parr," or something like that.

I hope you will think of me with your usual respect and friendship. I am sure that, in this business, I have not forfeited my claim to either; and it is my ambition to be loved and esteemed by such a man as yourself.

I have hastily snatched up my pen to throw out my heart to you, without suffering you to think ill of it any longer.

The Professor and myself are going to make a little excursion into the northern parts of the county. I only regret that his stay will be so short. He hath much to see in these parts, and there are many who wish to see *him.* To-day I shall carry him to Sir Bouchier Wray's, and to-morrow to Sir John Chichester's. They will esteem it an honour to entertain him; and he

may be as much at his ease at their houses as at his own College. I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon; and am, with the truest esteem, dear Sir, your very faithful and affectionate servant, S. BADCOCK.

Monday morning, 7 o'clock.

From the Rev. Dr. Parr to the Rev. Mr. Badcock.

DEAR SIR, *August 2.*

The Professor has, I hope, told you that the message by Mr. Griffiths was punctually and faithfully delivered to me. The reasons you assign amount to a full justification of your unwillingness to be known; and yet I cannot help confessing to you that they would rarely act upon my mind with the force they seem to have upon yours. I lament your hard fortune, that, with a wish to be concealed, you should *once* have been known, and when known betrayed, and vilified in the blackest terms, and from the foulest motives. I thank Heaven, that my candour, and my charity, and my heterodoxy, are of a cast so different from Dr. Joseph Priestley's; but I must meet you a little more closely on the subject of the review; and suppose, dear Sir, that you had thought, what the reviewer wrote? You must not have thought disrespectfully of me. The only room I should have had for censure would have been, in the artificial generality of the criticism; in the studied *detrusion* of the work into the Catalogue dungeon; in the apparent solicitude to counteract extorted praise by indefinite and unanswerable censure. Of such writing I do not suspect Mr. Badcock; and he may be assured this is not a friendly way of talking, and I will change it. You, dear Sir, may be assured, that long, very long before the arrival of your letter, on the first comparison of your letter with the critique, I believed my critic not to be Mr. B. I wish you to read this in the hearing of Mr. White. .....I take it for granted, that his own regard for both of us, and his own fears, least any sort of bitterness should lurk in the minds of either, suggested to him the mention of this affair. But he has heard nothing from my mouth that can warrant him in supposing me to have suspected you; and he does know, from a word or two I dropped on the subject once in

conversation, and once in a letter, that I look towards a man whose obligations to me are numberless, on the score of reputation, interest, and literary assistance, and whose heart I have been exploring for three years, with anxiety to make some determination, and with anguish from that which I have made. But we will talk of more cheerful subjects. An injured and an able man I have long thought you—I now know you to be a social and benevolent one. Let me put you down in a list of friends, with whom you would not shrink to be associated. Come and see me—write to me when you can—and if my answer be not quite so exact as you wish, let me say, as Milton does to his friend Diodati, δηλον ὅτι ὡς βραδὺς καὶ ὀκνηρός τις ὢν φύσει πρὸς τό γράφειν.

Where is the Professor? Will you come with him? Desire him to be very careful about my most precious books. Griffiths, I find, is impatient to hear from him. I beseech you to join with his sincere friends in endeavouring to rouse him from this inattention, which (I experimentally know) is made an instrument for degrading his character and retarding his preferment, by certain malevolent wretches at Oxford. This is an additional reason for which I long to see you, and concert some measures to put these calumniating vermin to shame. Take care of your health and spirits; and be assured that all the illiberal and inhuman and infernal slanders let loose upon you, have produced no other effect upon wise and good men, than solicitude for your interests, and a respect for your abilities. I am, dear Sir, with great respect and very sincere regard, your well-wisher and obedient servant, S. PARR.

From the Rev. Dr. Parr to the Rev. Samuel Badcock.

DEAR SIR,

I received, and I thank you for your animated, elegant, and most friendly letter. A full answer to it you shall have when I have time to write one; and yet I wish you to anticipate it by a visit hither, for at Hatton we have a good house, good port, good library, good company, good spirits, and good air; though Dr. J. Priestley lives in our neighbourhood, without partaking of any of these good things, and, what to his mind

may be more afflictive, without the power of interupting them. White is just setting off for Warwick—it is seven o'clock in the morning—and I have been lining his stomach with tea, fortified by rum, cream, &c. &c. not to pamper his appetite, or please his palate, but to preserve his stomach from the cold, for you and I know that he is a Pythagorean in abstinence, and a fine lady in squeamishness. But to return from this Lucilian digression. White is going to Warwick to hear a Sermon, he knows and cares not by whom, or on what—to make himself fine at the barber's, that he may frighten my parishioners with his Jove-like locks in my pulpit this afternoon—and to collect a precious treasure of emetics, cathartics, diaphoretics, and diuretics, which a young Scotch physician has prescribed for him, and which I pronounce necessary for clearing the Professor's intellect and stomach, both of which are sorely injured by his attention, shall we say, or inattention, to Abdollatif. But the work *shall* be done ere he leaves Hatton. Farewell, dear Sir.

Yours truly, S. PARR.

The date of this letter must be the middle or end of August 1786, for White continued at Hatton till after September 6, and he had written the note of hand at Oxford August 7. The P. S. now to be inserted is very curious: it seems to refer to the publication of the Egyptian work: of course the note of hand could have nothing to do with it.

White fills up the sheet by asking,

.....occur to you on the subject, I shall be very much obliged to you for. It is my intention throughout the whole work to intermix, as judiciously as I can, grave scholar-like discourses with those of a lighter and more eloquent turn. The Sermons are specimens of what I mean in the former case, and this sketch of the life of Cleopatra is intended for a specimen in the latter. Yours ever, J. W.

In 1788 Mr. Badcock died at the house of Sir

John Chichester in London; and a note for £500 from White was found by Sir John in his pocket book. Dr. Gabriel, Preacher at the Octagon Chapel in Bath, became acquainted with Mr. Badcock only about six months before his death, on his offering himself as assistant minister.

Death (Dr. Gabriel says) deprived me of an able and faithful assistant—my congregation of a judicious instructor—and, as Dr. White eloquently expresses himself, in his letter to Miss Badcock, "Learning of one of her brightest ornaments; and religion of one of her ablest defenders."

Dr. Gabriel hastened to town immediately after the death of Mr. Badcock; and on the 4th of June had an interview with Professor White, who received intelligence of the note of hand, with apparent confusion and displeasure. Dr. Gabriel then related to him a conversation between Mr. Badcock and himself, which seemed to prove that it was the remuneration for services done by Mr. Badcock in the Bampton Lectures; but, in order to settle all the affairs, it was agreed, that Dr. Gabriel should go down to South Molton in Devon, where Mr. Badcock's sister lived, and where his papers were deposited. He did so.

Miss Badcock produced the original note, and put many of her brother's papers into his possession. Dr. Gabriel then followed the Professor to Oxford, called on him,

.....and not only found him dissatisfied at the result of a journey undertaken at his request, and performed at my own expense, but I was accused of being in league with Miss B. *to pick his pocket* (*I remember his very words*). Incensed at

this charge, I declared that if he persisted in it I would lay the whole conduct before the University; and I gave him till the next morning to reconsider the matter. I called at the appointed time; but the Doctor, during a long and warm conversation, neither retracted the charge nor apologized for the affront,—and *therefore* I mentioned the matter among my friends at Oxford.

This mention of the matter reached Parr's ears, and his astonishment may well be conceived, when it is recollected, that no communication had been made to him respecting Badcock's assistance.—No, not even by Badcock himself during their correspondence. At first, he did not believe the story: but the undeniable testimony of Dr. Gabriel and the Rev. Mr. Hutton, Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, a friend of the Badcock's, dispelled the mist, and cleared up all those doubts, which the shufflings of Professor White had raised in his mind. For the letter to Badcock, which I have quoted, proves that such doubts had been raised up, by the dark manœuvres and ambiguous character of the Professor. Immediately after the discovery of the note of hand by Sir John Chichester, Dr. Gabriel wrote for the first time to Dr. Parr; and Mr. Hutton had some communication with him on the subject of the Bampton Lectures, and in his second letter, which I now copy, nearly the whole of the plot is developed.

DEAR SIR, *South Molton, Devon, June 27th*, 1781.

The respect which I feel for your character, and the candour which I have experienced in your conduct, induce me to address you again on the subject of the Bampton Lectures.

The opinion which I entertained when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Oxford, with respect to Mr. Badcock's claim, and the Professor's conduct, has been fully confirmed since by several letters which Dr. Gabriel shewed me at Bath, and by a conversation with Miss Badcock. You probably recollect that, when we met at Mr. Routh's rooms, Mr. Parsons declared that the original note, which he had seen, was not payable at different times. I then said, that I could venture positively to assert the contrary; but I confess I was almost tempted to doubt my own recollection. I now send you a copy of the original note, which was taken by Dr. Gabriel at Miss Badcock's, in South Molton, and what inference must I draw from this circumstance? Dr. White must have shewn a false note to Mr. Parsons, if his memory can be relied on, which I have no reason to doubt. If my inference be wrong, I shall be obliged to any one who will set me right. *Appearances* are certainly bad. If Dr. W.'s friends at Oxford know any circumstances which can throw new light on this dark business, and choose to conceal them, they are answerable for the consequences; and if I am wantonly suffered to remain in an error when I have done all in my power to discover the truth, the fault is not with me, nor has my own conduct merited such treatment. I have acted openly in the accusation, and I only wish that the defence, if any can be made, may be conducted in the same manner. My own convictions will not suffer me to let the matter rest in its present obscurity. My silence would, in my own opinion, be criminal; for, though it is neither my business nor my intention to be the defender of Mr. B.'s conduct, yet it is my duty to vindicate any man from the charge of dishonesty, when it is in my power. Justice to the memory of the dead, and humanity to the feelings of the living, both forbid my silence; and *you*, I am sure, will allow that the claims of justice and humanity are too sacred to be sacrificed to any private considerations. I firmly believe that the note was given for Mr. B.'s assistance in the Sermons; nor can I discover a single circumstance to confirm the supposition of its having been given for future services. I shall be at Oxford either in the first or second week in July; I shall then wait on Mr. Routh,

and shall take some method of acquainting the University with my opinion. I shall be happy to receive any command from you at Oxford; and I hope it is needless to assure you that I shall be wholly silent with regard to *your* claims, nor shall I even allude to them, without your direction. I am sorry to interrupt your attention to more important pursuits; but I could not withhold from you my present sentiments and determination, without offering a violence to my own feelings. I have the honour to be, Sir, with great respect, your very obedient servant, H. HUTTON.

I presume you have been informed of the circumstances respecting my letter to Schomberg. I write this in such haste that I cannot enlarge on the business.

Copy of the Note.

£500. *Wadham College, Aug.* 7, 1786.

I promise to pay to the Rev. S. B——, of South Molton, Devon, the sum of five hundred pounds *at or before the times hereafter specified, viz.* £50 in the present month, one hundred pounds in the next Oxford Lent Term, and £350 in July or August 1787. J. WHITE.

This note was changed by Dr. White July 22d, 1788, for five others.

There is a long correspondence of Dr. Gabriel's in my possession, in which he communicates to Parr the insults he received from Professor White, on producing the note, and the various steps he was taking to vindicate his own character, and thereby disclosing the secret connection of the Professor with Badcock.

When White was driven from his accusation that Dr. Gabriel and Miss Badcock meant to pick his pocket, he pleaded that the note was intended as a remuneration for the History of Egypt. I have already copied the Professor's letter to Badcock,

in which he sends the detained letter of Dr. Parr, and "Papers and Memorandums." This letter is dated "August 7th, 1786, Wadham College." The note is dated "August 7th, 1786, Wadham College." Not a word does he say in this letter of Egypt; not a word does he say of remuneration for services *to be* performed; and when he writes on September 6th, 1786, he thanks Badcock for his kind offer of assistance, and adds, with his usual dark allusion:

> All I meant with regard to the memorandum was to guard against Hutton's seeing it, in case you happened to receive the letter, and open it in his presence.

This letter was sent from Hatton, where he remained a considerable time; and as has been already proved, where he signed a memorandum, promising to finish Abdollatif, "the accursed book," and WHERE Parr tells Badcock, "*the work shall be done 'ere he leaves it;*" what need then of further assistance?

In the end Dr. Gabriel published his "Facts relating to the Rev. Dr. White's Bampton Lectures;" and has proved to demonstration the large share Mr. Badcock had in their composition. I shall quote little of Dr. Gabriel's correspondence, which is very voluminous, as the essence of it is contained in the 'Facts.' But I insert the following "confidential memorandums for Dr. Parr," from Dr. Gabriel's own paper, that the reader may judge of the whole truth, so far as it lies in my power to place it before him:

Dr. Gabriel had agreed with Miss Badcock, on behalf of the Professor, for whom he took a journey at his own expence to South Molton in June 1788, and at the Professor's particular request, that he should pay her £100 annually, the latter end of November, for five years successively. Dr. White objects to this; and accuses Dr. Gabriel of being *concerned* with Miss Badcock in *picking his pocket*, as it were, of so much money, on his return to him at Oxford, by desire also, from South Molton; where he then angrily said, he would go himself and settle the matter with Miss Badcock. He did go, and exchanged his note for £500, payable by instalments, in sums of £50, £100, and £350, dated "Wadham College, Oxford, August 7, 1786, for five notes, payable in half the time Dr. Gabriel had stipulated for with Miss Badcock.

Extract from Dr. White's letter to Dr. Gabriel on his way to Devon.

I have no doubt that Miss Badcock has behaved with strict honour in a point of such delicacy. If she refers the matter to you as a common friend, perhaps I may have the pleasure of meeting you at Oxford during our week of Commemoration. I leave every thing to your discretion, and shall acquiesce in every thing you may think proper to do on this occasion.

Extracts of different letters from Dr. White to Mr. Badcock.

Nov. 27, 1783.

Our correspondence must be a profound secret. The world suspects that my journey* has not been a mere excursion of pleasure. You will therefore please to direct your letters to me thus—*To John Richardson, Esq. Wadham College, Oxford.* Mr. Richardson has been a member of our College, and now lives in London; and I shall give strict orders to the porter to bring all letters thus addressed immediately to me. The let-

* To South Molton.

ters I send to you I shall myself give into the hands of the post-man, as he goes out of Oxford. Dear Mr. Badcock, your great learning, your great understanding, your great virtues, have not produced a more warm admirer, or a more faithful friend, than you have in me. I speak truth only, when I assure you that I shall rank your friendship among the very first honours *and happiest events of my life.*

The parts I particularly wish you to undertake are Lecture I. VII. and VIII.

Of the first, I have nothing farther to say, than to desire, if it can be done with propriety, that some elegant compliment may in some part be paid to the University. Lecture VIII. I leave wholly to yourself.

Dec. 9th, 1783.

Your Introduction to Lecture I. dated Dec. 5th, gives me the most perfect satisfaction. It is extremely ingenious, and incomparably excellent. I did not think it possible for my remarks to have been introduced with such perfect propriety.

Jan. 8th, 1784.

Dr. Parr is at present employed in reviewing this Lecture (No. II.) and has already sent me his revision of the first half, executed in a masterly manner. I request the favour of you to undertake the subject from this place, and to continue it up till the final establishment of Christianity. I devolve the whole business on yourself. I have no hints to suggest to you, and you need none. The part where we encounter Gibbon ought to be brilliant, and the conclusion of the whole must be animated and grand..... I most earnestly entreat you to finish the third Lecture as soon as it suits your convenience, and to adapt your manner of writing, as much as you possibly can, to the style of my printed Sermon. Your Scripture allusions are extremely happy, but in the Sermons which I have already preached before the University, I have used these allusions not sparingly. Will it not be right to approach as nearly as we can to former specimens? &c.

July 14th, 1784.

Your most valuable communications during the course of these Lectures have contributed very greatly to give them the celebrity they possess. I have written to Murray and Cadell, desiring to know whether they would choose to make me any proposals, on the idea of sharing the expences and profits. I expect their answer this week; and I request the favour of you to inform me explicitly which of the two modes you yourself prefer, as you are solely concerned in this part of the business.

Dec. 2d, 1784.

It has likewise happened, very unfortunately, that my creditors have lately brought in their bills with some degree of impertinence; and I have been obliged to divide amongst them £25, which I had destined for Mr. Oliver. Permit me again to return you my most grateful acknowledgments for the very friendly and essential services you have done me on this occasion. Without you the work could not have been produced, and all my prospects must have been for ever closed. Yours, with the sincerest respect and affection, J. W.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND, *Nov. 23d*, 1785.

I have received your affectionate letter, and am extremely ashamed to have given occasion to the purport of it. Appearances are against me; but at bottom, I hope, every thing is sound. There is no man in the world for whom I have a greater esteem than yourself; no man whom I view in a more liberal light; no man whom I would serve with more sincerity of mind, &c. &c. &c. In the present instance, I waited for an opportunity of testifying my civility in another manner, which I had not an opportunity of doing till yesterday, and which I forbear to do at present, for fear of giving offence.

Hatton near Warwick, Sept. 6th, 1786.

All I meant with regard to the memorandum was to guard against Hutton's seeing it, in case you happened to receive the letter and open it in his presence.

March 5th, 1787.

I request the favour of you to supply me with doctrine for

Whitehall on Sunday se'nnight. I have heard you once mention a Sermon, which you considered as one of your happiest productions, which you kindly offered to lend me. May I hope for the communication of this favour by post (directed to me at Oxford) in seven or eight days. Yours sincerely, gratefully, and affectionately, J. W.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND, *April 27th*, 1787.

I am extremely sorry that I have been the cause of so much uneasiness to you. Your kind (theological) communications came *all* safely to hand—they were excellent in themselves and answered in the highest and most perfect degree, your friendly intentions. I confess, with shame, I behaved extremely ill, in not gratefully acknowledging the receipt of your admirable Discourses, and not thanking you immediately for your affectionate letters. What then can I say in excuse for the neglect? I might indeed plead, and most truly, that some matters of a private and domestic nature have lately given me much uneasiness, and occupied all my thoughts. But this, I know, would not be a sufficient apology. I must therefore throw myself entirely on your generosity, and if you can once more pardon such very blameable omissions of attention, I pledge myself, and most solemnly engage, never to give you any just ground of complaint and reproof on a similar occasion.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND, *November 2d*, 1787.

I think I can promise absolutely to send you a twenty pound note within this fortnight, and if you want fifty pounds more I will endeavour to procure it for you. I understand the tithes of my living for the first year are to be paid me about the 10th. Make yourself perfectly easy about pecuniary matters.

The injury Parr had received from White, by his disingenuous concealment of Mr. Badcock's part of the composition in the Bampton Lectures, roused his indignation. On the first mention of Badcock's share in the work, Parr denied the possibility of its being so; and with his usual fervour launched forth

in praise of the Professor—of his knowledge—of his accomplishments—and his capacity for performing the task which he had undertaken. So earnest indeed was he, that Badcock should have no share in the honour, that, in an unguarded moment, he let loose an intimation, that he was the only man in Dr. White's confidence, and acquainted with the secrets of the composition. In fine, he told it as a secret to Mr. Smyth, of Pembroke College, Oxford, that it was not Badcock, but himself, that had given assistance to the Professor.

The disclosure of his assistance in the Bampton Lectures was at first whispered through the University of Oxford; but at length was clamoured through every Hall and College, and exposed to the public by the newspapers. Many were the reflections cast upon Dr. Parr by certain members of the University. By some, his claims were discredited altogether; by others, they were depreciated as of no importance; and by none were they supposed to extend far, until they had been examined by a delegation of gentlemen in the presence of Professor White and Dr. Parr, and found to consist of about one fifth of the whole composition. From the moment of detection, the Professor threw off the mask of being Parr's gratefully obliged servant; and with difficulty any answers to his letters could be extracted from him. His friends, however, deemed an inquiry necessary; and accordingly Dr. John Parsons, late Lord Bishop of Peterborough, and Dr. Richards, late Rector of Exeter College, accompanied Dr. White to Dr. Parr's at Hatton. The fol-

lowing letters will explain the nature of the interview and its results:

From Rev. Dr. Parr to Professor White.

REV. SIR,

During the course of my enquiries into the valuable assistance which you had received from Mr. Badcock, and the strange concealments which you had practised towards me, I last year had the honour of receiving from you one note, and three letters. The note was written from Gloucester about the beginning of May. The letters are dated from Oxford June 2d, 13th, and 18th. The note contains a general and guarded acknowledgment of two letters, which you had received from me upon a very "unpleasant subject;" and to the first of which you sent no answer, till an answer was extorted by the indignant expostulations of the second. The letter of June 2d, announces your compliance with my requisition for examining the Lectures; and your intention of calling upon me with Mr. Parsons and Mr. Richards for that very important purpose. The letter of June 13th, refers to some enquiries, made after the examination, concerning certain passages, which I supposed to have been overlooked during that examination; but evades all specific and unqualified answer to the specific and qualified claims enumerated in a letter which I wrote to Mr. Parsons upon June 11th, and the contents of which were communicated by Mr. Parsons to you. The letter of June 18th was occasioned by one which I had written to you upon the 15th, in answer to yours of the 13th. It includes both your refusal to undertake a second and early journey into Warwickshire, which I proposed as the best expedient for a second and ultimate revisal; and your profession "to consider duly those new claims which I might produce, when they should be clearly stated in the margin of a copy of the Lectures you had left with me at Hatton, and when they also should be accompanied with a final declaration, that I neither could nor would produce any more. But neither of the two last letters contains the smallest explanation of that ambiguous and unbecoming language, which you had suddenly assumed towards an acknowledged coadjutor, nor the

slightest attempt to vindicate yourself from those charges which I had peremptorily alledged, and repeatedly enforced against you, for affording me less of your time at Hatton than I expected you to afford; less than upon such an occasion you ought to have afforded; less than in reality you could have afforded; and for pleading a pretended necessity to return to Oxford by a day upon which you actually did not return. I particularize, Sir, these circumstances, in conformity to a rule which I have lately prescribed to myself in conducting my correspondence with Dr. White, and the propriety of that rule will be readily admitted by a scholar, who, like yourself, has been taught by some recent events to see and to feel the importance, both of accuracy in recollecting, and fidelity in statement.

It is very true, Sir, that, in consequence of your letter dated the 18th day of June, I sent to Mr. Routh for the marked copy in his possession; and that, in pursuance of my intention to revise the Lectures again, and to acquaint you with the result of that revisal, subject, no doubt, to the conditions which you had stipulated, and to which I had myself acceded. I first employed Mr. Bartlam in marking my copy by Mr. Routh's, and then compared the two copies so marked. It is also true that, from the time of that comparison to the present hour, I have not taken the trouble of examining whether any other passages were corrected, substituted, or added by me, beyond those which I had mentioned in my letter to Mr. Parsons. To this plain account of the fact, I shall as plainly subjoin my reasons. I had heard from your opponents that you professed a very heroic indifference about the Bamptonian Controversy; and I had also heard, from some of your acquaintance, that you were likely to persevere in preserving a prudent, and it may be a dignified silence. As, therefore, I did not design to assert my pretensions directly and publicly, till I should find that you had directly and publicly depreciated them, I felt no very strong impulse to gratify my curiosity more than it was already gratified; or to fortify my *rights* more than they were already fortified. Here, Sir, it is proper for me to remind you, that if I had not found myself deceived about the whole train of your transactions with Mr. Badcock, I should never have brought

forward any claims at all; and that, if I had not been again deceived, about some circumstances in your visit at Hatton, I should never have had a thought of looking after any additional claims. My declaration at first was aimed against Mr. Badcock, whose pretensions, as I was informed, and it should now seem misinformed, at Oxford, covered exclusively all the Lectures. My enquiries afterwards were addressed to you and to Mr. Parsons, because, during our interview, we *seemed* to have overlooked a part of what I had written.

Mr. Routh's copy was returned to him in the October Term. But having heard some injurious and groundless reports, which were circulated by your partizans, and which do not appear to have been checked by yourself, I, in a spirit of sincere confidence, and for the purposes of self-defence, lent my copy to a particular friend, who lives at a great distance, and from whom I have not yet received it. Whether or no, *after* receiving it, I *can*, upon further examination, "*set up*," as you rather invidiously phrase it, any further new claims, I confess myself unable to determine. But as by your letter, which is dated March 2d, 1790, and which I received last Wednesday, you signify some kind of intention "to make a speedy and public avowal of the obligations you were under to me for the assistance I so kindly afforded you in the Bampton Lectures," and as you assure me "of your wishes not to conceal or depreciate a single word which really came from my pen," I now send you the fairest and fullest answer which, in the absence of my marked copy, it is possible for me to give..... I perceive, Sir, that, in your polite and elegant epistle of March 2d, you do not take any notice of a letter which I wrote to you about the end of last August; a letter, in which I told you of my interview with Dr. Gabriel; a letter, in which I assured you of my having endeavoured to do you some service; a letter, to which you vouchsafed to send no answer; and of which, I am told, that you have been pleased to speak in very unjust and very opprobrious terms. Indeed, the particular allusion which has been made to that inverview, and the perverse inferences which have been drawn from it, by one of your anonymous panegyrists, convince me, that my conduct has been grossly misrepresented, not by yourself, I would hope, but by some injudicious

and precipitate zealots, in whom you have condescended to confide..... After what has passed between us about Abdollatif, I will make no apology for remarking, that the Latin quotation in your last letter is in all respects but one justifiable as to the phraseology, and seems to proceed from some very learned friend, who is no less conversant than Dr. Parr in Preface reading, and somewhat more conversant than the Laudian Professor in Preface writing.

To foresee your future measures, is certainly not in my power, and as certainly it is not my business to scrutinize their various motives. But whatever those motives may be, I am not wholly unconcerned in the measures themselves; and therefore I feel myself neither inclined to oppose, nor obliged to thank you for a *seeming* act of justice performed under such circumstances, which leave me in great doubt as to its real qualities, and as to its proper application. I am ready, Sir, to accept, but disdain to require, the insertion of my name in a new edition of the Lectures, and in your translation of Abdollatif. I shall consider that insertion, not as owing to any right which I had myself originally urged, or the indulgence of any expectation I had originally formed, but as the effect of certain unforeseen circumstances, which chiefly respect yourself, and by which you are induced to declare, what, however, some time ago, you would have desired even to conceal. All I have to add for the present is, that I wish you to publish in a note, or in any other form which you may prefer, the Memorandum which is inserted in our copies, and which was signed by you, by Mr. Parsons, by Mr. Richards, and by myself. Such a publication will answer many useful ends; and among the rest, it will tend to establish the validity of your title to the plan, and it will explain the extent of my assistance in substitution. With great respect, I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

S. PARR.

March 7, 1790.

The letter just quoted of Dr. Parr is out of the order of time, but it so clearly distinguishes the order of the transactions, that I have made it the

introduction to the statement, testified by the letters now to be inserted.

From the Rev. Dr. White to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Oxford, June 2d,* 1789.

Before the receipt of your favour, Mr. Parsons had told me the result of your interview with Mr. Hutton. He has also signified his willingness to accompany me into Warwickshire, as a witness to our intended conference. This, he says, was the only character in which he undertook to act. But as he solemnly declines acting a second time, even in this character, I am confident you will pardon my requesting that a fourth person may be present at our meeting, particularly as the gentleman I mean is Mr. Richards, of Exeter College. Unless you should object to this proposal we intend being at Hatton about eleven o'clock on Tuesday next; when the joint testimony of any one who is honoured with your confidence, will be perfectly acceptable to, Reverend Sir, your obliged and faithful humble servant, JOSEPH WHITE.

I beg my most respectful compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr.

Of this interview Parr himself has given an account in a letter to the Rev. Henry Kett, for which see Appendix.

From the Rev. Mr. Parsons to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Balliol College, June 13th,* 1789.

I received your Letter dated Thursday, June 11th, and have communicated the contents of it to Mr. Richards, Mr. Routh, and Dr. White, who will return an answer for himself. With respect to what concerns myself, I must inform you that I have this day delivered the marked copy of the Bampton Lectures, which you entrusted to my care, into the hands of Mr. Routh. After a most careful collation of the two copies, made by Mr. Richards and myself, in the presence of Dr. White, no [illegible]e important difference was found to exist. The few and trifling differences, which had arisen either from the incorrect or indis-

tinct marks of Dr. White, have been corrected by Mr. Richards agreeably to those marks which were made by me under your directions. So that the two copies now agree most perfectly; and at the same time, the alterations which have taken place in Dr. White's copy, since we left Hatton, being made by a different hand, may be clearly and distinctly ascertained.

I have compared the passages to which you refer in your letter with the marked copy, and I find that in page 32, from "To the word of God," down to "dangerous mistake," is not marked. In page 229, from "He disdained to conciliate," down to "class of men," is not marked. The rest of the sentence, from "However dignified," down to "enthusiast," is marked *little corr.* The whole of page 402 is already marked *Add.* Page 403, from "When, therefore, any religion," down to "circumstances of man," is not marked; but from "And as its," down to "Deity," is marked *little corr.* The remainder of the passage to which you refer is not marked. Page 435, from "The moral influence," down to the end of the paragraph, is marked *Q. corr.*

And now, dear Sir, you will permit me to repeat most respectfully, indeed, but most firmly, my fixed and unalterable resolution, to abide by the declaration which I made at Hatton, viz. that I will not interfere any further in any way, or under any character, between you and Dr. White, in this most delicate, and in every point of view most unpleasant business. I am, dear Sir, with very great respect, your most obedient, humble servant, JOHN PARSONS.

Under the guidance of Mr. Parsons, the Professor was secure of steering a *discreet* course; and so, on the very day on which Mr. Parsons wrote the above, he writes as follows:

REV. SIR, *Oxford, June 13th*, 1789.

If you will please to signify to me, in your own hand-writing, that the new claims *you* have set up respecting the Bampton Lectures, in your letter to Mr. Parsons dated Thursday, June 11th, 1789, are all the claims you ever can or will make, I will immediately take them into consideration, and allow

every thing to your pretensions which I can allow, consistently with truth. I am, Rev. Sir, your respectful humble servant,

JOSEPH WHITE.

In answer to this Parr replies

That more time and consideration are necessary. With your requisition about my own hand-writing I cannot safely comply. What I write I mean sincerely; what I mean sincerely I wish you to understand completely; and this end cannot be answered if my letters be written by my own hand. You formerly condescended, without hesitation and without complaint, to receive some of my alterations in the Bampton Lectures, though conveyed in the hand-writing of other persons; yet secrecy was then much more necessary than it is now. You seem to say that you will not immediately take into consideration the new claims made in my letter of Thursday last, unless I give you some assurance that they are all the claims I ever can or will make. Permit me to tell you, Sir, that I cannot, without extreme folly, and extreme injustice to myself, give you any such assurance. It is my right to bring forward any fresh claims which, upon any fresh perusal, may appear to me in any degree probable, provided I reserve, as I always have reserved, a peremptory determination upon the validity and extent of those claims, till I hear what you have to say about them. It is your duty to examine my claim, as soon and as far as I make it. Such an employment may be troublesome, but it is a trouble of your own creation, and if you will not take it there can be no doubt, in my mind, about the motive, as there ought to be none in yours about the consequence. What you avoid doing in a private correspondence, you may be compelled to do by a public appeal. If you had given a longer time, when you were last at Hatton, for doing what could not be fully done in the time you actually allotted, and even if you had been pleased to spend with me that time which you did spend at Warwick, there could have been no necessity for a second examination, nor any distrust in my mind about the sufficiency of the first.

Sir, I have proposed nothing but what was submitted to your inspection, and I have decided upon nothing but what was au-

thorized by your approbation. In a case so extraordinary, justice almost excludes the ordinary restraints of delicacy. Hitherto, however, I have endeavoured to be delicate as well as just. But I now begin to feel what is due to my friendship and to my honour; and in the support of them I may be induced to set up such claims as you can neither resist or evade; and in such a manner, too, as may leave you without an apologist among the wise, without a patron among the great, and without a friend among the good.

I have extracted the above, which in Parr's own hand writing is inscribed, "in answer to the 13th." It is dated June 15th, 1789. It is interlined and careted, so that I may not have been correct in the location of the sentences.

In answer, the Professor dated his letter, Oxford June 18th, 1789.

REVEREND SIR,

I have received your letter of the 15th, and must beg leave to reply, that when I left Hatton on the 9th you never even hinted that your claims were not completely ascertained. You must therefore excuse my undertaking a second journey into Warwickshire. How far you could reasonably desire me to do it, must depend on the magnitude and justice of your new claims.

I am, however, willing to comply with the spirit of your request. These new claims (if any such can be produced) may be clearly stated in the margin of the copy of the Lectures which I left with you at Hatton, and the book thus marke may be transmitted to me at Gloucester. Whenever you send them they shall be duly considered; but I beg that they may be accompanied with a full and final declaration, that you neither will nor can produce any more. I am, Rev. Sir, with great respect, your humble servant, J. WHITE.

Parr in his answer to the 18th:

REVEREND SIR,

Had you stayed at Hatton, instead of hastening back to

Warwick, there would have been no room for further inquiry; and had you been at first disposed to answer the questions which further inquiry might have produced, there would have been no necessity for a second journey into Warwickshire. Why the first journey was inefficacious, I explained at large in my letters to you and Mr. Parsons. And I observe that in your letters no direct attempt is made to show why you spent so little time at Hatton, and so much at Warwick. The plain fact I take to be this: the business was *unpleasant*, and you therefore wished it over soon. But it was *also* important, and I therefore wished it to be done well, especially when by doing it ill *you*, or, it may be, your dead coadjutor, had something to gain, and I, your living coadjutor, had something to lose. I do not charge you with a deliberate intention of injustice; but I do suspect you of not being sufficiently careful to render justice. I do not maintain that the want of correctness with me arose from an excess of partiality towards Mr. Badcock, but I do suppose that the embarrassment which you felt from his claims and from mine, left you without much solicitude to ascertain what belonged to me rather than to him. You will permit me to add, that, after having obtained from my own inquiries, a complete knowledge of what I myself have done, I shall soon be enabled, by the candour and politeness of Dr. Gabriel, to know what was done by Mr. Badcock; and it is now proper for me to tell you yet further, that as Dr. Gabriel enters into detail with me about his friend, I shall be equally explicit with him about myself.

After discussing the question of the additional claims, he concludes:

As we are neither of us at present disposed for interviews, I shall take the liberty of urging a new claim unconnected with the Bampton Lectures; and my chief reason for producing it now is, to prevent a repetition of such treatment as I have lately experienced. I therefore beg of you to seal up all my papers relative to the *whole* ordination Sermon at Lambeth, and to deliver them sealed to Mr. Routh.

In consequence of these expostulations, some-

thing more was conceded, and in the end "a Statement" was published "of Dr. White's Literary Obligations to the Reverend Samuel Parr, LL. D." which the Professor sent to him with the following Letter:

REVEREND SIR, *Oxford, May 11th*, 1790.

At length I send you all that part of my pamphlet which respects yourself; and having now acceded to all your requisitions, and adopted all your alterations in your own words, I hope soon to be honoured by your express attestation of the fullness and fidelity of my statement. You have desired me to specify "the points which I gave up by way of accommodation." I alluded to the sentences by which the lines from Homer and Lucan were introduced, to the passage in p. 116, and to two or three of your lesser emendations, where I had some doubt about the precise quantity of the alterations.

You have wished me also to inform you whether I decided (with respect to certain passages of the Lectures) from the suggestions of mere memory, or from communications of yours transcribed into some of my own papers. I answer, that I decided from the suggestions of mere memory, and that I had no written documents whatever to direct me.

With regard to the THREE *Gloucester Sermons*, I omitted the mention of them for the very excellent reasons suggested by yourself.

In pages 267 and 435, I believe that you neither corrected, substituted, or added, a single word; and nothing can be stronger than my conviction on this head.

As this letter will, I trust, be the last I shall have occasion to write to you on a subject so irksome to us both, permit me, Sir, to take this opportunity of thanking you for those expressions of esteem and good will which are sometimes mixed with your reproaches, and which remind me of those happier days, when the manly frankness and elegant pleasantry of your letters, were exceeded only by the kindness of your professions, and by the ardour and sincerity of your friendship. How effectually your talents enable you to assist those for whom your heart is

interested, the world has long known; yet no man, Sir, can bear more unequivocal and more willing testimony to all that is great and good in your character, than your most obedient and respectful servant, J. WHITE.

P. S. I should be particularly obliged to you for the list of Corrigenda that is to be subjoined to the Latin version of Abdollatif. The variations I have written in the margin of the printed copy are taken from a lately discovered Translation of Pocock.

There is another long explanatory letter from the Professor, most of the matter of which is printed in his Statement, and with that letter all correspondence dropped till the year 1793, when he, good-naturedly enough, accedes to Parr's good-humoured request of a guinea for the decoration of Hatton Church; and in 1801, when the Professor sent him the quarto edition of Abdollatif, Parr wrote him the following letter:

LEARNED AND DEAR SIR,

By some strange fatality the box which contained your book did not reach me before Monday the 30th of March, though I find the 13th of March written upon the card. Some years ago I understood you did not mean to publish the Preface which I had corrected, and therefore I gave myself no further trouble about it, and, indeed, I remember that you had prepared a subsequent and short Preface. Had I known your final intention of publishing that in which I was concerned, I should have requested your permission to examine it, for you must recollect, quite as well as I do, that I uniformly spoke both of the Preface and of the Translation, as requiring further care; that I told you so when you hastily printed an octavo to be shown to the Archbishop, and that I told you so, when you informed me of your polite and friendly determination, to make some acknowledgment of my assistance. From the day that you left Hatton to carry the book to the Archbishop, even to this hour, nothing has been done by me to the Preface, and as you took away a

copy of the octavo which I had desired you to leave, I could employ no care upon the Translation until I received the quarto; and I well remember that when I heard of the quarto's being in the press, I begged the favour of you to send me proof sheets that I might correct them; you did send me one, but no more, and I forget whether any alterations were made in it, and even whether I had time to alter. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the one proof, of which I speak, had been finally printed off. Since that time I repeatedly have requested you to indulge me with your presence and aid while we went over the quarto together, and when I found this proposal either inconvenient or disagreeable to you, I took the liberty of transmitting to you many passages which I had marked as inaccurate in the quarto, and I should have asked your leave to see your manuscript of the Preface, if I had been aware of your purpose to make me responsible to the public judgment for a composition which I considered as not sufficiently prepared for the public eye, and now these evils are in part unforeseen, and are now altogether irremediable. In the Preface, page 12, I should have put "inter" before "has," and I should have objected to the expression "puritati Sermonis," which I have been accustomed to condemn from the time that I was eighteen. But my hope is, that the words in which you speak so handsomely of me, will not be considered as flowing from me. I wrote "has inter," and should have changed it into, "inter has." You wrote puritati Sermonis, and I should have recommended some alterations. In the life of Abdollatif, and in some parts of the Preface to the Notes, I trace my own style; I am very sorry you left solummodo, of which I took notice when I pointed out many passages that required alteration. Well, I have great satisfaction in telling you that your translation is far superior in perspicuity, elegance, and the correctness of the Latinity, to that of Pocock and to the Preface, to your friend Paulus. I say again it is far superior. I am glad that you dedicated the book to Sir William Scott, and I am pleased with the Dedication, though not a word of it was ever shown to me. In a few days I will send the critique, which will be very plain, and very short, but you will give me leave to perstringe the unfortunate "puritas Sermonis." It is unnecessary to trouble you with the faults that I meet, or the

alterations I should propose, as I turn over the pages. You would have laughed, learned Sir, at my distress when I met with strange tenses, strange constructions, and strange words, and at my joy when I found that they were the faults of Pocock, whom you certainly were not obliged, and perhaps not authorised to alter. I wish you had said that I know nothing of Arabic, or Persic. I knew a little of Hebrew, when you and I used to meet; and now I know a good deal more, I cannot say that my veneration for oriental learning is much increased. Again I congratulate you upon the general merit of your translation, and upon the appearance of a work, which your friends have long desired to see. I had occasion to mention you respectfully in something, which is likely to meet with your approbation, and will appear in three weeks or a month. I have done the same justice to Dr. Parsons, and soon you will see why.

April 2d, 1801.

The last communication was the recovery of the two Sermons, which Parr so feelingly and solemnly requested of him, and which White after long delay gave up, without expressing any remaining grateful feeling for past favours. For not only had Parr assisted him on the various occasions which have already been noted in the correspondence, but I have two papers * before me, one dictated by Parr to the Honourable Augustus Legge, which, whether it were inserted or not in the Gentleman's Magazine I cannot find; the other, a Review of Abdollatif's History of Egypt, and both, as everlasting memorials of Parr's friendship to White, and of White's merits till he was convicted as a plagiary, or as a borrower

* It will be recollected also that Parr finished the review of the Bampton Lectures, begun by Badcock in the Monthly Review.

without acknowledging his obligations, I here insert. It was intended as a strong plea, or exposition of the Professor's merits, entitling him to a Canonry of Christ Church, which indeed he afterwards obtained.

The succession to the Canonry of Christ Church, which became vacant by the death of the learned Dr. Jebb, has been the subject of much conversation, not only in the University of Oxford, but in all literary and even polite circles in London. It reflects great honour upon Oxford, that each of the three candidates was indisputably and eminently qualified for the distinction to which they aspired. I mean not for the present at least to examine their comparative merit. But on the positive excellence of Mr. White, I beg leave to say a little in your Magazine, reserving to myself the power of saying much more upon it, if there should be occasion, at some future period, and through a different vehicle. The learned world is indebted to Mr. White, for a judicious letter to Bishop Lowth, on the Septuagint version, for an elegant Latin oration, when he entered upon the office of Arabic Professor, and for a beautiful edition of the Syriac version, in which the correctness of the text and the treasures of oriental learning displayed in the critical notes have established Mr. White's reputation among the greatest oriental scholars, of whom Europe can now boast. To these professional publications must be added, an occasional Sermon, and the Bamptonian Lectures, which certainly place him in the first class of English writers. The unprejudiced and truly learned members of Oxford will anticipate me in the mention of several excellent Sermons, which he has preached before the University, and which it is to be hoped will soon appear for the satisfaction of his friends, and the improvement of his readers. He has written for the instruction of the public—he has appealed to the judgment of the public—he has been honoured with the approbation of the public—he undoubtedly possesses great talents and great attainments, and, as undoubtedly, he is not without a portion of infirmities and wrongnesses. But those infirmities and those wrongnesses are not marked by the extinction of virtuous principles, or by radical depravity of

heart. They involve no inveterate habits, and, I will add, no gross overt-acts of lewdness, or intemperance, or profaneness. They amount at the worst, not to crimes surely, which we are to detest, but to faults which we should lament, and perhaps with some reluctance condemn. They are more than counterbalanced by moderation upon controversial topics of religion, by diffidence and modesty on all subjects of literature, by candour to the failings of other men, by justice to the attainments of other scholars, by sincerity to his friends, and by a forbearance almost unexampled towards those, who, without provocation, are his enemies. For the truth of these assertions, I appeal to many wise and good men who reside in the University of Oxford, and who know Mr. White, as I myself know him, and love him, and reverence him, with all his real imperfections, and all his real excellencies.

There is one subject upon which, as others will be forward to proclaim his misconduct, I will endeavour not to justify, indeed, but to explain, and to extenuate.

Vexations, wants, unavoidable labour in composing Sermons, unforeseen and almost insurmountable difficulties, in translating Abdollatif—all these cases have contributed to prevent Mr. White from fulfilling his engagements with the Subscribers to that work. Indolence, no doubt, and irresolution; indolence, which often accompanies exalted genius; and irresolution, which springs from depressed fortune, may have had their fatal share. But while we expatiate *invidiously* on what Mr. White is capable of doing, let us seriously consider what he *has already done well;* and, at all events, let the severity of distinguishing censure be restrained among those who are protected by their own dulness, or their own obscurity, from exciting expectations, which men of brighter intellects are sometimes tempted to disappoint. If this representation should be thought too favourable, I will venture to produce a tale, which, I trust, will console the well-wishers of Mr. White, and in some degree propitiate even his foes.

The Arabic text and the Latin translation of Abdollatif, at *this* moment are in great forwardness in the Clarendon Press. The Notes, which are preparing on a much larger scale than was originally intended, will be completed in five months; and

when the work itself appears, the splendour of the performance will, I hope, amply compensate for the delay of the publication. I am, your constant reader, PHILALETHES.

Parr's Review of Abdollatif is prefaced by the following letter:

I have, without asking your permission, taken a liberty, for which I would readily apologize to you, if I thought of you less highly, or felt for you less warmly than I do. I doubt not but you have read, and with surprise too, and with pain, and it may be with some anger, the close of the Review of your Translation of Abdollatif. On a subject which so nearly touches your personal honour, your literary fame, and it may be your worldy interest, I shrunk from secrecy, as from something not only unfriendly but base. Know then, that I am the writer of that review, and if occasion offers, let others know it. As to me or White, I cannot want defence, for I have spoken with firmness indeed, but I trust with decency, some indisputable but important truths.

The delicacy either of your feelings or your situation may make it necessary for you to explain, and authorized as you are to proclaim me, or, if you please, to give up the writer, that explanation I hope will serve all the purposes of defence. Dear Sir, you know my respect for your patron, as well as my regard for you. You also know my love of letters, endeared as they are to me by a long and laborious course of application. You know, let me add, what is yet dearer to me, my firm and sincere attachment to the Church of England, an attachment, not arising from the honest prejudices of education, or upon any sordid views of interest—but upon a sincere and well founded conviction of its transcendant excellence and solid utility. You will not therefore suspect me of meaning offence to any men or set of men, while I am anxious to do justice to you as a scholar, as a man, as one whom I am happy and proud to rank among my best and dearest friends. Mix discretion with your zeal, do not condescend to mention my name to every inquisitive and impertinent babbler; do not conceal it from any man of sense and virtue, whose judgment is worthy either of your attention or my own.

The review:

And now, gentle reader, we will gratify thy curiosity, for curious thou must be, to know the labours of the writer, and the situation of the man. We will not enter into invidious comparison between Mr. W. who is said to be an idle man, and other Professors of his own University, whose diligence we are ready to admit from candid presumption, till they shall give us a more direct proof from some publications. Suffice it to speak the truth, and the whole truth, of Mr. W. alone. He is well skilled in the French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Persic, and Arabic languages. He is intimately acquainted with the eminent scholars of his own country, for such we suppose Sir William Jones, the late Dr. Hunt, the late Dr. Johnson, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Scott, Dr. Parr, Dr. Adams, and the late Dr. Hunter. He has lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and most cordial friendship, with Dr. Routh, the learned editor of Plato's Dialogues; with Mr. Badcock, the well-known reviewer of Dr. Priestley's Ecclesiastical History; with Mr. Porson, on whom, with Mr. Burgess, the task of supporting and adorning Greek literature in this country has devolved after the death of a Toup, a Musgrave, and a Tyrwhit. He is mentioned with applause by Reiske, the editor of Demosthenes, who was one of the best Arabic as well as Greek scholars of his age. He corresponds with Michaelis of Göttingen, with Schweigæuser of Strasburg, with Villoison of Paris, with Schneider of Tubingen, with Schultens of Leyden, and Bjornstahl of Copenhagen. He has published an inaugural oration in excellent Latin; a Sermon on the Revisal of the English Translation; a Letter to the Bishop of London, on the Septuagint; the Syriac Gospels, in two vols. 4to; the Sermons on the Bampton Lectures. He has also translated this very difficult work of Abdollatif; he wrote the Preface to the Translation of Tamerlane; he corrected the text and the translation; and he is said to be now preparing materials for a history of Egypt, which is to be published by subscription.

So much we have to say for the talents, and attainments, and works of the writer. Upon the virtues of the man we might say much more; but our present business is with his success in

life. By the noble liberality of many worthy individuals, he was extricated from distresses in which he was involved by indiscretion without vice, or the appearance of vice; by generosity of temper, by simplicity of heart, and by ignorance of the world, neither surprising in the academic, nor dishonourable to an ecclesiastic. By regular succession in his College, in which there is little or no preferment, for the space of fifteen years he has received an income of £70 from a fellowship, which he must vacate in two years. By the favour of the University he enjoys £70 per ann. for his Laudian Professorship; and this he will be permitted to enjoy for the rest of his life.

In the truly amiable and truly venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. White has had the honour of experiencing an adviser, a friend, and a benefactor. Our readers will hear this with pleasure, and yet perhaps they may be tempted with us to ask, Where in this enlightened and Christian country, where in the gratitude or in the wisdom of his contemporaries, where among the luminaries of the Church, or the governors of the State, where are we to look for his patrons? On this subject our readers may be impatient, but we are quite silent. With ourselves, who are only humble reviewers,

βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ μέγας.

Notwithstanding this full conviction of his having received the most important literary assistance, without any acknowledgment of it, and even after the publication of the two pamphlets, White's character was still supported by some persons of great name in the University of Oxford; and the Government thought so highly of his talents, and so little of his detection, that they rewarded him with a Canonry of Christ Church, which Parr had vainly solicited for him in the foregoing memorial, when the Professor's character was without impeachment.

That all men did not participate in those sentiments, which seemed to justify the worst literary

frauds, will appear in the letters of Mr. John Bartlam and of Dr. Gabriel, placed in the Appendix, and which will dilute the gravity of the subject with a portion of the levity and gossip of the day, and the following from the Rev. Dr. Smyth, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, to Dr. Parr:

DEAR SIR, *Dec. 12th*, 1789. *Pemb. Coll.*

An illness, which has confined me to my room for some days, prevented my answering your obliging letter so soon as I ought to have done. It gives me no small pleasure to find that you sometimes think of me, and recall to my remembrance the many happy and improving hours I spent in my last visit to Hatton. We had then a common friend, whom we both of us loved and respected for talents which, I am afraid, he is found no longer to possess; and for virtues, which reproach us for our credulity, and the unguarded simplicity with which we resigned our affections. Firmly persuaded that all his faults were but the amiable infirmities I had often observed in the train of the greatest virtues, and believing that the harmless levity that accompanied all his actions indicated a mind pure and unsullied, but, at the same time, inattentive to its own consequence: I soon became the dupe of my heart. I loved him from principle; and, notwithstanding some few untoward circumstances that frequently occurred, I forced my understanding to submit. Occasional suspicions, it is true, insinuated themselves from time to time; but I either lulled them to sleep, or banished them as unwelcome and uninvited guests, whom my breast was not made to harbour. Had White been indifferent to me, it is more than probable I should have compared his apparent incapacity with the real and brilliant talents that are displayed in almost every page of his incomparable Sermons; and much weaker evidence than is now produced against their authenticity would have been sufficient to have satisfied me that he could not have wrote them. No arguments, however specious, or however confidently insisted on, would have convinced me that he was equal to composition which required the union

of so many and so great powers of the mind, but such as went directly to prove that he was at one particular period of his life, and at no other, under the immediate influence of inspiration. Had I consulted my reason, as much as I did my affection for him, I should very soon have arrived at a conclusion not very favourable to his pretensions. Here, I might have said, is an instance that puzzles and confounds the powers and abilities of our most intimate acquaintance, without ever betraying by design, in any one solitary moment of his life, the most slender proof of genius or learning; without ever deviating by accident from the line of folly and insipid levity, that marks his conversation into even the humble path of common sense. This extraordinary phænomenon bursts upon us like a comet, whose trackless path the eye pursues with wonder and amazement, not at the magnitude or brilliancy of its orb, but because it knows not from whence it comes, and is ignorant whither it is going. Providence, in the place of genius and industry, so necessary to the attainments of other men, seems to have sent him into the world, furnished and accommodated, like the inferior parts of the animal creation, whom the strong and unerring instincts of nature conduct, without labour, without education, and almost without effect, to the ultimate point of perfection they are capable of realizing.

It is true, as you observe, he has a strong party in Oxford; but a party, I think, not of much weight, either of talent or authority; whose strong, but unprincipled zeal has hitherto proved fatal both to his moral and literary reputation. They very early took offence at the slow and timid caution with which their hero was retreating from a contest which he very well knew would in the end cover him with shame and remorse. The Professor, whose real pace is a heavy trot, was extremely unwilling to be thus pricked by their indiscretion into a full gallop. Had these kind gentlemen left him to the guidance of his own natural sagacity, he would have given a glorious day, and afforded excellent sport to the hunters of his reputation. He would have beat a long time about the bush, nor would he have quitted a country so dear to him, from a long and intimate acquaintance, till the united cry of horses and hounds pressing close on his brush, and which every gale brings nearer to him, puts him in mind that his course is nearly at an end.

Animating as this chace may be, permit me, my friend, to declare, that I by no means wish to see you the first and most conspicuous figure. I am very well apprized that you come to the field, mounted on a high-bred Pegasus, whose strong bone, and impetuous mettle, will outstrip the speediest of the pursuers, and secure the whole sport to yourself. Suffer not, however, this noble animal, who has already proved his vigour in hunting down a Bishop, to consume his fire in the vile pursuit of an Oxford Professor. Priestley, Price, the enemies of the Established Religion, and the Government of your Country, the enemies of Johnson, remain yet in their kennels, and invite him to the chase.

Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

To be free with you, I think you cannot enter into this inquiry without the hazard of having your real motives wilfully mistaken. I need not inform you, that your literary fame rests on too solid a basis to acquire any additional support from the share you may have had, or may be supposed to have had, in the composition of the Bampton Lectures. Your enemies may say, for they have said it, that, influenced by a rapacious desire of distinguishing yourself, you could not suffer the assistances you afforded in the hours of friendship, and which came from a mind like yours without much effort, to pass into the world unappropriated. It may be, that any declaration on your part of the disinterestedness and purity of your intentions, will not meet with such a favourable reception as you have a right to expect. A character like yours, so much and so deservedly an object of public attention, should not only be free from such imputations, but even from the most remote suspicion of them.

I am persuaded, that your soul is animated with too noble a flame, to be touched with those senseless and wretched attacks, which owe their birth to a morning paper; whose sickly and abortive existence may, by the aid of some favourable circumstance, trail on till the evening, when it dies away, and is heard of no more. I must add, that you have not a friend in this place who wishes to see you take an active part in this dispute. There are a sort of sententious and half-smothered hints in circulation through this University, which, I must confess, lay

too deep for my comprehension. I am very frequently desired to suspend my opinion of Professor White; that something is soon to make its appearance that will satisfy all my doubts, and remove all my suspicions. I am assured that I am all in the wrong; that a certain fatherless publication is soon to be brought forward (from what quarter I know not, whether from above or from below) that will restore White to his property, and me to my senses; an event, I doubt not, he waits for with full as much anxiety as myself. I am content to stand neuter, till the great day of retribution arrive, and, in the mean time, am reduced to the unfortunate necessity of resting my opinions on the facts ascertained by Dr. Gabriel, and on many other facts not less certain, because they have never yet been published.

We are very much at a loss to account for the famous bond for £500. Am I founded in my conjecture, that it was given to Badcock as a retainer to engage him to fight White's battles with Dr. Priestley? The Egyptian History, the ostensible cause alleged by his friends, is, I think, clearly out of the case. The bond was given in August, and in the following September he writes to Badcock, and thanks him for his proffered assistance in that projected work. This opinion of mine is confirmed by White's frequent and affected eagerness to engage in that controversy; which you may possibly recollect, as well as the pains you took jointly with myself to persuade him that he was not an equal match for his formidable antagonist. This had no other effect than to increase his confidence. He talked big; vaunted his own powers, which he thought were fully sufficient to lay the great apostle of heterodoxy completely on his back. Yes! He came forward with bolder pretensions than any. He blew the horn of battle with a louder blast than his followers; not to provoke the fight, nor to summon contending heroes to the lists. It was the trumpet of the last day of his reputation, whose deep and warning voice called him with all his blushing honours to judgment; a tremendous signal to the scattered materials of nature, the vagrant atoms, the disunited elements to forsake their borrowed and assumed habitations, which they were destined to occupy only for a limited time, and to return to their ancient and undisputed proprietors.

Mr. Bartlam, your late pupil, very frequently pays me a visit. He has very much the appearance of a well-informed and most respectable young man. He discovers on every occasion an innocent and amiable impetuosity, which pleases me infinitely, and leaves me at no loss to conjecture at whose feet he has imbibed it. I have endeavoured to persuade him to quit, at least for a season, the fairy and enchanting prospects of classic lore, and to dig in the mines of science. I made enquiry into the mode of his education at Merton. He informs me that he construes Tully's Offices to one tutor, and the Greek Testament to the other, both of which books, to a boy who has been educated at Hatton, must be extremely interesting and improving. The book you was so kind as to lend me is in the hands of Mr. Bartlam, who will convey it to you. I must beg pardon for not having sent it before.

You will, I am sure, be happy to hear of the powerful exertions the Curators of the Bodley Library have made this year. Their Catalogue is very splendid from the Pinelli Collection. Unfortunately, they have exceeded their commission by above £480. This is a crime that, in the opinion of many worthy members of this University, is never to be forgiven. Some of the Heads of Houses, the Goths and Vandals of literature, who dare not attack in front, but are sure to hang heavy on the rear of every improvement, are extremely indignant. The rest of the University applaud the Curators for their judgment and spirit. It is proposed at present to set on foot a new kind of benefaction, to enable the Curators to make an extensive purchase in the Crevenna Library in Holland, which, I understand, will be soon exposed to sale. It is proposed to the different Colleges who may have monies laying in their chest, to lend such sums as they can afford to part with, to the Curators, who are to pay no interest, but to return the sum by instalments from the annual fund. Magdalen College has sent 100, Queen's 200, All Souls 200, Christ Church 300, besides a subscription of all their members. Dr. Scot 100. It is supposed the other Colleges will follow these noble examples. I am striving with all my might to introduce my own College. If you know of any country gentleman, who is in the habit of suffering considerable sums to lie in

his banker's hands without interest, persuade him, if you can, to deposit them where they may really do some good.

Your obedient humble servant, T. SMYTH.

Thus have I laid before the reader, most of the facts concerning the assistance received by Professor White, in the composition of his Bampton Lectures. These Sermons, so happy in their subject, and so well wrought throughout their whole texture, both in matter and in style, now form part of the classical literature of our country. It well became me, therefore, to trace them through the hands of so great an artist as Parr; and it was the necessary consequence of the discussion, not my fault, that the name of Badcock, and his share in the work, were mentioned.

Whether the plan of the Bampton Lectures was solely White's, may be doubted. Much of the execution lay between him and Badcock; but the whole was superintended and revised by Parr; and if we admit the calculation that one fifth of the whole is Parr's, and that the whole was twice submitted to his revisal, and twice received material alterations from his keen eye and critical pen, we must admit him into a co-partnership in the work.

It will naturally occur to the reader, how could Parr be so deceived and misled, by such a man as Professor White; and how was it possible, that some suspicion should not enter into his mind, considering that White was in the utmost degree of confidence with him, and his frequent companion for five years—"who had consulted him (as Parr says) before the work was drawn up, and during its progress, and be-

fore and after its publication; who had conversed with him upon every topic that was discussed in it, upon every opinion that is formed about it, and upon every defect and every excellence that may be found in it."—How was it possible to imagine that he would deceive such a coadjutor, and such a friend? It was the very awkwardness and apparent simplicity of White's character, that beguiled his friend.

Under the lounging and negligent exterior of a rustic, White concealed many of the qualities of a refined thinker; and though he looked wild and weak, he was actually a man of extreme acuteness. But the slovenly habits, which altered his appearance, sunk into the texture of his character, and deformed the whole construction. So great was his quickness in acquiring languages, that his studies were flighty and incidental; nor could any thing but dire compulsion drag him out of the mire of indolent propensities. Yet, even by such casual starts of application, he gained a stock of learning. His taste was purified, and he attained "that rich and copious style which has accommodated itself to a boundless variety of subjects, and which rises into grandeur, or shines with elegance, according to the occasion." Nevertheless, whilst as an author his thoughts and language were elevated, as an actor in society he was low; and he sunk into petty difficulties because he had not diligence or courage enough to raise up his hand against them. Thus he lost confidence in himself when any deed of importance was to be performed; floundered on, when he ought to have stood erect; and became a mendicant for

literary favours from others, at the very time that he possessed within himself the potentiality of intellectual wealth. It has been seen from the correspondence, how soon he sought the literary assistance of Parr; and had he always sought it as fairly as he did when begging the Preface of Abdollatif, or the Dedication to Archbishop Moore, none could have objected to his obtaining it. The Bampton Lectures led him into irresistible temptation, by opening wider prospects to his ambition. He had chosen a lofty theme. He distrusted his own talents, or his own industry, to handle it with that dexterity which should insure fame; and so warily did he solicit and gain support, that he vainly flattered himself it was impossible but that he must escape detection.

We have already laid open some of his saps and mines — his "dark management, united with his clumsy execution" of some of the manœuvres practised by him. He was resolved to carry reputation by storm, and therefore employed not only the best swordsman in controversy, but the greatest luminary in classical lore, as his allies. But, unfortunately, he did not bring them together into the field; he kept Parr in reserve; whose opinion it always was, that Dr. John Parsons, late Lord Bishop of Peterborough, was a main auxiliary in the formation of the work from beginning to end, without being let into the secret of other persons being also employed.

I know, Sir, (says Parr, in his remonstrance, or expostulation with the Professor,) Mr. Parsons to be your friend; I hear

that he is your advocate; and I suspect him, Dr. White, of being your avenger. But whatever opinions he may hold, or whatever conduct he may have adopted on this particular occasion, never shall I lose sight of his great and general merit. I admire his learning, I respect his integrity, and I do not condemn even the excess of his zeal.

But Parr's assistance was not confined to the Bampton Lectures. There is mention of three Sermons lent to be preached at Gloucester, and one at Whitehall; and the correspondence will shew the difficulty with which two other Sermons (5th of November and Consecration) were drawn from the Professor. The Preface to White's Diatesseron was also written by Parr. Indeed, from beginning to end, there was nothing but dark management, disingenuous concealment, and frigid insolence on the part of the Professor; and but for the mighty protection apparently extended to him, by the learned majority of the University of Oxford, he would for ever have been branded with the epithet of an impostor. It was a theme of reproach at the time, that Parr assisted Dr. Gabriel in his Statement; and that he betrayed White, by divulging his own share in the Lectures. Till March 1789 Parr knew nothing of Badcock's share in the work. Mr. Hutton informed him of it. He wrote to White his determination to crush the calumny, and that he should come to Oxford. White answered in a strange, obscure, and unaccountable letter, in which he desired him to say nothing of the matter. Notwithstanding this mysterious request, he went to Oxford.

I was there attacked (says Parr, in a letter to Mr. Glasse) by friend and foe. I was silent, till silence was impossible; and, indeed, till it must have amounted to an indirect confession of such guilt, as I did not at *that* time impute to White. I exchanged, however, that silence for good words, warmly pronounced, and not weakly supported. But my opinions and my reasoning were overpowered by opinions more probable, and by reasoning more powerful. Hearing that Badcock set up unqualified and unlimited claims, I, in a moment of honest rage, determined to hew them down, by saying, that I knew him not to be writer of all the Sermons. How, it was asked, did I know it? Because, answered I, part was written by myself; and if Badcock lies in one particular, he may lie in all. Here then, see, dear Sir, that resentment against Badcock, not jealousy of White, drove the secret out; and that my intention was to protect White by confuting Badcock. Well, this strong declaration provoked new proofs, till I was staggered, alarmed, and to my sorrow in part convinced. In this agony of surprise and indignation at finding myself deceived by White, I wrote to him a bold letter, in which reproach was mingled with inquiry. He was at Gloucester, but sent me no answer while I remained at Oxford. I proceeded to London; and when a fortnight had elapsed from the date of my first letter, I wrote a second, which did produce an answer; and indeed it was a most guarded and a most offensive one, though consisting only of four or five lines. It began, not in his usual form of, Worthy and learned Sir, nor of Dear Sir, nor of Reverend Sir, nor Sir, but, Dr. White presents his respects, &c. This shocked me, for no one of my questions was answered. Then having a right to search into the business, I renewed my application to Badcock's friends, and from them, who were perfect strangers to me, I obtained part of the intelligence which Dr. White had not thought proper to give me.

This avowal was a sore subject to White's friends, and caused a coolness between Dr. Parr and Dr. Parsons ever after. Yet was it not unreasonable to expect that Parr should not claim his part, when

White's connection with Badcock was proclaimed? Nor can White ever be excused for his conduct to Parr on this occasion. He instantly changed his style: "My most worthy and learned friend" is altered for the cold address of "Reverend Sir;" "grateful" is laid aside; past obligations are forgotten, and Parr is even attacked for avowing the assistance he gave. An ingenuous and an honourable man would instantly have avowed his error, begged pardon for his weakness or his treachery, and made the best atonement in his power. White's conduct and feelings were exactly the reverse of repentance. He had even the audacity to attack; he assailed Parr for having betrayed him.

White's own statement, cautious and cold as it is, bears testimony to Parr's essential help in the composition of the Bampton Lectures. The particulars of his assistance are there reluctantly unfolded, and the correspondence tells the tale of the manner in which White and his friends managed the business. But let me remark, that until 1789, during the lapse of five years, there had been no demurs, no doubts. Parr's mind had been busily employed on Bellendenus, and the Warburtonian Tracts: and I believe I am not singular in the idea that, much more of the Bampton Lectures was written by Parr, than has been assigned to him; and that the internal evidence of many passages, proves it to moral demonstration.

In this controversy the name of Dr. Routh occurs for the first time in connection with that of Dr. Parr; and I am comforted and refreshed to gain a moment's repose, after the toil of developing White's dark and

odious manœuvres, under the shade and protection of his unimpeached and unsullied virtues. Dr. Routh and another friend were applied to by Parr, as scholars, who loved the University much, but truth more, and to them he confided his statements. So bitter, however, was the spirit raised against him, that at one time he intended to avenge himself by publishing an "Expostulation with Dr. White." But Mr. Burke stayed Parr's angry hand.

From the execution of this design (says Parr) I was dissuaded by the earnest and authoritative counsel of one of the wisest, worthiest, and noblest instruments whom the Deity, in the ordinary course of his providence, has vouchsafed to employ for the instruction and happiness of mankind. I do not assume this most serious language without a most serious sense of its truth and its propriety. No good man will charge that language with exaggeration or paradox, when it is applied, where I am sure he will join me in applying it, to Mr. Edmund Burke.

This Expostulation is now before me; and the sentences which I have copied from it are some of the purest examples of his impassioned style, when the gravity of the subject, and the homage due, even to violated friendship, had banished all rhetorical flourishes, and given his mind its proper and deep tone of thinking. Had Parr been concerned alone, White would have enjoyed his glory without diminution; but we cannot regret that he was detected, for his detection has placed the laurel on those brows which were uncrowned by patronage; and in the detection the University of Oxford has nothing to lament, in the exposure of an unworthy son, when she has a numerous host of the good and great whom she may justly love.

Whilst engaged in the service of White, Parr became acquainted with Dr. Uri. This learned man had been recommended as a great Oriental scholar by Sir James Yorke, while ambassador at the Hague, to the University of Oxford. The following facts relative to him are thus stated in "The Case of John Uri, a Native of Hungary, and D. D. in the University of Harderwick:"

Dr. Uri has been employed in the University of Oxford for more than twenty years in making a Catalogue of the Oriental MSS. in the Bodleian Library. His engagement having ceased, and with it his annual salary, all that remains for his future subsistence is a *hundred pounds*, which he received as a gratuity from the delegates of the press, at the conclusion of his employ.

He is now *sixty years* of age; has been absent from his own country about *forty years;* has no connection or friends remaining there, nor any prospect of future employment.

The subscriptions of the friends of humanity and literature are therefore earnestly requested to rescue a man of letters from want, and to secure him a decent provision for life, that he may not add the evils of poverty to the infirmities of old age.

In addition to this statement, Dr. Uri addressed a petition to the Members of the University, and states,

That your Petitioner was invited to this place from the University of Leyden, where he was engaged, under Professor Schultens, in a literary employment.

That he has been engaged here for twenty-two years, in which time he has catalogued and described 2,358 MSS. in nine Oriental languages, many of these MSS. containing several distinct Treatises, and four of these languages have been learned by him since his engagement.

That your Petitioner is now dismissed from his employment; that his annual salary of seventy-two guineas did not afford him

any savings; and that he has only a hundred pounds to subsist on, given to him by the Delegates of the Press, on his dismission.

If this was all he had to subsist on—if these were the only gains of such long-continued and learned labours, he had right not only to petition, but to complain, and even to demand a viaticum for his grey hairs. He was preserved by the exertions of Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dr. Routh, Dr. Smyth of Pembroke College, and Dr. Parr, but more especially of Mr. Kett of Trinity College, and Mr. Agutter of Magdalen. One of the following Latin Letters was written to Dr. Parr, and the other about him.

Celeberrimo ac doctissimo viro, Domino Doctori Parr,
Joh. Uri, S. P. D.

Quanquam sæpe in animo habebam, vir Parissime, te per literas affari; nam comitas et commoditas morum tuorum hanc mihi licentiam indulgere videbatur: nihilominus tamen, nominis tui ac doctrinæ quodam quasi splendore deterritus, hactenus ἐχεμυθίαν Pythagoricam servavi. At nunc impium mihi sit nefasque tacere. Ita namque meritus de me immerente es, ut nullum officii studiique genus prætermittere posse videar, sine notâ hominis ingratissimi. Quippe, quum ex quodam de heroibus, qui pro salute meâ et incolumitate fortiter propugnant, fatalem fundi mei calamitatem cognovisses, adductus communi humanitatis officio, quo censetur interesse hominis, hominem beneficio afficere, egregium rebus meis adjumentum opemque attulisti. Quod si secus esset, meum tamen de singulari tuâ virtute judicium efficeret, ut te semper omni observantiâ complectendum haberem. Verum enimvero οὐκ ἀπόβλητ' ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα. Grata igitur beneficii tui recordatio vivet in animo meo, donec inter σῖτον ἔδοντας oculis usurpabo γλυκερὸν φάος ἠελίοιο. Sed cogitata digne proloqui non possum; quicquid enim dico, minus est, quàm dicere volo. Utinam ergo superi eam mihi aliquando facultatem concederent, ut re potius possem, quàm

verbis, animum meum tui ardentissimum declarare. Hinc, etsi penia a nequitiæ arbitro bonæ mentis soror vocatur, mallem tamen ego, ut Porus eam εἰς μακαρίαν mitteret, angustumque larem meum eo beare vellet imbre, qui fluxit in sinum Danäes. Ἀλλ' ἑτέρως ἐβάλοντο θεοὶ κακὰ μητιόωντες. Proin unum illud abs te contendo, ut gratiam relatam fore sic interpretere, si eadem mihi et vivendi et de te cogitandi fuerit meta. Id autem me præstiturum sanctissime recipio. Vale.

Dat. Oxon. 1787, Mart. 25.

Venerande Domine Kett, *Feb.* 18.

Rogo te, perquam honorifice, ut Chirographum tuum, Domino Brookes tradendum, transmittere ad me digneris unà cum quatuor guineis.

Fons benevolentiæ et candoris Reverendus Agutter, postquam te convenerat, me quoque convenit.

Nimia festinatio, quâ λείψανον χρύσου γένους Doctor Parr nuper usus erat, præcidit mihi omnem opportunitatem vos alloquendi. Promiserat se sequenti die ante meridiem venturum. Itaque expectans eum lapides nigros super foco large reposui; tubos candidos, quibus fumus tabaci exhauriri solet, præparavi; sellas, remotâ paululum mensâ, ad ignem admovi: at eheu! non contigit mihi ipsum videre. Vale. Sum, et ero, nominis tui cultor perpetuus, J. Uri.

It has been mentioned in the foregoing pages that White corresponded with several learned foreign scholars, and Parr, in his exposition of the Professor's merits, alludes to some illustrious names. There is one letter of Michaelis of Göttingen; one of Reiske of Leipsic, in Latin; two of Monsr de Villoison of Paris, in French; and two of M. Bjornstahl of Copenhagen, in French also. These letters are of great curiosity and interest, but they do not belong to my work. I shall, however, anticipate

the order of time, to bring in a portion of the correspondence of Dr. Parr himself with certain foreign scholars, and to take note of the publication of the Analogical Dictionary of Hoogeveen, senior.

Through Dr. Symmons an application of Dr. Ingenhousz, the celebrated naturalist, was made to Dr. Parr for his patronage of the posthumous works of Hoogeveen, senior. These works it would appear, from the following extract, were very numerous.

Amicorum optimo intimo
Janni Ingen Housz
S. P. D.
Janus Hoogeveen.

.....Consilium tuum, vir amicissime, de edendis defuncti patris pœmatibus, præsertim de apologiâ pœtarum in lucem proferendâ, lubens equidem amplector: nonnulla tamen dantur impedimenta, animum hactenus suspensum tenentia, qualia sunt, 1o operis illius prolixitas, quippe sexdecim mille, ducentos et quadraginta versus continentis, inque libros octodecim divisi; 2o, notæ marginales, per integrum opus dispersæ, cum copiosiores, tum idiomate Græco expressæ; siquidem pleraque loca, ex Platone desumpta, ipsis verbis auctoris, adeoque Græce exhibentur. Neque tuto poterunt hæc omitti, neque levi tantum digito tangi; quoniam non solum ad interiorem carminis intellectum summopere conferunt, verum et consectationibus argumentorum Platonicorum majorem lucem plerumque adspergunt. Atqui vide sis, quantos sumptus exigeret illud opus, si prælo subjiceretur! Denique 3o, si materiam carminis ipsam contemplemur, solius delectationis gratia scriptum illud conficeberis, ideoque rarissimos emptores, saltem inter nostrates, alliceret: atque ita spes omnis impensas graviores recuperandi prorsus evanesceret.

At præter illam apologiam, omnibus numeris absolutam, aliud item opus postumum reliquit Auctor defunctus, Analogicum;

nempe, et simul ordine alphabetico concinnatum, ultrà septuaginta mille vocabula Græca exhibens, cujus specimen, a me perscriptum, paginâ leges proximâ, quo accuratiùs a te feratur judicium de naturâ et usu totius operis; quale, ni fallor, orbis eruditus etiamnum desiderat. Opus illud Analogicum totius linguæ Græcæ, itidem ad finem perductum, continet paginas septingentas et nonaginta quinque, quibus forma datur maxima, qualem barbaro nomine *foliant* vocamus. Importuna mors Auctoris præfatione operis, ab ipso elaborandâ, nos privavit. Præcipua interim ejus capita in limine operis inveni. Schedulæ inscripta, quorum exemplar his literis separatim adjectum deteges.

Tu, Amicorum ocelle, quem vero nomine editorem suarum Particularum vocat extinctus Auctor, Britannorum tuorum animos perscrutares, an pari enthusiasmo a te possint inflammari ad opus illud Analogicum simillimæ sortis beneficio e tenebris in lucem protrahendum.

* * * * *

Cæterum præter hæc duo opera, de quibus hactenus egi, in Musæo patris insuper inveni novas observationes, quibus suam de particulis L. Gr. doctrinam auxit, ut et varias animadversiones ad loca Fœderis Novi difficiliora. Priores separatim edi possent in gratiam eorum, quotquot opus ipsum possident. De posterioribus autem quid sis suasurus, proximæ literæ indicent.

Exemplar orationis meæ inauguralis, sub prælo jam sudantis, tibi reservabo. Vale!

Delphis, A. D. VIII Octobr. ciɔiɔccxcii.

This letter of Janus Hoogeveen was sent to Dr. Parr, and he has himself given an account in the Bibliotheca P. App^{x}. 697. of the line he pursued. To this account, I subjoin the following letter to Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford, as a specimen of his zeal in the cause:

DEAR SIR,

I should not act consistently with the respect I have for your literary attainments, or with the opinion I entertain of your readiness to promote the cause of learning, if I were not to lay before you that intelligence, which I have communicated to many other scholars with considerable effect.

Hoogeveen, the editor of Vigerus, and author of a well-known book on the Greek Particles, has left behind him an Analogical Dictionary, the plan of which is entirely new, and is so formed as to shew the powers and mutual dependences of Greek words by the arrangement of their terminations. I have seen a specimen of it, and I entirely concur in opinion with Sir George Baker and Dr. Warton of Winchester, that it is worthy of the same encouragement which English scholars gave to Hoogeveen's work on the Particles. The manuscript is in the hands of his son; the publication depends on the number of subscribers in this country: the contents will fill a large quarto, and the price of the subscription is one guinea and a half.

I ought to state that some heads of houses and other respectable members of the University of Cambridge have promised to subscribe, and I have great satisfaction in adding that the Dean of Christ Church and the President of Magdalen College have authorized me to put down their names.

The great distance at which I live from Hampshire—the few intervals which I have from labour, and the numerous engagements which crowd upon me in my vacations hitherto, have prevented me from trespassing upon your hospitality. But I will not abandon all hope of refreshment from orthodox tobacco, and of instruction from your conversation upon Greek criticism at Winchester Lodge. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very faithful well wisher, and obedient servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

Hatton, near Warwick, March 6, 1793.

Of the success of this publication I can speak from no authority. Added to that satisfaction which Parr always derived from doing good, he re-

ceived a copy of verses, the grateful effusion of the younger Hoogeveen, of which I shall quote a few.

Viro plurimum Reverendo
PARRIO
S. P. D.
Janus Hoogeveen.

Palladis Argivæ cultor celeberrime, PARRI;
Grande decus sacri præsidiumque gregis.
Nos intermedium mare separat, optime PARRI!

* * * * * *

Obsequor, ut votum quantocius exequar, estque
Summa mihi summo laus placuisse viro.
Hæc tua si scirent manes benefacta Paterni,
Conciperent tacito gaudia quanta seni!
Acturi meritas gratas ferrentur ab urnâ
Patris, in amplexus proruerentque tuos!

* * * * * *

Non quantas debet, sed quas habet, optime Parri,
Defuncto grates pro patre natus agit.
Æternis meritis summo devincta Patrono
Serviet æternum mens tibi grata. Vale!

Delphis, A. D. v Maii clolocccxciii.

I shall dismiss Dr. Parr's foreign correspondence for the present, after the insertion of one letter from Professor Bekker, who had seen him in England, and one from Professor Hermann of Leipsic. I understand that there were letters of the great Heyne in the collection. They are not to be found.

Samueli Parrio, S. P. D. Immanuel Bekkerus.

Indignari se arbitrabar, vir venerande, silentii mei diuturnitatem, qui post singularia tua in me officia annum totum sine

ulla litterula observantiæ et amoris teste prætermisissem. Tu vero ne indignare. Neque enim defuit mihi, quem deesse nefas sit, animus dierum apud te jucundissimè actorum cum pietate et desiderio memor, virtutumque tuarum ipso aspectu et brevissimo usu manifestarum admirator: defuit otium et tranquillitas. Cùm enim redux incidissem in tempora publice privatimque gravissima, quæ me ad vos rejecissent, si ullus in museis vestris homini peregrino locus pateret, feci quod reliquum esse videbam, ut mente a rerum externarum tædio avocata, et in bonarum artium studiis defixa temperarem a querelarum frustra nec tuto jactandarum impotentia, quæ ægritudinem nec levaret, et cum amicis meis communicaret. Id consilium an cum aliquo ad litteras fructu ceperim, tu existimabis, quando Thucydides meus et oratorum Atticorum volumen primum ad te deferentur; id quod spero hac æstate fieri posse. Existimabis autem humanius quam severius, neque ab homine male vexato rerumque suarum jamdudum pertæso, eam posces operis absolutionem et perfectionem, quam assequi soleat animus, liber, erectus, curis invictus, talis denique qualem tuum cognovi.

Vale, vir præstantissime, et me, ut amabas, ama.

Scrib. Berolini, A. D. 21 Julii, a. 1821.

Samueli Parrio, viro summè reverendo, S. D.
Godfredus Hermannus.

Magnopere gavisus sum, Parri, vir summè reverende, quùm quod prius a Barkero acceperam, a Gesenio, qui te valde laudat, et Bohtio confirmatum vidi, bene te mihi velle, et in multis rebus mecum consentire. Non potest enim mihi non esse gratissimum, amicum et consentientem habere virum, quem omnes in litteris antiquis primarium esse fatentur. Accepit autem quasi cumulus gaudio meo, quùm cognovi consentire nos etiam aliis in rebus, quàm in solis litteris. Nam quùm tu, ut ex Gesenio audivi, Reginæ partes in infelici illa lite acerrimè tuereris, suas velim me quoque, quum etiam hic duæ essent factiones, plerisque culpantibus Reginam, paucis defendentibus, in his fuisse, qui eam strenuè defenderent. Itaque quod his litteris adjeci exemplum Trachiniarum, si exiguam a se ipso habet, aliquam velim ab animo meo commendationem habere, qui tibi etiam ob illam consensionem deditissimus est. Valc. D. Lipsiæ d. xix. Maii a CIↃIↃCCCXXII.

CHAPTER V.

Tracts of Warburton and a Warbutonian.

The labours attendant on the care of his pupils and his parish, were insufficient to satisfy the craving activity of his mind. Bellenden was hardly ushered from the press, ere he began to meditate another attack; and no doubt, some of the materials for the fresh warfare were collected before the second preface saw the light.

At Colchester, even part of these materials appear to have been in preparation. Parr, at this time, engaged in correspondence with Mr. Potter,* then about to publish his Euripides; and who, in one of his letters, writes thus:

I understood you that you wished to see Lowth's letter and Brown's, I should not else have sent them; they will serve to light your pipes, if you are not afraid they will give your tobacco a brimstone smell. I the more readily recommend Leland to this use, as you think it true Virginian. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

Scarning, April 4, 1778. R. Potter.

* Mr. Potter, well known in the learned world as the translator of the Greek tragedies, was much indebted to Parr for critical and literary aid. There is a large correspondence.

During his abode at Norwich, Parr had caused a tract, said to be written by Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, entitled, "The Delicacy of Friendship, a 7th Dissertation, addressed to the Author of the 6th, printed 1755," to be copied in MS. as the printed work was seldom to be found. The copy was superscribed thus:

Transcribed at Norwich in 1779, by Shelford and Kett, Norwich boys of great worth, who are now dead. Kett died in 1780, and Shelford in 1781, much esteemed by their friend and master, Samuel Parr.

This 7th Dissertation is so styled, because Dr. Jortin had published "Six Dissertations on different subjects;" in the 6th of which, he had criticised some opinions of Dr. Warburton. The "Delicacy of Friendship," therefore, was an ironical attack on Jortin, and as it was anonymous, was warmly reprobated by Dr. Lowth, and most learned men of the day. Whether Parr had secured it as a curiosity, or an instrument of annoyance, is unknown; certain it is, that soon after Dr. Hurd was his Diocesan, he converted it to the latter purpose. In 1788, Bishop Hurd published a new edition of Bishop Warburton's Works, leaving out certain juvenile tracts and translations, which were probably thought unworthy of the matured talents of this great man; and, instead of "a Life," a note was added, promising one to the purchasers of the Works. Parr immediately laid hold of these omissions, as pretences for warfare.

It appears from his correspondence, that, when Henry Homer was at Hatton in the summer of

1787, Parr shewed him the Warburtonian Tracts, which he had then determined to republish. In March 1788, in a letter to Homer he says,

I desire you would find some opportunity of looking into Hurd's works, and of seeing whether his Letter to Leland, and the Delicacy of Friendship are in them; I think not. I shall bring some papers with me to London, connected with this question.

In London then, probably, these matters were settled; for, in a letter dated October 1788, Parr says to Homer:

I have this day committed to the coach at Stratford, the manuscript; it is in a state so perfect, that no addition will be made, and all that is wanting is a reference, which Bennet is to send me, to Hallifax's Sermons; and one correction, which you can easily make in the second preface, and which I desire you to make, before the manuscript goes to press, in the beginning of a paragraph which runs, "Leland and Jortin are now placed;" but which, when corrected, should run, "Leland and Jortin now repose in the sanctuary of the grave, and are placed," &c. This is an easy short alteration. I desire you to read it over with great care, and tell me your opinion; and I cannot help saying again and again, for I think it a fine composition in satire, learning, and eloquence.

Homer answers November 4th:

DEAR DOCTOR,

I received yours to day, but have not time to answer a syllable of it further than to say, that as far as my little judgment goes, no one can think higher of your composition than I do. I am only afraid it will be overloaded with notes and references; which, you must allow, diminishes the pleasure of reading a fine composed text. I have just been at Reed's near six o'clock. You set out with two false facts; the following is the extract: "It is mentioned that Sir John Hawkins printed the Marmor Norf. in his edition of Johnson's works." This is not a fact. It is not inserted in that edition: but it is in a sup-

plemental volume, with which Sir J. had nothing to do. The first piece published of Johnson's was not the translation of *Lobo's Voyage*, but of Pope's Messiah. Warburton wrote four prefaces himself, viz. to Clarissa, to Towne's Philosophers, to his Examination of Sherlock's Sermons, to Mrs. Cockburn's Remarks on Rutherford's Book on Virtue. Pray return the short preface and Horace soon to Smith's. Yours, truly,

Friday. H. HOMER.

In the following letters Parr gives his directions and his opinions to Homer in the same style, as we have already seen in the editing of Bellendenus. Homer, however, was not so submissive; he was now employed in the Variorum Edit. of Horace, which was, after his death, edited by Dr. Combe; and the correspondence is therefore naturally intermingled with remarks on his own concern, as well as his correction of the Warburtonian publication.

It will all be ready, says Parr, I suppose by Christmas. Having a great opinion of Reed's judgment and secrecy, I desire him to look it over, though not before printing, as he may not be returned from Cambridge. You will roast me alive at Emanuel; I shall be excommunicated at Lambeth, and anathematized by half the bishops, and abused in the Critical Review. Copies must be given to Reed and Steevens, but unbound to Steevens. No, no; they shall both be bound. Steevens will envy me my severity.

DEAR HOMER, *Nov.* 7, 1788.

Your admonitions and hints are judicious and reasonable; and in your allusion to the sword of Brutus you rise even to eloquence. Consider, however, that we are aiming at the breast of a strong man; that he has powerful auxiliaries, and is himself armed in a coat of mail. I will therefore give no further polish to my steel than is necessary to sharpen it, and

make the blow sure. I wish it to be speedy, and in truth, Homer, I want expression to tell you how sincerely and painfully I am solicitous to do the business soon. We have, indeed, a faithful, wise, and active ally in Mr. R. whose judgment upon the merits of the composition confirms my very unusual fondness for it. But you say nothing of your own:—work away, work away. Fib is too common a word in the note; suppose you correct it thus, Rhetorical Hyperbole. These are trifles,—true; but I want to avoid blackguard words. Work away. I have written to Lord John, but have had no answer. *Yesterday*, 4th Nov., I celebrated in Tokay and Champagne, and with loyal toasts; that is, patriotic, at the house of Mr. West, a good Foxite. Mr. Coke has sent me twenty guineas for Dr. Browne's* family; a noble Foxite, is he not? Who is to correct the press, the first sheet; who is to take care of the Greek? I never felt such impatience; indeed, I will keep my thoughts and time disengaged to prevent additions, and to forward the return of proof sheets. Give me information—give me encouragement—give me at least consolation; as for instance, how many pages are working off at a time, and when it is likely to be finished. I hope, I hope, I hope by Christmas day. At least the preface and dedication and testimonia auctorum.

In a letter dated Nov. 20th, 1788, Parr says,

I was very glad to find that Reed does not approve of Bishop Smooth's attack, which for a time was very popular, so I say in the text to the Preface, and after the word "popular," I wish you to insert in the text, "but I cannot add the victorious antagonist." I thought it better to add something to the quotation, and I have omitted some parts, to which I do not assent quite; for Warburton, though proud and impatient, had a great store of cheerfulness and good nature in private life; and when I consider how long he was neglected, and how much he was abused, I by no means wonder at the violence of

* Dr. (the celebrated John) Browne, for whose family, left destitute by his death, Parr collected a considerable sum of money.

his writings; which, however, I am not concerned to vindicate. It will be curious to see how Master Hurd will get off upon this ticklish subject; because he stands engaged to vindicate the Bishop's candour and benevolence; and my republication will make his task ten times more difficult. You see clearly that I love and respect Warburton, though I sometimes lay it on pretty heavily. He was worth a thousand Hurds, and five hundred Hallifaxes, and a hundred Popes. Shew Reed the note. Stop at "disregarded," and put six asterisks to shew that something is omitted. I do not choose in this work even to quote anything in favour of Sidney or Harrington, or even Hoadley, though I have read them often, and am an advocate for the rights of mankind.

When the work was nearly printed off, Parr, with his usual fastidiousness, was continually making alterations; and writes thus to Homer on his agreeing to cancel a portion of the work already printed.

Peace be to the manes of him who invented the art of cancelling. He would have been a better lawyer than Pepper Arden, and a greater *orator than Billy Pitt*. Peace, therefore, everlasting peace be to his manes; and blessed be all those who, like you, cultivate his art! Why, Homer, my stomach before had qualms and twiches, such as a sour crab would have produced in a stomach overloaded with rich mince-pies; but I now feel at once the strong savour of a French ragout, and the wholesome solidity of English roast beef. In plain truth, I am all over in love with myself when I read these dear and precious cancelled pages; and were you sitting by me, you might harangue for half an hour without one word of contradiction, or one look of disdain, upon the science of boiling eggs and the luxuries of Warwickshire pork-pies. You are a right good fellow, for you have printed without one mistake; so that great and glorious is the art of cancelling. I'faith, my Master Homer, there are four or five pages, and I will stake my chance of a bishopric upon the credit of them, compared with the writers I have so eloquently praised; yet I am such a restless, querulous, surly sort of critic, that I

have found room to make perfection more perfect, and so you will say when you read the alterations. For "luminous and appropriate imagery of Bishop Taylor," read, "the crowded, yet clear and luminous galaxies of imagery diffused through the works of Bishop Taylor."

In another letter he says,

I am now going to part with my dear, darling favourite, beloved, admired, corrected, improved, perfected, cancelled sheet; and, old Homer, you have got more credit by your patience and care in this sheet, than by all the rest of your typographical assiduity; and so rejoice with me, and praise with me, and bless with me, the noble art of cancelling. It is a glorious art, and I will proclaim its praises to all scholars, and all critics.....

I am glad my plague and your plagues are at an end, or at least your's will be when this letter is complied with. Do not let Steevens have a copy before Monday, and make a friend of him if you can. Tell me some news? I am delighted with the Prince's Letter to Pitt. I suppose Steevens is against the Regent, and pleasant it will be to hear Farmer, the redoubted Tory, defending these republican attacks upon the Crown. Well, I never liked him or trusted him, and he is not behind-hand with me, whom he hates, distrusts, and fears. I suppose the Regent will be created this week. I am sorry to find the City Address of Bankers so numerous and respectable. You have not told me, nor any body else, how Markham came to vote with Pitt. Is he gone over to Pitt quite? I hope not. I have told Lord John Townshend about the Household; and hinted that it might be Lord Mansfield's opinion. But surely the Prince must have influence from his own Household to counterbalance the Queen's.

Monday night, Jan. 26, 1789.

The following letters exhibit the editor and the corrector of the press in new characters. The Coalition had opened the door to Parr's ambition; but the defeat of the Coalition so quickly closed it again, that there was only room left for attaching

himself to his party by writing; there being no prospect of any other course of action, that would raise him to preferment. But in Nov. 1788, the King's health was so disturbed, as to render a provision for carrying on the business of the executive part of the Government immediately necessary. On Dec. 16th, 1788, Homer thus writes:

DEAR DOCTOR,

It was my intention yesterday to have sent an extract from the Review on Dr. Browne's Letter to Lowth, which Mr. Reed thought very apposite, and which he himself transcribed, but unfortunately both that and a proof of the *second* sheet of the *Delicacy* were lost in the streets by the young Devil, who had the custody of them, with some other things for me. I was thrice at the *Browns'* from Portland Street (where I now am at Jones's), and in order to be satisfied of the truth of this accident, went down thither in a coach at half past ten at night. My name is on both the parcels. They may fall into the hands of an orange-woman, or they *may* alight upon one of the penetration of G. Steevens.

The unremitted attention I have paid to your concerns for a very long period, indeed would, I was in hopes, have procured a more favourable interpretation to many of my letters than what you have seemed disposed to put upon them. My sensations at the time I addressed you about Livy were, if there is any sincerity in man, couched in a very different meaning from those of high toned. They were meant rather in the style of the supplicant; but I cannot suppress the emotions which I feel upon this occasion; and shall be free to tell you, that I hope I never shall have a heart that will not upon every occasion be ready to return a grateful acknowledgment for any favour conferred; but at the same time, I trust it will always revolt at the idea of an abject prostration at the feet of any man. I only expressed my wishes that you had thrown out a hint before. I must necessarily be put to great inconvenience by making any alteration. I by no means expected you would give more than a cursory glance over the notes, and from the repeated

professions of your friendship to me, I had every reason to believe you would long ago. In the spring I was shy of giving you any trouble, as you complained of hurry from other quarters. Still, I believe you were made very sensible of my uneasiness both from Combe and Okeover, as well as from my own feelings, which I could not totally suppress.

However, had you read the whole through eight or ten times I do not believe you would have expended anything like the time which I have devoted to your English publication alone. The blunders which you have mentioned are capital ones indeed. You have my thanks for them now; but that gratitude would have been much enhanced by a more early communication. I have just received your letter in the city, and shall examine the copy when I get home.

I am sorry you have had occasion to send up a fresh copy of what was already in possession. For the *first*, Reed and the printer were in fault, viz., for the omitted paragraph at the beginning of the preface, as it is in the original MS. I interrogated Warren to-day, and accused him of being doubly culpable in this respect. In the *first* place, neither he or Brown could possibly have revised the copy fairly. In the *second* place, I suspect, they sent only to the end of the dedication to Mr. Reed; and as the beginning of the preface made the *last* leaf of the dedication *second* sheet, and consequently might comprise the *prima* of the following sheet of the preface, it might possibly be kept back; otherwise it is almost impossible it should have escaped both *printers* and Reed with the MS. before them. This is only conjecture, but I think it highly plausible.

Now, then, with regard to the Critical Review. As that extract came up a long while ago, and was accompanied with several other matters relating to dedication and preface (which had been cut off and sent to the printers), it by chance escaped me, having lain by so very long; however, I assure you, I found it the very evening I sent you word that it had not been received. I have not seen the papers of to-day or yesterday; but hear there was warm work in the House of Lords yesterday, and that both the Dukes of York and Gloucester spoke.

I met Mr. Cracherode at Jones's yesterday, who paid for a

proof of your head, and told Jones it was well worth one guinea, that it was a shame to go for half one. From him I learned, that it was expected Fox would to-day move the previous question, and that it was thought Pitt would pin him down to the question of *right*, which Mr. C. thinks had better have been kept back. It has been rumoured by some, that Pitt would go back to the bar; but Mr. C. told me (so infatuated are they) that many merchants of London were ready to subscribe £50,000 in case he were turned out; and yet what is he but a mixture of republicanism and aristocraticism?

As your proofs only arrived yesterday, it will be impossible for them to be returned till to-morrow, as they were not corrected till late this morning. If there should be much overrunning, I am afraid you must wait another day. All I can say is, that I always prepare the corrections faster than I have occasion to do, or they can execute them. Your print, as to likeness in *particular*, and as to finishing, is here admired by every one; if the features are not harsh enough, the *painter*, not the *engraver*, is here culpable. Would you have your three or four sent into Warwickshire? As to a dozen copies, I suppose there can be no objection; but I have made such a bargain as I trust *will* tend to your greater emolument by waiting the event of the sale, rather than receive any stipulated sum,

Yours truly, H. HOMER.

London, Dec. 16, 1788.

P. S. You have a specimen of the *finished* proof in the *first* sheet of the dedication now by you. The Greek and notes are all too small, but from a calculation first made, it was thought not safe to risk a larger type for *one volume*. I thought your matter would have been more, and as it turns out it might have been extended; but booksellers do not like great risks in paper, &c. On Sunday night, I took it into my head to turn over some of the returned proofs from you, and to compare them with the MS. I see that there are often little omissions, but at the same time, I must say, that the MS. is very faulty in many *commas*, &c. which you have noticed. Your own last correction made, is διέφορε with an omicron.

The following letter, without a date, was written

sometime in January, by Parr, to the Rev. Henry Homer.

DEAR HOMER,

I thank you for the squibs, which are preciously dull and impudent. You see that, with all their eagerness to find some fault with me, they cannot find me guilty of a greater sin than smoaking; and smoaking is no reproach upon my learning, taste, manners, or morals. Pitt, for a time, will triumph with his majority. But his real character is coming out more and more, and his popularity will not long survive his power.

I must see the cancelled sheet once more; to this, I do not mean to add many words. I find I must alter the beginning of a paragraph, because I now see that three succeeding paragraphs begin with infinitive moods. I did take it for granted, and always shall take it for granted, that you allow me one day after receiving a fiat, and I have told you so before, and therefore I sent a correction to Brown's on Friday. The word task, must be altered, as it occurs in the preceding page. I am particularly anxious to have this cancelled sheet very perfect, and, indeed I never yet wrote any thing to satisfy myself. But there is time before us, and I shall keep the cancelled sheet two days, to prevent further trouble and vexation to you and myself.

I read that the London vote of thanks is now signed by two thousand people. But as the Prince will be firm, he will soon conquer all these addresses. He acts with great delicacy and dignity, which, in the long run, will be of solid and signal service to him. I have now no impatience about the book, and I would by no means have it come out till the Regency is actually conveyed to the Prince. It is very fortunate for me that Bishop Hurd voted against his pupil, and, indeed, the Prince will now be able to distinguish between friends and foes. It will be a very able Ministry, and Pitt in opposition is not worth a rush. There must be a new Parliament; in obtaining which, prodigious sums of money must be spent by the Prince and his friends. I wish you would find out how Markham came to vote for Pitt. I think the restrictions will not be carried by so great a majority. I am glad the royal treasures will be no longer employed in parliamentary and electioneering cabals. This is

of great consequence. "Stately array" I shall correct, but I have not made up my mind as to the beginning of the sentence, which, being a very good one, must not be left mutilated.

My cold is a little better, and I have ventured to ride out—but I am very much afraid of my horse, whose starts, and sudden stops, are absolutely dangerous, and even my boys say so. I return the Horace, which is very correct. I doubt about *bis*; should it be *hic* or *bis*? I suspect *bis*. But you must look, for I cannot construe it. I now thank you finally and cordially for your trouble about my book; and I think that a few splendid quotations will be of use to the sale, if you can get them inserted in the Foxite papers, especially the praises upon Hurd's style, and Jortin's character, which is executed well, and will be popular; but I do not wish anything severe to get into the newspapers; and my friends must make up a few defensive paragraphs for the editor. I think Steevens might be allowed to do this; but pray stop him from quoting anything severe, and tell me what he says of the composition. I must give away two more copies. But more of this hereafter. I have got two hundred and forty-five pounds for the Browns, and this is more than Pittite parsons do.

Pray call on Mr. Hall, and settle about my arrears at the Whig Club. If there be a difficulty to get in the text, the inclosed alteration will be again transcribed and sent up to you. I will shorten one of the notes, and I suppose, that a note is more manageable in printing. Send me an answer to this query before I give final directions. The alteration will probably run thus, and requires little breaks or lines in the first sentence—"I am unwilling to shock your Lordship's delicacy by saying *all* that might be said with truth——upon your romantic freaks of affectation, or caprice, in the choice of your subjects—upon the stately array or the grotesque machinery of your arguments—upon the rambling digressions and intricate labyrinths into which we are drawn by your notes—upon the vicious, as well as the more chaste and more happy embellishments of your style; I therefore pass on to those unsparing"——all in italics.

The following letter is from the same to the same.

I thank you for your letter. There is war at Warwick; and Parson Weale, the only writer of the enemy, has been extremely abusive to me for saying that Mr. Greville would be a candidate. The case is this. When Lord Warwick's candidates came, the mayor put out a hand-bill saying he had a letter from London, which authorised him to declare that Greville would not stand. Frightened at this, I put out a hand-bill to inquire from whom the letter came, and to say, that Greville had written to Ladbroke upon the 6th, that he would come. This produced the name of Lord Warwick, and here it rested till Saturday. Then I had a letter from Greville, declaring he would come, which fact I published with my name. As the quotation was very short, I was charged with concealing and interpolating. I instantly with my name produced a fuller quotation, repeated my assertion, and trounced the anonymous hand-bill writer. He replied, but so vulgarly and nonsensically, that it was not worth while to say any more. We have now got a printed address from Greville, which justifies me and convicts Lord ——— of the lie direct; and such a fact we shall turn to account. I have been abused for something Bartlam wrote; and, as he writes well, I was suspected. Bartlam has rejoined vigorously. We have beat them about two other facts, and so fully, that they deny having said at all what they absolutely did say in a hand-bill; but our proofs were too strong for equivocation, and so they were obliged to lie. Greville's address bears hard upon the Castle, and Lord ——— lie has separated the brothers. Ask no questions at present about my Junius?* It is far better than anything in my predecessor Junius: and far better than my dedication. It will not be published, as I must not be an author about elections. But you shall see it, and, if it is printed, there will be a job for Poppin's Court. But mind this; if it is printed there, you

* Referring to the letter to Lord W———, which was given to Mr. Ladbroke, who had it printed for circulation among his friends.

must be upon the spot the whole time to see it composed and printed off, and to prevent surreptitious copies; and your reward will be a copy—and a great reward, let me tell you. Well, I have written to Lord Dartmouth about Combe, and Lord John has got him a great number of votes, for which he must call and thank him, as it is done out of friendship to me. I wish my friends would consider, that I cannot be always applying for them, and that they may chance to ask my assistance when I have been applying for something else the week before. However, all is done for Combe I could do, and I heartily wish him success, for he is a sincere friend; which word brings to mind a cold, delicate, Hurdian letter from Bennet, about the book. I have sent him the devil of an answer. As to a new edition, I forbid it for the present, and shall alter and add, and shall thank Steevens for any kind of communication. I suppose it will go hard with me in the Gentleman's Magazine. But I don't care; and if Nichols is very bad he shall suffer for it. Be assured, Homer, that I treasure up what you say about Reed, and will do my best to serve him when there is a proper opportunity. This you will consider as a promise; but I cannot answer for the event, and I must reserve to myself the right of settling the time.

The King is very little better, as I know upon good authority. Let us praise Ireland. This is a glorious trial. Bennet has found out Steevens, and in his courtly way, complains. But he funnily says, the style is like Seale's, and Seale* will get into a scrape with the Archbishop, whereat I rejoice. My reasons are to be found in Hurd's pamphlets, and I shall give no other. Personal reasons are out of the question. I hope Reed will do something in a Magazine, and I shall be glad of Steevens's strong faulchion, to repel the army of Nichols. But never mind abuse; I have spoken the truth; and, if not, let them convict me, for I have laid all the evidence open. Take care to resist the new edition at present. I dare say this impression

* Dr. Seale was the Archbishop's domestic chaplain, but left Lambeth on some petty pique, of which he gives an account to Parr in his correspondence.

will go off in a year. What says Dr. Hurd himself? make me a good budget of anecdotes. Bennet says, Farmer will be pleased at finding himself not only spared, but praised. I have been a generous enemy to him always, and so I am to every body, even to Hurd. Why now, the sneer in Cadell's shop is of piece with the rest. There is no sense, Homer, in these sneers.* Do you think there is? for I swear that I find none. Bartlam says, they are full of roguery; a naughty word, not fit to be used about Bishops; though I think three out of five most desperate knaves, and this is a pretty word; but for heaven's sake, don't say so to Steevens, for Bartlam says it would be paragraphed.

Did you ever read anything so insolent and venomous as Hurd's two pamphlets? I wish Seale would try to defend him. By the way, Bennet says, he told me, Lord W. would leave us at the push—a concession for which both the tutor and pupil have been trounced, as I say. I suppose at Cambridge they are all in arms against me. Let them fear me, and I care not how they abuse me. I wish for testimonia; where are Tyrwhitt's? I wish to encourage an idea, that in the Horace, Master Hurd will be oiled and perstringed most confoundedly. I think Steevens would work this very well,

* A certain Bishop, on hearing the sermons of Dr. W. (now Bishop of L.) extolled, replied, "Sir, he may do well at Cambridge, but not in London. We know there is nothing at all in him." And again, when the same learned writer's Reply to Gibbon was commended, answered with the following sneer: "But do you think his Defence of Christianity would have been the worse, had he appeared a little more in earnest about it?"

A few years ago the Bishop of W. hearing a bookseller speak with satisfaction of the rapid sale of some new edition of Shakspeare, replied, with one of his customary sneers; "These trifling fellows know nothing of our great dramatic poet's manner. When the public recover their senses, Warburton's comment will be the only one held in esteem." Surely, says a correspondent, the antient coalition of priest and prophet, in this instance, has not been hitherto ascertained.

and frighten Hurd devilishly. Perhaps, too, it may be done, if I am well in health, and ill in humour. Mind, your edition will be worth a guinea more if you publish Jason de Nores; and we must get Colman's translation for the sake of two or three judicious transpositions in the text. Mind, I think of nothing now but Warwick politics. But send me all news worth hearing. Barrington has been prating. He is a ——— ——; but as he don't write he must escape.—Friday, Feb. 20, 1789.

The work was published early in the year 1789, under the title "Tracts by Warburton, and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the collections of their respective works." Before the Tracts of Warburton is a short Preface of the Editor; before the Tracts by a Warburtonian, a Dedication and a Preface. Had the Prefaces been prefixed to the respective works alone, some obligation might have been owed by the Republic of Letters to the exertions of Dr. Parr. "They who mark, with philosophic precision, the progress of the human understanding," must thank him for giving them an opportunity of "comparing the better productions of Warburton's pen with the worse;" nor was it unworthy of his love of ingenuousness and fairness in literary controversy, to unscreen a critic who anonymously employed an "offensive spirit of contempt, for the purpose of degrading" a learned writer. The Preface, however, has a better claim on our gratitude than any it can derive from the unveiling of dark manœuvres, or the indignation it expresses against "the foul arts of detraction so often practised by men of letters." The characters of Warburton, and Leland, and Jortin, can never be

read without delight. "He that speaks of them without approbation must renounce his pretensions to impartiality of taste, to exactness of discrimination, or delicacy of feeling."

The Preface is written in a more dignified tone of mind, and with a better spirit than the Dedication, which is directed as a death-blow at Bishop Hurd's literary reputation; and certainly its venom, its sly aims, its dexterous thrusts, as well as its furious blows, are unparalleled. Rarely does the Editor use "the lighter missive weapons of the controversial armoury—rarely does he pelt his adversary with trim urbanity or oblique insinuation." When he does, it is only to gain time, and to take breath to gather up his might, and to assail with recruited vigour. Wheresoever such powers are employed for any purpose, it will naturally be asked why were they so employed?

I am fearful that a candid perusal of the Dedication will generate the same opinion in every reader of sense and virtue. Why should so learned a man as Dr. Parr attack so venerable and so respectable a man as Dr. Hurd in this bitter manner? What could be his motives? What motives could justify such an attack?

In order that we may be just, let us briefly survey the Dedication with these views, and, at the same time, take a glance at some of Dr. Parr's deliberate writings hitherto unpublished, so as to judge whether the motive was general or personal, of remote or recent date; and, finally, whether he was not, after all, hurried away by one of those torrents

of passion, of which there are too many instances in *his* life, as in the lives of us all. For, although his talents were enlisted on the side of virtue, our friend was sometimes deceived—he was often duped—and he was always jealous of attention, and indignant at neglect. The sounding name, too, of independence, and still more, his apprehension of apostacy, swerving, and inconsistency, were sure to open the sluices of his resentment. Now I think a gleam of light illumines the subject if we advert to the patronage of the Doctor by Bishop Lowth, who was one of the antagonists of the Warburtonian school. By the Bishop's patronage Dr. Parr was promoted to a Prebend of St. Paul's; by other patronage he was made Curate of Hatton, and thus Bishop Hurd became the Diocesan of Dr. Parr.

Dr. Parr went to Hartlebury necessarily on this occasion. He was treated coldly; not even a repast was offered to him. This slight roused his indignation. He probably, during the effervescence of his rage, recollected the "Delicacy of Friendship," which he had caused to be copied at Norwich, and perhaps he did not forget the sneer concerning the long vernacular Sermons at Whitehall; and his fancy, under such influence, would naturally conjure up a phantom in the shape of Bishop Hurd, which had marched across the high road of his interests, and blighted the prospects of his preferment.

From a comparison of Dr. Parr's opinion of Bishop Hurd, at the time he edited the Warburtonian tracts, with his former opinion, my theory

will receive support and justification. On the Constitution of Parliaments, and the real foundation of the English Constitution, in the Notes on Rapin, he calls Bishop Hurd's a more decisive opinion than De Lolme's, p. 13. He speaks of Bishop Hurd's "acute reflection." He quotes, then, nearly two close sheets of the Dialogues, p. 16. He quotes Hurd's authority as supreme on the limitation of feudal authority, as introduced by the Conqueror. And again, p. 18. Bishop Hurd elucidates Hume, p. 23. Bishop Hurd happily reconciles some contradictions of opinion about the feudal system, p. 35.

Concerning the Tudors, Hurd is the first authority quoted, p. 29.

"The various and uncommon causes of Henry the Eighth's power are most profoundly traced and most exactly described by Bishop Hurd.

In p. 32 is the following general character:

"The Dialogues of Hurd on the reign of Elizabeth are written with great delicacy of sentiment, and the most finished elegance of style. They abound with curious remarks on the personal qualities of the Princess, and the peculiar manners of her times; but they throw a very feeble light on the political history of her government; they are not marked by the strong features of sagacity and of impartiality, which distinguish the investigation of Hume.

James's notions of prerogative ably discussed by Hurd, p. 33. Sensible observations of Hurd to be impressed on the mind of the reader, p. 35. P. 54, Hurd quoted for producing a striking coincidence of sentiment in his letter "On the marks of Imitation," in his Horace, vol. II. p. 35.

I think myself justified in thus comparing Dr. Parr with himself at two different periods, by the authority of an unpublished work. He had evidently some doubt of Dr. Hurd when he got the Delicacy of Friendship copied at Norwich in 1781. He had evidently no dislike to Dr. Hurd when he wrote the Notes to Rapin in 1783; and yet when he came to reside at Hatton he writes the bitter satire contained in the edition of the Warburtonian Tracts, with a gorgeous phrase of qualified approbation tacked to it occasionally; but only so tacked when he had rent asunder the whole texture of the Bishop's literary character. Be it remembered, likewise, that Hurd had, at this time, kept back his Life of Warburton. Parr, therefore, had no pretence for attack on the particular ground that his patron, Bishop Lowth, had been abused by faint praise, however he might have deemed himself bound to him by general partizanship.

Had the Life of Warburton been published, Parr would have had some reason for vindicating the character of his Patron from the contemptuous expressions and sneers of Hurd, who says,

His reputation as a writer was raised chiefly on his Hebrew literature, as displayed in those two works, his Latin Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, and his English Version of the Prophet Isaiah. The former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of criticism not above the common; the latter, I think, is chiefly valuable, as it shows how little is to be expected from Dr. Kennicot's Work, and from a new translation of the Bible for public use.

"There is here some ground for complaint; but, perhaps, he would have been still less spared had

his remarks on Archbishop Secker come under the observation and the lash of Parr. To talk of "the narrow walk of literature, he most affected that of criticising the Hebrew text," &c., when applied to such a man as Secker, is surely monstrous; and Parr, after the publication of the Life, often exclaimed, that "all Scholars would now justify him." Doubtless he would have been more justified had he waited for the publication of the Discourse, and still more had Hurd then unfolded his Warburtonian letters. Yet even then, should I have exclaimed to him, et nomen pacis dulce est, et res ipsa salutaris. Beautiful and excellent are these compositions; yet I must be allowed to wish that the Dedication, at least, had never been written!

The Tracts, it is true, were scarce; but they elucidated no important points of controversy nor of character. Warburton's Tracts are confessedly of no importance towards substantiating his fame; neither, as the compositions of a young man, do they lessen his reputation. As means of comparison they may be of some curiosity; but they are neither very learned nor very instructive.

The Delicacy of Friendship, published without a name, was not ingenuously ushered into the world; and as it was also an instrument of flattery to a patron, and as its tendency was to decry that patron's antagonist, it was not very creditable to the moral sense of the writer. But surely, with these exceptions, there is little mischief done by it. Jortin's character, though sneered at, could not be

laughed down, even if ridicule were allowed to be the test of truth; and Lowth and Brown had sufficiently chastised these sneers by their reprobation. But, though they spoke out, Warburton was not convinced by their arguments or expostulations, and hugged with the fondness of a father this sycophant production.

Dr. Parr, by a thousand delicate hints, insinuates the undermining of other men's fame, and sneering at their merits. Prove the fact, and let due punishment be awarded for the offence. But is there in the Delicacy of Friendship, or the Letter to Leland, any thing more than sycophancy proved to conviction? No. There was disingenuousness in concealing the name of the writer—there was a wrong spirit in the manner. And did these deserve condign punishment? Contemptuousness, indeed, is, of all methods of expressing dislike, the meanest. Sitting in the seat of the scornful has been always so characterized. It is the truest sign of a mean understanding and of a cold heart. Hurd, in the beginning of his career, had not cast off the slough of his early education. It required all his original capacity and good sense to do it. But he did it at last; and then came out the elevated character which disdained the ignoble strife, and even the most splendid gains of ambition.* The Political Dialogues prove his great improvements as well as his accom-

* Dr. Hurd was offered, and declined, the Archbishopric of Canterbury, on the death of Dr. Cornwallis.

plishments; and *these*, the old King exclaimed, made Hurd a Bishop. But to have been the friend and companion of York and Murray, and Warburton, prove incontestably the merits of the man, and the elegance of the scholar; and whatever were the demerits, and even the vices that produced these works, where was the use in bringing them forward when most of the parties concerned were laid low in the grave? Was it necessary to lift them up as a beacon to warn others? or were they so important in themselves as to be memorials for future generations?

There can be no doubt (says Dr. Lucas, or perhaps Bishop Hurd himself) but all the learned disputants concerned in this controversy gave a common and generous consent, to the quiescence of this subject. In the strength and vigour of intellect, men of learning and ability seize the opportunities that offer for displaying them; and in the cause of what they deem the truth, they are anxious, and even angry, in the struggle. The hand of time, however, softens and quiets the dispositions for combat, and even for victory. The fermentations of disputes, like the grosser particles in the composition, sink gradually to rest, under the mild and clearer influence of religion and philosophy. That this, Sir, was the desirable issue of the present controversy, and that all the distinguished characters concerned in it, before they were separated by the great determiner of all questions, regarded each other with mutual respect as scholars, as men, and as Christians, there cannot be the least doubt.—Lucas, pp. 33, 34.

Dr. Lucas of Ripple, who married one of the Bishop of Worcester's nieces, and who had been preferred by him on account of this connection, wrote an answer to Dr. Parr's Preface and Dedication of the "Tracts by Warburton and a Warbur-

tonian," entitled, "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Parr, occasioned by his re-publication of the Tracts of Warburton," &c. published for Robson and Clarke, 1789. Dr. Parr has written, in his own hand, in the copy of the tract in his library, "From the author, whom I believe to be a man of wit;" and in a notice before the title-page,

"A Letter to Dr. Parr," very witty, supposed by a Prebendary of Dublin. The book is said to be printed by Robson (and so it was); but Mr. Robson rejected it, as scurrilous in his opinion, from his knowledge of Dr. Parr's character; and of this circumstance he informed Dr. Parr in a very polite and friendly letter. Before the publication it was sent to Dr. Parr, by the author, with his written compliments, and was read by Dr. Parr with much entertainment from its vivacity, with no conviction from its arguments, and with calm contempt at the false and injurious insinuations contained in it.

S. PARR, *May 2, 1792.*

In the first instance, Parr does not appear to have been acquainted with the name or station of the real author, and never with his connection with Bishop Hurd. In another part of the book he writes, "Dr. Lucas, Rector of Ripple, Worcestershire, wrote this letter, August 24, 1812." Such had been his little care, or little inquiry about the question, who wrote it.

Dr. Lucas was the nominal author, but probably wrote a part down from the dictation of his venerable uncle. Perhaps he did not write himself what follows:

Little thanks, therefore, are due to him who, to gratify his own spleen and malignity, *plunges into the regions of oblivion*;

and with ruffian *violence drags forth a reposing spirit of contention into new agitation and tumult.*

"And certainly the next paragraph is worthy of Hurd's *manner:*

"If, however, Sir, you had been determined to *mix a spirit* of theological controversy of *some sort* (which seems to have been the case), it had been more for the credit of your incantations to have brought one of a more captivating form; one that might have answered your purpose by the allurements of novelty; and not, by the lowest degree of necromancy, a sort of palmistry, to have conjured up a dry, battered, antiquated spirit, a very hag, that, by the bandying and repercussions of the disputants, had been absolutely worn out and put to rest.

There is a good deal of humour, and wit perhaps not of a very high kind, at pages 61, 62, 63, &c. and Dr. Lucas's play on Parr's boast,

Optat APRUM, *aut fulvum descendere monte* LEONEM,

is amusing. But these light missiles were not the proper weapons for assailing him; and Dr. Lucas would have done himself more honour had he come forward in person boldly, and employed his whole powers, and they were highly respectable, in defending or avenging the character of his Patron.

But the angry feeling against Hurd did not end here. Dr. Parr says, in a note to his Dedication,

I am told by one whom I esteem the best Greek scholar in the kingdom, and to whom the hat of Bentley would have vailed, that many notable discoveries might be made, by comparing the variæ lectiones, the clippings and the filings, the alterings and the varnishings of certain constitutional doctrines, as they crept by little and little into the different successive editions of certain Political Dialogues.

The first edition of Hurd's Political Dialogues, was in one volume 8vo. printed by Millar, 1759, and is now before me,* with the following notice written on the fly leaf, and variæ lectiones noted at pp. 139, 142, 150, 165, 171, 2, 5, 8, 182, 4, 6, 194, 203, 7, 9, 210, 14, 20, 36, 44, 45, 60, 69, 85, 89, 95, 96, 7, 9, 300, 301, 304.

WARBURTON TRACTS.—MEMORANDUM.

This bit of paper is transcribed from a copy of the first edition, lent me by the learned Mr. Green of Ipswich; and it contains references to the various readings between the first and third editions. I have compared them carefully. I have found Mr. Green's statement very correct, and I see no reason from my own researches to retract, or even to qualify, what I had said in the Warburtonian Tracts upon the authority of Mr. Porson. My dispute with the Bishop of Worcester did not for one moment suspend my great respect for his talents; and if, upon a fair and full inquiry, I had discovered that my words were in the slightest degree too strong for the facts, I intended to take the earliest opportunity of declaring the change in my opinion, and making a proper and public apology for my error. I examined Mr. Green's book in 1802, and I was presented with this very scarce and valuable first edition, by the very learned Dr. Charles Burney, when I visited him at Greenwich early in the spring of 1803. S. PARR, April 9, 1803.

I am of a different opinion. I have collated the first, the third, and fifth editions, and have marked

* It was given to Parr by Dr. Burney, with the following inscription:

De sua in bibliothecam
SAMUELIS PARR:
Honoris et amicitiæ causa
ponendum vult
C. B.
M.DCCC.III.

the clippings, filings, softenings, and varnishings with my pen, and to my weaker optics of criticism it appears wonderful where such great wits and profound scholars could find these marks of calm progressive apostacy. Without doubt Bishop Hurd thought differently on many subjects of history, religion, morals, and politics in the interval between 1759 and 1776; and I know that Dr. Parr did so. But it would be unjust to charge him with apostacy, because he modified his opinions or his expressions. For my part, I see no change but for the better in the Dialogues in the last edition, which, moreover, contains the 7th and 8th Dialogues on Foreign Travel, and the letters on Chivalry and Romance, intended to illustrate them. When Dr. Parr was writing his notes to Rapin, and reading accurately Bishop Hurd's Dialogues, he, of course, had the third edition (his own copy) before him. How strange that he should not have noted the *courtly* opinions changed from the *uncourtly*, when he was criticising Hume for too great fondness for the Stuarts, and praising Hurd's juster views. I lament my honoured friend's attack upon Hurd the more, because I think I have proved, that the general cause of letters had little to do with it. But the proof of that which he had seen only through the medium of his sagacity, was at length spontaneously offered to the public gaze, I wish I could add, to the public admiration.

After the Bishop of Worcester's death, "Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his friends," were published in 1808-9, containing 257 of War-

burton, and 26 of Hurd, all characteristic of the school and of the writers. In Letters 28, 29, 30, 45, 46, 74, 88, 89, 96, 102, 104, 154, 164, W.—75, 79, 92, 94, 97, 182, H.—there is an interchange of compliments, and abuse of literary men.

Burton, a puppy. 19, W. Potter, mean. 47, W. Rutherforth, the meanest pedant of the age. 22, W. Stebbing, tolerable, from supporting others' nonsense rather than his own. Spence, an extreme poor creature. 45—128, W. Law, licentious and paradoxical. 58, W. Jortin's meanness, and the malignity of his friends excessive. 124, W. Young, the finest writer of nonsense of the age. 129, W. Clarke, miserably cold, lifeless; no invention or dignity. 158, H. Johnson's Edition of Shakspeare, full of insolence and malignant reflections, which have in them as much folly as malignity. 175, W. Lowth, his wit and reasoning below common. 176, W. Lyttleton, Bishop, dull, wrong-headed. 211, W. Tucker, his flow of transcendent nonsense. 221, W. Bench of Bishops, a wooden bench. 208, W. The Court an earthly Pandemonium. 7, W. Zachariah Brooke, shallow, dirty. 20, W. Horne, sneered at. 35, W. Drivel of the Hoadleians. 37 W. Orrery's detestable Letters upon Swift. 37, W. Harris, now to sense, now nonsense leaning. 38, W. N.B. The Church, like the ark of Noah, 46, W. Jackson's Chronology, diving Antiquarian, the wretch. 47, W. Prophecy of the fate of the Church. 47, P. 119. W. bestrid by some lumpish Minister of State, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. Goths and Vandals, return when they will, cannot hurt Cambridge. 51. The angel of dullness ready to pour his vials into the waters of the Cam. 69, W. Brain painted with hieroglyphics. Jortin, played the hypocrite. Combe's vanity, Heathcote's pride. 96, W. Pack of wretches, 97, H. Worthington, Lowth, Garnet, Chappelow, ignorance, ill-faith. 98, W. People devoid of principle, N.B. 100, W. Brown perter, no wiser. 113, W. Rousseau, a seraphic madman. 134. Walpole, an insuperable coxcomb. 187, W. Toup, a coxcomb, 182, H.

Such are the opinions concerning learned men;

some of them the most learned of their generation, which passed between these Correspondents, and which Hurd kept in his closet for more than thirty years after the death of Warburton, and then deliberately gave to the public, a memorial of Warburton's character as well as his own. It is true, that united with them are sage observations, the results of his "acute penetration, his various erudition, and the inexhaustible fertility of his fancy." But "the contemptuous and domineering spirit" of the Controversialist breaks out to the last; and I am forced to confess that, throughout the letters of Warburton, I am continually reminded of Parr. There is the same unyielding firmness; courage even to daring; strong expression, elevated thought, and bitter and caustic remark. They both were fond of displaying their strength of understanding in controversy, but each according to his own manner. Warburton was "an eagle towering;" but instead of "kindling his undazzled eyes at the mid-day beam, purging and unscaling his long obscured sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance," never could refrain from pouncing down on the chirping flock below him, and tearing them to pieces. Every little fluttering pecker at the Divine Legation was sure to be darted upon; and when he got nobler game he scarce could sate himself with the carnage. "The View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy" will prove my assertion; and, only excepting Milton's Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio, and his chastisement of Alexander More, there is no harsher composition from the pen of any of

our learned countrymen.* The Dedication of the Tracts of a Warburtonian is elaborately artful, ostentatiously severe, and, though terribly just, never ferociously cruel. The Editor brings out both the friends superbly adorned for sacrifice; he brings them to the altar of criticism, chaunts their praises and their demerits in strains divine, and then, with a mortal blow, consummates the fate of one while he dismisses the other in peace.

Mighty in learning and in critical acumen were both Warburton and Parr. Parr had more taste, more exactness, and more depth. Warburton had more rankness, more force, and more wit. Warburton delighted in wild theory and paradox. Parr in laboured elucidation and illustration. Warburton covered himself over with hieroglyphics and mystic figures. Parr with gaudy images and innumerable decorations. In temper, Warburton was boisterous, haughty, uncontrolable, sometimes coarse. So was Parr when contradicted or opposed. Both required unconditional submission. Both were kind and placable to prostrate and repentant antagonists, and *then*, glowing with friendly feelings; both sincere, and honourable; both vain, and open to flattery. Warburton had less kindness of disposition, and a tendency to more general contemptuousness. Parr had less magnanimity. Warburton had fewer personal friends. Parr had as many political and

* Foreigners, and especially the Italians, beat us out of the field. See Poggius against L. Valla and Philelphus.

theological enemies. Warburton had better tact and sought higher game. Parr was less settled in his views, and deficient in a grand aim for the establishment of his reputation. Both were hated at Court; both were neglected at Court: and the characters of both were influenced by that neglect. If Warburton had been imbued with a spirit of gentleness and humility; if Parr had been tutored and trammelled in the paths of peacefulness; both would have been greater and more useful to mankind. It was the fortune of Warburton to be placed early in good society; Pope, Charles Yorke, and Murray, were his companions; they restrained, or corrected his bad habits, they encouraged his lofty propensities, and they insured his ultimate station. Parr, when driven from Harrow, found few associates at Stanmore. At Colchester, Dr. Nathaniel Forster and Mr. Twining were his only *fit* companions; and at Norwich, what did the friendship of Mr. Windham effect for him? His works attached him only to a party, not to the individual members of the party; though he corresponded with every body, he was fixed to nobody.

The follower of Warburton, with a better instinct, secured his station by a system exactly the reverse. When once adopted by his friend or master, he never let him go; their friends were mutual, their pursuits were the same, and in the whole correspondence we see omitted no opportunity of securing a patron, by caresses, by flattery, and even by taking arms in his defence, and thereby becom-

ing the partner of Warburton's projects and of his fortune. Never perhaps before, did any man so clearly display his plans and his objects, as Hurd has done in this correspondence with Warburton. Had the letters been stolen from their repositories and published surreptitiously, something might have been forgiven to the careless effusions of confidential intercourse. But the Bishop of Worcester has left himself without excuse. In the first instance he withdrew some account of the life, writings, and character of Warburton, that had been prepared, but the publication of which was delayed for reasons to be explained hereafter. A meagre discourse was actually published afterwards; but the letters were kept back, and brooded over in silence, and not published till after the Bishop's decease. Had not the sentiments contained in them—the scoffs and sneers at private character—and the defamation of most learned men been approved and justified in his mind, they would have been altered—they would have been expunged during so long a period of suppression. They were neither withheld nor expurgated; and Hurd has stamped on himself and his friend an everlasting seal of reprobation, by this posthumous promulgation of their rancorous communications.

Having thus discharged, as he wished to think, an important duty to literature; or having thus vented his spleen in the republication of the "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian," Parr became the declared antagonist of his Diocesan. But he

was not an ungenerous enemy; though he could not always approve, he did not always condemn.

As an Episode to Parr's attack on Bishop Hurd in his Preface to the Warburtonian Tracts, republished by him and dedicated to that venerable Prelate, I shall introduce the following conversation between His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, our present honoured Sovereign Lord the King, and Dr. Parr: it took place at the Duke of Norfolk's table in St. James's Square, in the presence of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Lord Erskine, and a large party of distinguished persons. The name of the Archbishop of York, who was then in a declining state of health, having been alluded to, the Prince observed,

I esteem Markham a much greater, wiser, and more learned man than Hurd, and a better teacher, and you will allow me to be a judge, for they were both my Preceptors.—Sir, said Dr. Parr, is it your Royal Highness's pleasure that I should enter upon the topic of their comparative merits as a subject of discussion?—Yes, said the Prince.—Then, Sir, said Dr. Parr, I differ entirely from Your Royal Highness in opinion.—As I knew them both so intimately, replied the Prince, you will not deny that I had the power of more accurately appreciating their respective merits than you can have had. In their manner of teaching you may judge of my estimation of Markham's superiority—his natural dignity and authority, compared with the Bishop of Worcester's smoothness and softness, and I now add, with proper submission to your authority on such a subject, his experience as a schoolmaster, and his better scholarship.—Sir, said Parr, Your Royal Highness began this conversation, and if you permit it to go on, must tolerate a very different inference.—Go on, said the Prince, I declare that Markham understood Greek better than Hurd; for when I read

Homer, and hesitated about a word, Markham immediately explained it, and then we went on; but when I hesitated with Hurd, he always referred me to the Dictionary; I therefore conclude he wanted to be informed himself.—Sir, replied Parr, I venture to differ from Your Royal Highness's conclusion. I am myself a schoolmaster, and I think that Dr. Hurd pursued the right method, and that Dr. Markham failed in his duty. Hurd desired Your Royal Highness to find the word in the Lexicon, not because he did not know it, but because he wished you to find by search, and learn it thoroughly. Dr. Hurd was not eminent as a scholar, but it is not likely that he would have presumed to teach Your Royal Highness without knowing the lesson himself.—Have you not changed your opinion of Dr. Hurd, exclaimed the Prince, I have read a work in which you attacked him fiercely.—Yes, Sir, I attacked him on one point, which I thought important to letters, and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well, for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity in doing what he has done with so small a stock of learning. There is no comparison, in my opinion, between Markham and Hurd as men of talents. Markham was a pompous schoolmaster—Hurd was a stiff and cold, but correct gentleman. Markham was at the head of a great school, then of a great college, and finally became an Archbishop. In all these stations he had trumpeters of his fame, who called him great, though he published one Concio only, which has already sunk into oblivion. From a farm-house and village school Hurd emerged the friend of Gray, and a circle of distinguished men. While Fellow of a small College he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village, a book, Sir, which your Royal Father is said to have declared made him a Bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had decryers—he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself; and perhaps, Sir, a portion of that power and

adroitnesss you have manifested in this debate, might have been owing to him.*

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* While this part of the work was passing through the press, Feb. 14, 1828, I for the first time saw Mr. Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, vol. IV. The anecdote of the conversation of the King is imperfectly told; and as to another anecdote, I was present on an occasion in the summer of 1793, when the same subject was started. At the Bishop's Palace in Worcester, the Prebendaries of the Cathedral, then in residence, my father, myself, and some other company, *perhaps Mr. Professor Mainwaring*, drank tea after evening service, when the Bishop called the French fugitives emigrants; and on somebody asking his reason for this deviation from common pronunciation, expressed his astonishment that it should be pronounced otherwise. My father, with his wonted quickness, replied, "I presume your Lordship does not always adhere so strictly to the quantity of the original, when you pronounce words derived from Latin. Would you in any case say to me, 'Doctor, your medicinal prescription irritates me.'" The Bishop very sensibly replied only with a hearty laugh.

The statement about the Professor and the reflections on the Bishop appear to me of very doubtful character. The Bishop's intellect at this time was unchanged. He had no public days after, and saw little private company. The observation that he became childish is quite incorrect; and that he suffered any company so to treat him like a child as to desire him to name the trump, is perfectly untrue. This is a reflex anecdote, from a neighbouring Diocese and a contemporary *Right Honourable* Bishop. Indeed, except on his birth-day, about Christmas, which we always spent at Hartlebury Castle, I never saw cards; we played for sixpences. The last letter I received from Bishop Hurd was in 1801, on the death of my father; it was written without tremor, in his usual beautifully distinct hand. I saw him for the last time the next year, when he was more than 80, and his intellect was then unimpaired, and I have indisputable authority for asserting, that he continued unchanged in mind and manners to the end

Fox, when the Prince was gone, exclaimed, in his high tone of voice, "He thought he had caught you, but he caught a Tartar."

I took down this conversation from my revered friend's dictation. He averred that he was put on his defence, and that the argument was maintained with some heat.

The dedication of the two Tracts of a Warburtonian, addressed by the Editor to a learned Critic, is one of the most striking monuments of English literature. There is no equal quantity of fine writing in the same quantity of any other composition with which I am acquainted; nor from which a richer selection of phrases, strong expressions, bitter allusions, sarcastic turns, and happy illustrations, can be more frequently quoted.* They are in the mind of every English scholar, ready ornaments of conversation, nor has the attempt to decry this fine specimen of our literature, by denominating it a series of antitheses, at all succeeded. The very nature of the subject made it antithetical. One object of the work was, to compare Hurd with Warburton, to display the mighty Controversialist, and to throw a gleam of light upon the learned Critic, who had crept under the shadow

of life. The letter to Mr. Cradock from Dr. Parr, p. 326, is a proof of the vigour and serenity of our revered friend's mind within a few days of the attack which brought him to the grave.

* Tom Warton professed to Dr. Routh, that if he were called upon to point out some of the finest sentences in English prose, he should quote Parr's preface and dedication of the Warburtonian Tracts.

of his friend's wings, and shrouded himself in an obscurity in which he laid snares, and from which he launched his shafts of malignity. So far as a disapprobation of insidious detraction goes, the attack of Parr is just. The Delicacy of Friendship, in its conception, was parasitical; in its composition, was petulant; in its anonymous publication, ungenerous. But the punishment exceeded the offence; and Parr, in pursuing justice too far, has excited a sentiment of re-action, and even of compassion in the mind of his reader; who then remembers that Dr. Hurd was a man of learning, of taste, and of virtue,—that although he began his public career by being the flatterer of Warburton, he was at last his true friend; and compensated for the less worthy part of his life by an old age adorned with hoary holiness, and passed in dignified seclusion.

The criticisms on this publication of Dr. Parr were very numerous. I shall only now notice one; having already pointed out the material part of Dr. Lucas's authorised or official attack, *viz.* "Quarrels of Authors," &c. by the author of the "Calamities of Authors." Here Parr is feebly impugned,—Warburton bitterly attacked,—and Hurd insolently defamed. The author even calls him a toad-eater. If I were to select the worst-composed character of Parr, for want of correctness in the matter of fact, for rabble of metaphor and false glare, it would be from the Note on the Warburtonian Tracts in "Quarrels of Authors," p. 12.

CHAPTER VI

Regency.—Birmingham Sermons.—Test Act.

While thus busied with his attack on Hurd, a political event occurred, naturally tending to excite the hopes of so sanguine a man as Dr. Parr, who had so entirely devoted himself to the politics of Mr. Fox and his party. The health of the King had been manifestly impaired to common observation during the summer of 1788. He was sent to Cheltenham for the benefit of the waters, and from thence visited his favourite the Bishop of Worcester, and attended the music-meeting established for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Clergy of the three Choirs. It was observed by some who attended the levee at the palace at Worcester, that the King's appearance was such as to excite alarm; and that his conduct, during his public appearance in the City, was at least extraordinary. On his return to Windsor, the King's illness was divulged to the public by the attendance of his physicians; but the particular disease was kept secret, and it was not till November that the real disorder was proclaimed, by the notice of the great question left by Dr. Warren at Dr. Heberden's house in Pall Mall.

It is no part of my business to enter into the history of opinions on the supposed deviation from the great constitutional rule, on the question of appointing a Regent, when the Royal authority was

unable to give its sanction to the resolutions of the two Houses of Parliament.

There are many letters from Dr. Parr on this delicate subject; I subjoin the following, as it contains a very full view of it.

To the Rev. Henry Kett, Trinity College, Oxford.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 31, 1788.

I return you my best thanks for a note, value £35 odd, which I this day received. Again I thank you, and I desire you also to give my thanks to all the worthy persons who have contributed in this good cause. It will please you to hear that the collection already amounts to £200, and that I expect to get £30 more. My stewardship has been laborious, and it has also been successful. I cannot help smiling at your patriotic pertinacity about the marble. I assure you that I sat down to the book without expecting or desiring to be convinced. I am not a professed Antiquary; and I never read five Greek marbles in my life. But I have read, in books, what is said at least to be written upon five hundred, and I believe myself versed in this sort of lore pretty accurately. The opinion I gave of Robinson's book is founded upon a very careful perusal; and whether he be right or wrong, his reasoning is pertinent and solid, and deserves to be treated with more respect than is shewn to it in your letter. I have very few doubts remaining, and I wish the men of Oxford to reserve their triumph till they produce a good book, which I shall be very happy to see. It is not without reluctance that I give up any monument of antiquity, and especially one which furnishes Bentley with so many illustrious opportunities of displaying his matchless skill in conjectural criticism. The authenticity of the Marble never came before his penetrating mind as a subject of dispute. I wish it had, for he would have written better than Salmasius has written upon a similar topic, and would have thrown out much curious information upon the history of the Greek letters, and upon Chronology. His book would have been most entertaining, and far more instructive than Robinson's, but I doubt whether it would have been more satis-

factory, and half so candid. Robinson's proofs are not, in my estimation, or his own, all of them equally decisive; but their united forces seem to me irresistible, so far at least as to create strong doubt, and so long as they are opposed only by general remarks and incidental objections. When I was in London I spoke to Porson and Burney about the book, not having then read it myself. I heard only one specific objection, which is obvious, and no doubt pertinent, in a general way of speaking, and no more. It amounted only to this, that of Ford's Inscriptions upon Stones there are very few instances, and that we cannot argue rapidly and indiscriminately from Ford's manuscripts. All this is very true in itself, but had little weight upon my mind when I read the book; which I did with great attention, great surprise, and a conviction greater than I expected or desired. At all events some of your Oxford heroes must come forth. I think Chandler a good scholar, but know nothing of the force of his mind, or the *real* extent of his reading; for what I have seen of his erudition is common enough. I have *secret* reasons of delicacy for laying no stress upon the shewy and positive way of talking in one of your witnesses, whom I know intus et in cute. But after all I am glad to find you zealous at Oxford; as zeal, even in the defence of error, exercises ingenuity, invigorates literary curiosity, and, in the event, adds to the general stock of knowledge. Let me see an answer, and if it be a good one, I shall not be stubborn.

As to political matters, I will just say a word. Mr. Fox's position is true, according to the sense in which it was explained.—It is not true, according to the sense in which alone it has been opposed; it is doubtful in part of the sense, according to which it has been defended. My idea is this; The Prince has no legal right; if *legal* means either an express declaration of law, or a positive and explicit proposition laid down generally in Parliament; but has a fair constitutional right, by which I mean as follows: It is a right, founded upon analogy, from the elective nature of the monarchy. Upon analogy, from practice; according to which the heir apparent, unless absent from the country, or labouring under some legal disability, has been made Regent. It is a right not indirect or analogical, but direct upon principles of expediency; and

those principles weigh with me more than any other consideration. I hold, that the right is not to be created by Parliament, but to be recognised and conveyed by it. I have told you that claim, as distinguished from right, pre-supposes the existence of right, and implies only the act of asserting it. If the Prince has no right, it plainly follows that the meanest subject is upon a footing with him; and yet they, who hold one, do not hold the other, which is to me a gross absurdity. What is meant by the word "right?" Look into Burlamaque, and there you will find a clear, sound, metaphysical explanation: in conformity to which I maintain the Prince's right, and Mr. Pitt's speech does not in any way touch the real jet of the question. He pranced about the precedents, but did not entangle himself in the briers of logic. The business took a turn, a vile popular turn, which prevented all deep and sound discussion. If the decision be really favourable to liberty, I am glad of it, though I am at a loss to conceive it is so. "Servet in ambiguo, qui consulit urbi," was the prudent language of Opposition. But to Mr. Pitt, aliter visum est.

What has been done tends only to bewilder the judgment of men, to inflame their passions, and to weaken a Regency government, which in its own nature can seldom be vigorous without being oppressive. The great seal business is to all intents and purposes a legislative act, and an act of usurpation too. But necessity is pleaded. If necessity really exists, all reasoning is silenced. In my opinion the necessity was assumed, but never proved; and in the House of Lords, as well as Commons, the speeches, though able on the side of the Ministry, very able, yet one and all stray wide of the real question about right and necessity. Now I have told you my creed, and am ready to hear yours, for which I give you my word, that I will not burn you, be it ever so heterodox. How is my friend Routh? for he is a truly learned, modest, sagacious, and impartial scholar. Warton is idle, I suppose; or rather has holidays this new year. Does he know that I once intended to review his Milton? I read stoutly old English near a month for the purpose; and White, who has seen my references, will make a good report. If he re-publishes Milton, I may be disposed to say something. I send one detection

of a plagiarism, and another of a false fact in the margin of one of the answers; but it was not produced in the review, which was general. You deserve to be trounced for saying that Robinson is short-sighted, and I must retort the charge. Pray, are not the contents of your Marble to be found edited again and again, so as to be like a διεσκευασμένη Τραγωδία, and have they not been accompanied by emendations, notes, and the whole editorial train? I hope we may depend upon what you read in them, and that you are not now, as you were in the days of Bentley, unable to read. Robinson is not τυφλὸς τὸν νοῦν, and it would be well for his opponents if they are not τυφλοὶ τὰ ὦτα, as Tiresias says. I beg my compliments to all friends; and I hope Mr. Burney has got leave to transcribe Photius's Lexicon, of which there is a much better copy, once belonging to Gale, in Trinity College, Cambridge. Your friend, the Marquis of Worcester, is converted to Pittism, I perceive, for which I heartily despise him. As to political right and wrong, men will differ; and if they are tolerably endowed with common sense and common honesty, I forgive them; but what strikes me most painfully is this, that Pitt's example has produced a most inordinate degree of premature ambition, premature conceit, and premature profligacy in almost all the young men of the age; and I do not think Oxford or Cambridge favourable to the education of good citizens. I should extend the catalogue, but I forbear. If you do not reform yourselves soon, you will sink under the spirit of the times, which too many of you have adopted in your own conduct, and cherished in those who are committed to your care. I am your very faithful and obedient servant, S. PARR.

During the two first months of the year Parr's hopes were kept up by the prospect of the establishment of the Regency on any terms; disapproving, as he utterly did, of Pitt's republican doctrine on the question of the right of the Prince of Wales to the Regency, and declaring that "I shall not be entirely discontented if Pitt will agree, upon a vacancy, not to aspire to the *throne itself*."

The recovery of the King dispelled every illusion in the month of March. The mitres which had floated in his fancy, or the snug arm-chair* in the Residentiaryship of St. Paul's, had all vanished into thin air; and on this subject the following letter will say all that is necessary.

From Dr. Parr to the Rev. Mr. Homer.

Hatton, March 6, 1789.

I received yours at Warwick; and I roared with laughter all the way home at Steevens's tricks upon you and me. I shall keep the paper till my dying day. But you must get "vendure-tur" altered, and make the printer of the St. James's correct it. By all means make him. As to politics, Master Homer, we are all in the wrong box; and I must go without my arm-chair at Amen Corner. But never mind; these are the changes and chances of life. Don't you think Billy Pitt a lucky dog? I see they attack the Irish in all the Pittite papers. But this don't prove them wrong, and they are likely to be troublesome; especially, if a war breaks out. Not a word do you write about my law and Stationer's-hall; and so I suppose that I am safe with Dilly, and Dilly will look to himself. To be sure, it would have an ugly look for a bishop to avow such a book, at such a time, merely for the purpose of prosecuting. But what is to be done with the second Edition, and how goes the contract on about the Sermons? Who goes to Ireland? I hope Lord W., for, though I dislike him heartily, he will infallibly make Bennet a bishop, and this will be a thoroughly good thing. He is cold and proud; and, therefore, depend upon it, a favourite with Pitt. But the Irish will not like him. I hope you illuminated to save both your windows and your credit. I suppose we are to have a Thanksgiving; and, of course, I must preach. But I'll take good care what. It would not be safe to give them a

* Which had belonged to Taylor, the editor of Demosthenes, and was pointed out to Parr by Dr. Farmer, if he had succeeded to a Residentiaryship.

second Phileleutherus; and then Warwickshire would not sound well in Latin; so I shall say a little about death, and about the king, and conclude. A man of sense is not embarrased by these things. But we shall have, what Jack Bartlam calls *plenty* of loyal sermons, with nonsense and flattery, and I suppose, praise to Pitt, and abuse upon the Opposition. I shall lie by to catch the House of Lords' Sermon; for if it is very bad, I will chastise it. Your letter was a good while in coming, and did not tell me enough about my own affairs. If Farmer is in residence when I'm in town, I must see Dr. Taylor's chair. Well! I should fill it better than it has been filled since Taylor died. But no more of this. I suppose Nichols will be at me, and I shall know it in a day or two. The Junius you shall see when I go to town. I suppose it will be a short Session, and then a dissolution. Somehow or other, I don't believe the King well. I wish the Prince, in decency and prudence, to take a share in the Regency. It will be irksome, but it is right, and it will look magnanimous, and he must be some check, and have some weight. I hope Combe will succeed. I hear Lawley is very bad; and I am sure that Mr. Legge* would come in, if he thought proper to stand. I want to have Sir George out.

Homer! you are a monstrous nincompoop about Warwickshire; an incorrigible fool; a prejudiced and credulous booby; a tasteless admirer of pork pies and Epiphany Sessions. Our jail is full, and the gallows will be loaded. Elliot continues sheriff. The sheriff-elect got twelve or fourteen votes against us, by promises and threats. It would take me up two days to tell you Warwick news. I expect to be murdered before the election; for murder is quite in fashion here. Homer! Warwickshire is two centuries behind in civilization. I say positively it is. Good bye. Have some good port ready for me in April; for I am not at all downcast, and am glad to be out of suspense.

In autumn of 1789, Parr was invited to preach charity sermons at Coventry and Birmingham.

* Mr. Heneage Legge, of Aston Hall, a gentleman universally esteemed and respected.

Though associated with the Whigs in opinion, he was connected with the high church party of Warwickshire, in resisting the repeal of the Test laws, and therefore was selected on these public occasions. His acquaintance with Henry Homer was another reason for his being chosen, as *his* relations, both at Coventry and Birmingham, were leading persons, and Parr visited at the houses of both. The correspondence with Henry Homer continues to throw light on this part of the life of Parr, and the reader will be amused by the ludicrous account of the personal preparations for the Birmingham sermons, and the appearance before a Birmingham audience.

From the Rev. Dr. Parr, to the Rev. H. Homer.

September 21, 1789.

Great is your zeal, and great your diligence, and great your sagacity, and great your agility, unless when the —— is over and above troublesome. At your cousin Homer's request, I am going to preach two charity sermons at Birmingham; therefore, upon principles of cousinship, you must assist, not in making sermons, but in procuring a wig. Therefore, without delay, step down to Mrs. Bathurst's and enquire of her servant, where my old barber lives, for I forget his name. It is just by. Bid him directly put my very largest wig into curl, fence it with *plenty* of paper, and inclose it safe, safe, safe, in a wooden box, for which do you pay and forward to me directly, directly, by the Birmingham and Warwick Mercury coach, which sets off from the Saracen's Head, Ludgate-hill; and do you write a direction upon a card, and let him write another on the box: you must be expeditious.

I have lately been at Rugby and dined with your brother and James, and scolded James about the Eton Tacitus, which

is a vile book, but yours, every body says, is a very fine one. Take care of the wig, great care; let me have it before Friday, for the coach goes by my door, and began to run yesterday. I have been upon a visit at Combe Abbey, and I own the piece of water far, very far, surpassed my expectation. Yours, S. P.

Friday, black Friday, Sept. 25, 1789.

While I was applauding your zeal, and exulting in your success, and laughing at your drollery, behold the coach had passed by, and when the concluding paragraph drove me to the coach card, I found, to my extreme mortification, that it sets off, not from Ludgate-hill, but from Snow-hill, as you most inauspiciously foreboded; and then Jack Bartlam screamed in my ear, "How, Sir, could you forget Snow-hill? The road to Smithfield, where proceed the droves of oxen which scare you in London, the road from Newgate to Tyburn, where once were exhibited your favourite executions; a road, which having lost much of its dignity since the erection of scaffolds before Newgate, was beginning to recover that dignity by being the road for the conveyance of your stupendous wig. You, Sir, are the last man who should have forgot Snow-hill, the road of oxen, which you hate; the quondam road of hanging processions, which you love; the intended road of wigs, which you admire." Master Homer, this was no consolation to me; and I am half distracted at what has happened. I should be quite distracted if next Sunday were the day; especially after your brilliant encomiums upon magnificent perukes, and your animated description of the respect in which they are held at Birmingham by your friends. But, thanks to my stars, I have time before me. Fly then, fly—hasten to my barber, correct my mistake, and let no time, no exertion, no shift be lost in recovering the wanderer. Recover it, recover it, recover it, and assist with your sagacious counsel the astonished and frightened barber. Don't roll your eyes; don't raise your voice; and let all your scolding, for scold you must, and scold you will, let it all now—let it all be laid upon me. I fear it not; and I should not regard it if I did. But pity the barber, pity me, pity the wig itself. For who

knows but it is seized to cover the pate of some fat and greasy alderman, or to be chopped down into three Bob Jeroms, to adorn the empty scull of some spruce and prig Divine at Oxford or at Bath. Oh Homer! what degradation, what profanation is this! Prevent it, dear Homer, for my sake and for your own, since your own credit is concerned in the solemnity of my appearance among your Birmingham friends. I am too much shocked, and too much dismayed, to rail at White, or to talk of the Prince's answer, or to abuse Dundas, or to sing the praises of Hare. Recover my wig, and you shall be my groom, or my valet-de-chambre, or my curate, or my press devil, or my errand-boy, for twenty-one years, added to fourteen; and I will pay you better than Hare pays his servants; that is, in better coin, and with more good will; for I shall pay you by consulting you, and by employing you, and by jobing you; all of which is right good payment, and such as you deserve. These are your rewards if you recover the wig. What shall, what can I do without it? Vain will be the silken cassock, vain the swelling scarf, vain the snow-white band, vain all my metaphysical reasoning, vain all my *vernacular* eloquence; yea, vanity of vanities will they be without a wig. Farewell, but remember the wig. How I shall hug it, and bless you, and proclaim your praises among your friends! I have half a mind, as my sermon turns upon benevolence, to introduce this story as an example; and then what praises shall I bestow upon yourself! commend your self-denial, your encountering long walks, dirty streets, saucy coachmen, and all the .... evils of London for the love of your poor neighbour, S. PARR.

The coach sets off every day but Sunday. Oh let me have it on Wednesday! I shall have no heart to go through the sermon without it, nor even to make it with a polish fit for the congregation you admire at St. Philip's. What says Bartlam? A bunting, beggarly, brass-making, brazen-faced, brazen-hearted, blackguard, bustling, booby, Birmingham mob? For shame, I say. Does not Homer admire them? Are they not your countrymen? And is Alcester, in all its glory, to compare with Birmingham? Hanover-square Church, St. James's Church, West end of the town Chapels, are nothing, quoth Homer, when opposed to St. Philip's. Homer! I'll tell you

all the news; and I'll tell you truth if it suits me. Who is the druggist? Must I take pills or an emetic? Pray scold Bartlam. All hands aloft to dress me over the wig.

Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1789.

The enclosed was written the day your letter came, and the wig came not. On the next day the letter was given to Sharp to carry to Warwick; and he was just setting off with it, when to our surprise, and our wonder, and our amazement, and our astonishment, and our stupefaction, and our delight, and our joy, and our comfort, and our transport, and our rapture, and extacy, behold, behold, behold, a box, a box, a box, and in it a WIG. Old boy! all is well that ends well, and now, now, two wigs go to Birmingham, and each a good wig, good originally, but now making better; and Sharp said that he never saw a better wig than the Pauline. It was the work of a Master. I do not know any fine barber at Birmingham, and what signifies a fine wig not finely dressed. I don't believe there is one in the town. Will you advertise for me in the Birmingham papers, or, to save expences, send a good saucy sort of message to your cousin, and desire him to enquire who is the best, the very best, by far the very best wig-dresser in the town. Look you, often as I have been there, I never saw a good wig, and so I almost despair, but your advice and aid may do.

And now as to the Divinity; I intended to make one, and to preach again the Coventry tit in the afternoon. I sat down to this said one, and it grew, I thought, big enough for two; we were just beginning to transcribe, and we found it would make three..... But to proceed, that is to say, to go back again to our subject, that one head and a tail-piece will do for each sermon, and so there will be three heads remaining, which I intend to clap upon some Cerberian monster of divinity when I am a Bishop. Homer! they are pick-and-span new, in compliment to your cousin, and braziers, and ironmongers. What I shall preach will be very good stuff. But the stuff omitted is philosophical; and Jack Bartlam owns he does not understand a great deal of it; wherein he speaketh truth. The two books

into which we transcribe contain the first sixty-three *leaves*, and the second seventy-three ditto. None of your little short tits, fit for Bob Jerome Caxons. No, no, no. By the way, Caxon is like Caxton, and Caxton was one of the first Printers, and printing is your trade, and so how go you and the Devils on in Fleet-street. But surely the Pittites don't talk of paying debts. Let them remember Billy and Billy's papa.....Oh! Homer, Homer, if Sam would execute the plot, what a magazine of paragraphs would you play off from your newspaper batteries! After all, I do but laugh with you about a .... writing to your cousin, though I confess I have fears of *infra dignitatem* for me, and so I take my chance. We shall be more than a week, I think, in transcribing. A friend of White's has laid me on most unmercifully in the Monthly Review. I find that I shall be under the necessity of proving him a scoundrel and an ingrate, neither of which you are. Farewell.

DEAR SIR, *Friday Afternoon, Oct.* 23, 1789.

The Doctor being at present much engaged in business, and sorely tormented with a boil, I write to give you some account of our Birmingham expedition.

We left Hatton on Saturday the 10th inst., and dined at Birmingham with a Mr. Brook, a very worthy, pleasant, and sensible man, and one of the learned profession of the law. We supped in the evening at the house of your relation in New Hall Street, where the Doctor slept during his stay at Birmingham, and where he received every possible mark of civility, and on the ensuing morning the Doctor was to preach at St. Martin's, the old Church, and the arrangements for the sermon were quite superb in decoration, and quite flaming in orthodoxy; when lo! to our sorrow, to our surprise and vexation, that which was to give the closing dignity of appearance and air of solemnity to the whole, was spoiled by the tastelessness, clumsiness, and ignorance of a Birmingham barber. The top of the wig, which ought to have been smoothed down with uncommon exactness, and rounded with the nicest precision, was, by the rude hands of this execrable dunce, deformed and ruffled

like unto the feathers of an enraged hen. There was not to be found, in the whole town of Birmingham, a man whose professional knowledge could give propriety and beauty of appearance to this most mighty adjunct of theology. Such a wig had never even been seen by them before. There was, however, a tradition in the town of a peruke, once belonging to a Mr. Newling, a Parson, of about half the size of the Doctor's, and which was known to have employed a Barber for the space of three whole days to prepare it for Sunday. How great then would have been your mortification to have viewed one slight defect in your friend, the representation of whose outward form, as well as of his words, would meet with no indulgence from the narrowness and bigotry of the Methodists, from the mischievous cunning and unsparing rancour of the Priestleian sect. But I tell you, with triumph and with joy, that the uncommon eloquence of the composition, as well as the matchless propriety of the sentiments, equally mortified their infernal malevolence, and disappointed their prying activity. There was, however, a slight clamour raised against the sermon in the afternoon, because the Doctor, after having severely trounced the opinions, and most loudly condemned the spirit of Priestley's controversial writings, yet chose to pay him a sincere tribute of applause for two sermons, written upon the nature of benevolence, and which were not "fettered by any limitations from particular forms of theological doctrines, or particular modes of ecclesiastical discipline." This clamour was raised by the Methodists, who styled it "a rank Presbyterian sermon:" but the Doctor's opinion of it is, that it was rather of the high-flying turn. He has received a private application to print it, but he is too firm and too proud to give any satisfaction to the ignorance and calumnies of such gross and execrable enthusiasts. We dined at the hospitable house of your relation on Sunday, who expressed himself much mortified at the clumsiness of the barber, whom he had the very day before most proudly praised, and most confidently recommended.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, truly yours,

J. BARTLAM.

The Doctor now for the first time dictates. He begs you would not fail either to write or to call upon Dr. Thompson, to assure him that nothing has been ill between us, that everything is perfectly well, that his last very sensible and obliging letter was received by me, and will be answered when I have had one night's rest, which I have not had these seven nights, and last night very bad. Jack Bartlam and myself went to Lord Dartmouth's on Monday, and returned to Birmingham the next day. I reached home on Wednesday morning. My eloquence produced the effect I most wished; for the collections at the Church exceeded the usual sum collected upon these occasions by £20. I will write to you in a few days, and desire you to get not only the new Heyne's Virgil and Villoison's Homer for me, but for Mr. Dewes, viz., two sets of each, one for me, and one for Dewes, get them directly. Yours, S. PARR.

To the Rev. Mr. Homer.

The sermons preached at Birmingham are preserved, and are published in this collection of the works; they are deemed worthy of Parr's fame, and doubtless will be esteemed so by the pious and the learned, notwithstanding the verdict of the Birmingham audience. That verdict, perhaps, was given under the influence of prejudice. Dr. Priestley was then at the height of his controversial career; at war with the friends of the Establishment, and personally engaged in angry debate with some of the Clergymen of his neighbourhood.

In October, 1789 (says Dr. Parr in the Sequel, p. 99), when I preached for the Charity Schools at Birmingham, I earnestly recommended to the audience two admirable sermons which Dr. Priestley had written, &c. &c.

This commendation gave great offence; the

name of the arch-heritic was poison to the orthodox ears of many of the congregation. One of them in the vestry, immediately after the sermon, ventured even to expostulate with the preacher; and to represent to him that the sermon recommended might be admirable and good Christian doctrine, but that the author was an enemy to the Church, and therefore ought never to be named within its sacred precincts. Parr heard him out, and then calmly replied, "Sir, you are the best vindicator of *Churchianity* I ever knew."

Party, at this time, ran high on all questions of public interest; and religious party, the most relentless in its spirit, and the most cruel in its persecutions of any, led the way. The French Revolution had mixed its leaven with the mass of human society, and on every side it began to heave and to ferment.

I find from the Memoir of the Rev. George Walker, F.R.S. prefixed to "Essays on various Subjects," in 2 vols., that in 1787,

> A variety of circumstances had concurred to favour an application to the Legislature for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts; and very strenuous exertions were made, on the part of the whole Dissenting Interest of the kingdom, to effect a liberation from the pains and disabilities of those disgraceful and vexatious statutes. p. clvii.

But it was not till the plan of union, proposed by the Birmingham Committee in October, 1789, was generally adopted, that they felt themselves entitled to declare, that they acted in the name and by the authority of the whole body of Dis-

senters throughout the kingdom. The object of this plan was to form a well-connected union of the Dissenters throughout England, by a chain of intercourse; the adoption of it was strongly enforced by Mr. Walker in a letter addressed to the general meeting at Leicester in Dec. 1789, &c. His counsel was followed; the Dissenters were encouraged to more vigorous exertions, and resolutions, declaratory of their principles, were drawn up by Mr. Walker, and unanimously approved at a meeting of deputies from the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Warwick, Salop, Stafford, Leicester, Rutland, and York. From the publication of these Resolutions a tempest of opposition arose, and Parr wrote thus to Henry Homer.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1790.

I think White given over to a reprobate mind. But, though defeated and disgraced, he will turn the Bath journey to account with those who are in the habit of believing him; and my opinion is, that Gabriel should be prepared for publishing all that past; and actually publish, when White's misrepresentations get abroad. W. is so very bad a man that I feel very little pity for him; and if the truth were known, I dare say it would come out from his dark, secret, and crooked correspondence, that he has told lies and done mischief to every friend he was ever connected with; and that we none of us know or can trace the mischief. But the Prior Park story will put every body upon their guard: and it ought to be proclaimed; it ought, it ought.

As to the pamphlet, I am sorry to say that it seems to me very dull, and ill written. I have not the smallest anger towards the writer, who, I dare say, is some self-important country parson, who looks and talks big at a visitation, hugs the church, and looks up to Bishop Hurd as one of its columns. But as to wit, argument, learning, and com-

position, he is a total stranger to them. Be not afraid; Augustus,* who writes for me, will vouch that I have now abandoned all idea of delicacy to White; that I had formed and avowed my intention of publishing a volume long ago, before I heard the slightest whispers of the Bampton business; that I then dropped it; that I have now resumed it; that he, the said Augustus, did spend nearly one whole day in rummaging my paper closet with me; that the sermons had hardly one of them been unbundled since they came from Norfolk; that some were scattered and in corners; fragments of others found among letters and various sorts of papers; that it was extremely difficult to collect either the sermons or their detached parts; that not one is regular or legible; that all are full of twistings, turnings, and references backwards and forwards; that such a chaos probably never existed in the world; that they are now put together into one box by themselves, which is a grand step towards publication; that the list of the favourite ones is made out in the said Augustus's hand-writing; nay, that I have almost settled whether there should be two volumes or three; that I mean to read them over next summer; and that this very job will take up many months; then Bartlam is to transcribe, and I will get rid of them, for at present they are a reproach to me. But I will not take a peep till May or June. This read to Hutton. Now to business.

Pray get the parcel from Dilly's, and forward it with the Meursius, and any other single books you may have for me. But pray put them into paper, not forgetting Armstrong; and let them, with your own hands, be carefully put into the parcel from Davis. Go as soon as possible, and pray desire Mr. Elmsly to add the second edition of Timæus's enlarged Lexicon Platonicum, which came out lately; and let his parcel and Davis's parcel, and Shepperson's parcel, all be sent by Hands's waggon, from Friday-street. I shall not have one good book left if the booksellers will not send me their catalogues by the coach from Snow-hill. Pray, my friend, pray do all this speedily. Moreover, Mr. Reed's Westminster Magazine is safe, quite safe, in my library. Make my best compli-

* Honourable and Reverend Chancellor Legge.

ments to him; and, above all things, Homer, above all, let me know whether I can get the separate volumes of the ancient Universal History; and whether that I sent for from Shepperson is to be had, and what Dilly says about our business, for I shall take out my profits in modern books, half-bound. The letter sent to Dr. Combe contained a request for me to write Johnson's epitaph; and an application from Cadell for me to write the life of Johnson, to be prefixed to a new edition of his Works. But I declined both. I feel myself most sincerely grateful to Mr. Steevens for his application about Shakspeare. He does me great and real honour; indeed I think so, and I charge you without delay to tell him so in my own words.

Now I have marked most of the plays; but my observations are chiefly verbal; that is, they relate to peculiar modes of phraseology similar to those which I have found in the Greek tragedians; not imitations, mind you, but resemblances, and this is a sort of lore not worth Mr. Steevens's having; especially as Upton has done something of the kind, though upon different principles from me. However, I am delighted with this instance of respect from Steevens, whose learning, taste, and acuteness, I have always, both publicly and privately, spoken of with admiration. All this you are authorised to say to him, and say it soon. It is not necessary for the pamphlet-writer to have seen my library, or my countenance, as both are well known by common fame. I give you credit for the conjecture about Gloucester, and agree with you.

We are all in a ferment about the Test Act. Last night I received the dissenting resolutions of the midland counties. They are wonderfully animated, elegant, energetic, determined, and rebellious; and they are written by a Mr. Walker, whom I knew in Norfolk. He lived formerly at Yarmouth, but now at Nottingham. He is an ingenious, open-hearted, enthusiastic, intrepid dissenter, and would die for the cause. Fox is mentioned, but in such a sort as convinces me, that the Presbyterians are not with him. We shall in Warwickshire make a grand push; I shall attend and give my consent; but I will not speak, nor write, nor take the lead, as I have no property in the county; but I will encourage; and this I do, not only from my regard to the Establishment, but to the true interests

of Mr. Fox and the Prince; for I am persuaded that things are ripening for a revolution; and that, in case of a new reign, dreadful mischief will ensue—dreadful indeed. Fox is in a difficult situation. I thank you for the Birmingham story, every word of which I believe. I wish I could send you the last Birmingham paper. They are publishing, in weekly numbers, books about the Test: but the Church slumbers; and forsooth, a Bishop's Chaplain, Burgess, has been urging me to write; a pretty story. So the Bishops would employ me, and abuse me, and let me starve. Not I, indeed; I will not be their dupe. I am only a curate but I will do my duty as a private Clergyman. I beg of you to look after all my books, and am fretted at their not coming. A storm is gathering, depend upon it, Homer; and if the Church does not exert itself, it will fall; however, I shall have no share in the guilt. The frost is going. Gabriel is in great spirits, and now he may have a complete triumph. If you can get the Virgil in time, put it into the parcel, but I am in no hurry about it. Does Combe yet defend White after the Prior Park story? The Doctor has many good qualities, but I do not confide in his judgment about literary men. I hear from Ireland that Bennet is considered as the manager of all the politics there, and I long to hear of his being a Bishop, for he deserves a mitre. I never can excuse Dr. Farmer, though I do not even allow personal considerations to make me overlook the virtue and talents of those who use me ill. Where does Lord John live? I want to write to him. Yours, S. P.

Again, to the Rev. H. Homer, 1790.

We had a grand Epiphany Sessions. I long to tell you a Presbyterian plot about the County Treasurer's Office, which was detected, and to their honour defeated by the magistrates. We shall do what the Bishops ought to do, we shall oppose the repeal of the Test Act. After a little evasion and rebuff, my firmness got the question into the hands of the chairman, and at twelve o'clock at night we were tolerably unanimous. I was obliged to lie a-bed the next morning, when it was resumed; but I had got things in train by drawing up a paper

the night before; we are to meet upon it the 3d of Feb. and the sheriff will then call a county meeting, which will be well attended; and we shall have the honour of being the first to oppose the Presbyterians, who have most infernally and most malignantly abused Mr. Fox and his party for their bad morals in Dr. Price's last famous sermon. I must and will act from my conviction; and I am concerned to see Fox a dupe to their cunning. At this very moment they are traducing him as a very wicked man, in the very sermon which their great bell-wether has published upon this very subject; so that the old poison still remains. Fox will only make enemies in the Church, without gaining any friends among the Presbyterians, who are all with Lansdowne, Lord Stanhope, and Pitt; and Sheridan owns, that out of eleven Presbyterian members they never have one vote with them except upon the Test. I think it downright infatuation to support them; and they certainly mean rebellion, with which they will disquiet the Prince, if they are not checked during the reign of his Father, especially after what has happened in France. There never was anything so impudent, so insidious, and so base, as their intended plot in this county. . . . . There will be no contest in this county; and Pitt is here triumphant, and his opposition to the Presbyterians will do him good and Fox harm; yet these very fellows will adhere to Pitt. . . . . I am sorry to say we do not go the way to get friends either with nabobs, churchmen, or fanatics. The King I think is poorly, and the reconciliation with the Prince I think will do us some good; but these Utopian schemes of liberty in the Slave-Trade and Test Acts are all wrong, and alarm serious men, &c. &c. Yours, S. P.

I have not withheld these expressions of Dr. Parr's opinion on the Test Act and Slave Trade, though they were entirely changed in the after part of his life. Indeed, he soon began to modify them; for I find, in a collection of Tracts on the Test, the following note, in "The Right of Protestant Dissenters to a complete Toleration, by Serjeant Heywood; second edition."

This very able book was published on the application of the Dissenters for the repeal of the Test Act. It has been ascribed to Serjeant Heywood, who probably was assisted by lawyers and dissenting Clergymen. It is the only powerful book produced by the Opposition, and it wrought a total change in Dr. Parr's mind on the general principle of Tests. He always disapproved of the Sacramental Test,* and he now sees the inefficacy and the injustice of all religious Tests whatsoever. S. P.

And in the Sequel, p. 99, he thus expresses himself:

Early in 1790 I resisted Dr. Priestley and his friends in their endeavours to procure the repeal of the Test Act; and on this occasion, I not only saw the venerable person, and heard the orthodox tongue of Mr. C. but had the pleasure of acting with two or three worthy laymen of Birmingham, and with one clergyman for whom I have a great esteem.

About a month or two after Dr. Priestley and I met, and here begins a black catalogue of crimes, which have long been enveloped in darkness, but which I am now audacious enough to plant before legions of senseless and merciless calumniators in open day.

Again, at p. 52-3:

In the earlier part of my life I thought the Test Act oppressive; but in the year 1782 I very carefully and very seriously re-examined the subject, and changed my opinion. In 1790 I strenuously opposed the attempt to procure a repeal; and yet I cannot help indulging the comfortable hope, that in the progress of intellectual and moral improvement, religious animosities will at last subside; and that the restraint for which I have contended, and do now contend, will no longer be thought necessary for the public safety by the heads of that

* The reasonableness of a *Test* (says Johnson, Life of Swift) is not hard to be proved; but perhaps it would be allowed that the proper Test has not been chosen.

Church, which I have never deserted, and by the members of that Legislature, which I have never disobeyed.

He did indeed on this occasion most strenuously oppose the repeal. He leagued himself with the High Church party to oppose it; and has left his opinions on record, in a string of resolutions which are an answer to those of Mr. Walker, and were composed controversially. They were adopted by the Warwickshire county meeting, convened to oppose the repeal, with some alterations; and I am indebted to the kindness of my worthy and reverend kinsman, Mr. Charles Curtis, for a copy of them so altered, and I place them together as a literary curiosity.

Mr. Walker's Resolutions.

1. That it is not the province of the civil magistrate to direct, or to interfere with the religious opinions or practices of any members of the state, provided their conduct be not injurious to others.

2. That all the subjects of the state, conducting themselves in an equally peaceable manner, are equally entitled, not only to protection in the possession of their civil rights, but also to any civil honours, or emoluments, which are accessible to other subjects, with

The Resolutions of the Warwickshire Meeting.

1. That however the religious tenets of men may in theory be separated from their civil conduct, the strong and sometimes fatal influence of the one upon the other, has been shewn by experience in all ages and in all countries.

2. That it is the province of the British Legislature, not indeed to direct the religious opinions of any subject, but to prevent all such actions as, through the prejudice, the passions, the partial interests, or the unwarrantable claims of

out any regard to their religious opinions and practices.

3. Desiring nothing for ourselves, but the same equal and liberal treatment, to which we think all other persons, in a similar situation, are equally entitled; it is our earnest wish, that an equal participation in all civil privileges may be obtained for Dissenters of every description, to whom nothing can be objected, beside their religious opinions or practices, and who can give that security for the civil allegiance, which the State ought to require.

4. That the Protestant Dissenters of this country have always had reason to complain of unjust treatment, in being disqualified to hold offices of civil trust or power, though their behaviour has ever been peaceable and legal, and though they can even boast peculiar merit, as friends to the present government.

5. That it becomes Dissenters as men, feeling their own disgraceful situation, and the opprobrium which this reflects upon their country, to adopt every constitutional method of procuring the redress of their grievances, and thus retrieve the honour of the nation.

particular men, and combinations of men, may result from those opinions, and endanger the ecclesiastical or civil constitution of this kingdom.

3. That while all subjects of the State, conducting themselves in an equally peaceable manner, are equally protected in their civil rights, the disposal of civil honours and emoluments is, with proper restrictions, submitted by law to the judgment of the civil magistrate alone.

4. That the Dissenters, during the mild and auspicious reign of his present Majesty, have been completely exempted from every restraint upon religious liberty, and that, without being admitted to public offices of dignity and profit, they are legally secured in the ample possession of civil freedom, and in the full enjoyment of all personal rights and privileges, which appear consistent with the public safety.

5. That the ultimate object at which the Dissenters are now aiming is evidently, and almost professedly, not so much the enlargement of liberty as the acquisition of power.

6. As one principal ground of our abhorrence of the Test Laws is the prostitution of religion to interested and secular views, and as these laws therefore ought to be equally abhorred by every friend of pure religion, we invite every conscientious fellow subject of the Established Church to concur with us, assuring them that in this proceeding we sympathize with them, and we wish them to sympathize with us, and each contribute to do away this reproach and profanation of our religion. But if it should be deemed more honourable to themselves to act apart from us, we invite them, as a separate body, to come forward, and, in some decided manner, bear their testimony to a cause which does equal honour to both.

7. That with the same decided tone with which we assert our rights as men and Christians, and protest against all interference of the magistrate in the proper cause of religion, we repel with scorn the imputation of all meaner and baser views. We have no latent ambition under the mask of religion. We are as superior to hypocrisy as we are to fear. We aspire not to one

6. That the Legislature has a right to prescribe such securities as shall seem to its wisdom most expedient, for the present and future allegiance of all subjects.

7. That the Corporation and Test Acts are designed, not as instruments of persuasion to those who dissent from the Church, but as a security to the Church against all persons who may be disposed to subvert it; that they are founded upon principles, not of persecution, but of self-defence; that they are meant to operate, not against probable mischiefs, and that, in fact, they do operate, not as harsh punishments, but as salutary restraints.

8. That no test can, in the view of a wise Legislature, be considered as effectual without a religious act of some kind or other; that the Sacrament, when employed by the State as a civil test, does not therefore cease to be a religious act; that upon the very circumstance of its being received with the seriousness and *sincerity* which ought to accompany such an Act, the British Legislature found its confidence in the allegiance

emolument or honour of the Church. In our civil capacity we vow as pure a loyalty, as generous and ardent an affection, as liberal exertions, and as well-informed and well-principled an attachment to the constitution of our country as its most favoured and honoured subject can pretend to. Our reverence of Britain, her government and laws, is only in subordination to our reverence of God and of human nature.

8. That though the particular grievance of the Corporation and Test Acts has been the means of convening us, as part of the body of Dissenters, we think it our duty to use our utmost endeavours to procure the repeal of all penal statutes in matters of religion, as this is clearly comprehended within our just rights; and are persuaded that in this we meditate nothing new, as religious liberty ever will, and must be defective, while one such penal law is suffered to exist.

9. That in contending for our civil rights, we mean nothing hostile to the religious principles of the Church of England, or to any religious of the communicant, and that the voluntary and aggravated guilt of insincerity is no more chargeable on the law which appoints the Sacrament as a qualification for civil offices, than the guilt of perjury can be charged upon the law which, for any purpose of public utility, imposes an oath.

9. That the Corporation and Test Acts are known to have been highly salutary during the reign in which they were first passed; that every attempt made to obtain the repeal of them at the glorious æra of the Revolution was happily defeated, and that reasons of solid justice and sound policy for their continuance exist now, some with equal, and some with superior force.

10. That at a period like the present, when opinions, most widely different from the fundamental doctrines of the Established Church, and most pointedly hostile to the principles upon which religion in any form can be established in any State, are taught and disseminated with uncommon zeal and boldness, the peace and the very existence of that Church are exposed to un-

principles whatever, holding it as a maxim, that nothing of this nature is within the province of the civil magistrate; we therefore will not be considered as responsible for whatever any individual belonging to any part of the body of Dissenters, may publish for or against any religious tenets; we consider it as every man's right to do whatever, under the influence of a love of truth, he may think proper in that respect; but publication not expressly authorized by any body of men should not be imputed to that body.

10. That a permanent mode of collecting the sense and uniting the efforts of the whole body of Dissenters of every denomination, so that they may have their representatives to meet in London or elsewhere, and make proper application to the Legislature as circumstances may require, appears to be a measure well calculated to promote the desirable end above mentioned.

SAMUEL SHORE, jun.
Chairman.

common danger; and that while the liberality of the Government is shewn in permitting such persons to propagate, without restraint, their religious tenets, it highly concerns the wisdom of the Legislature to guard against their political opinion, especially when produced and urged with all the formalities of civil claims, and under the spurious but perverted name of natural and unalienable rights.

11. That publications professedly and repeatedly proceeding from individuals of great and acknowledged weight among any bodies of men, are the surest grounds for determining what are the real tenets and the real views of the bodies, to which those individuals respectively belong.

12. That without entering into invidious comparisons between the religious opinions of different sects, we think the conduct of those persons who have conscientiously submitted to the Test and Corporation Acts more honourable in itself, more beneficial to society, and more consistent with the dictates of morality and the pre-

cepts of the Gospel, than the occasional conformity of certain Dissenters, who, mingling ambition with insincerity, have deliberately violated the spirit of the law, while they externally complied with the forms prescribed by it.

13. That the spirit of encroachment and exclusion which marks the behaviour of some Dissenters, who, in corporation towns and in other places, have gained an ascendency, is no very honourable proof of their own proficiency in that liberality which they require from the members of the Established Church, and no very favourable presage of the consequences that would arise if they should require a larger share of power.

14. That the moderation of the teachers and governors of the Established Church is worthy of the enlightened age in which they now live, and that the acknowledged and exemplary piety of all its members emboldens them to confide in the Legislature for the continuance of that protection, and of those favours which have so long been thought consistent with the dignity of Government, and so often found conducive to the general peace and prosperity of the kingdom.

15. That the connection now subsisting between the interests and honour of the Church and State has ever been found equally useful to both in times of public danger as well as of public tranquillity; and that all experiments tending to loosen that connection, should be discouraged as unwise in their principle, and unsafe in their effects.

16. That being actuated in this public declaration of our sentiments only by an unfeigned and anxious regard for the welfare of the country, and submitting the merits of the cause in the support of which we are thus honourably engaged, to the free representatives of a free people, we disdain to employ those instructions which are too often calculated to control the members of the Legislature, in the discharge of their most important trusts.

17. That knowing the rapid progress of innovation when encouraged by success, and marking the tendency of the political as well as the religious tenets avowed by some persons, whose example and whose writings have invigorated the attempts now making to obtain the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, we earnestly and respectfully invite all the counties to fix their attention upon the great object which has occasioned our present meeting, and to concur with us in opposing those efforts, which, after repeated disappointments, the Dissenters are prepared to renew through the whole kingdom.

That copies of the Resolutions be sent by the Chairman to Sir Robert Lawley and Sir George Shuckburgh, Barts., our worthy and independent representatives; and that the same be published in the London, Birmingham, Coventry, Oxford, Worcester, Leicester, and Northampton papers.

That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Chairman.

The confidence expressed in the Resolutions composed by Mr. Walker, and afterwards enlarged by him in an appeal to the nation, published under the title of "the Dissenters' plea," proved at least that his hopes were excited, and that he expected his cause to be benefited in the general reforms that were going on. Parr confesses that he was inclined, at this time, "to wrap up the Church in the State mantle," according to Hoadly's phrase in the attack on Sherlock.* In the application to Parliament for the repeal of the Test Act in May 1789, the majority against it was 24. In March 1791, the majority against its repeal increased to 189. Although it was then brought forward by Mr. Fox

* See Parr's letter to Lord Holland, Dec. 28, 1807, on test, toleration, &c.

himself, and much to Parr's disapprobation, and others of the party, as appears by the following extract from a letter to the Rev. Mr. Homer, dated Feb. 16, 1790.

.....I think Mr. Burke totally wrong, and that he has done more harm than ever was done before. Indeed, he never was of much use to the party, and has himself domineered over Mr. Fox's better judgment. He and Sheridan are not yet reconciled I assure you. But what signifies private reconciliation? In Parliament he accused him of something like treason; and in Parliament he should be forced to support or to retract the charge. The evil lies deep in jealousy of Sheridan's superior popularity and superior influence with Mr. Fox; and you see Pitt is taking great advantage; and sorry I am that Mr. Fox is to have the lead in the repeal business, for it will alarm the country, and not fix the Presbyterians. Have you seen Wesley's libellous and most inflammatory pamphlet, called Theodosius?

Yours, &c. S. PARR.

And the following from Lord John Townshend, to Dr. Parr:

MY DEAR SIR, *Bentinck-street, March* 1, 1790.

I am disposed with you to dread the effects of that ferment which has arisen, and which seems likely to spread so wide, and with such violence about the Test business. I regret, most heartily, that Mr. Fox did not decline to make the motion for the repeal; as I think he has unwarily plunged himself into a post of difficulty and danger into which it appeared by no means necessary for him to enter. I shall be under the necessity of giving my vote to-morrow with Mr. Fox, as I did last year on this subject. I followed my own inclination in absenting myself from their great meeting the other day; and I was glad to find that very few of the friends of our party attended the dinner. Mr. Fox's speech on the occasion was, I hear, admirable; and received with unbounded applause.

Not without loud *professions* of future attachment to him on the part of most of them. I am very much, however, of your opinion, respecting the degree of reliance which is to be placed on the sincerity of any professions from such a quarter; nor is it easy to forget their former personal rudeness to Mr. Fox, and their shameful conduct in the year eighty-four.

Excuse the haste in which I write, and believe me to be, dear Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your faithful humble servant, J. TOWNSHEND.

Whether by such decisions "the unalterable laws of justice are sacrificed to the views of speculative utility, and the most sacred acts of devotion subjected to the profanation of interested and wordly views,*" I judge not. Certainly, though Mr. Pitt did not venture to repeal the Test Act, he virtually annulled it by making it impracticable to levy the penalties of the law. A Bill of Indemnity is passed annually before the period arrives at which the penalties are claimable.

Blessed be they who have contributed to so good a work (said Hoadly, in answer to Hare, p. 207), but far more statesman-like and more manly would have been a manifest repeal; with a declaratory law, giving toleration on its broadest practicable basis to all Christians of all denominations, taking away civil punishments, or civil sufferings, or civil inconveniences, on account of what are the dictates of men's private consciences, unless it immediately affect the civil government.

The practice of the American constitution proves, that the broadest practicable basis of toleration may

* Memoirs of the Rev. George Walker, p. 170.

extend not only to all sects of Christians, but even to the Jews. Yet neither to this unbelieving race, nor to the professors of Islam, can the terms futile and sophisticated be applicable, when Christian benefices are the objects of a Test, and perhaps "the unalterable law of justice" would not be quoted in their case, should they start up as popular sects, and the Mosque or the Synagogue become fashionable resorts, like the New Jerusalem, the Rehoboth, or the Cave of Adullam.

Opposing, as he did on this occasion, the pretensions, and answering the arguments of the Dissenters, nevertheless, in truth and in deed, was Parr a friend to toleration.

At Norwich, he admitted to his acquaintance, and served, with all the ardour of friendship, Mr. Bourn, the Minister of the congregation of Presbyterians there; and when, on a change of sentiments, or from the hope of increasing fortune, Mr. Bourn sought to be admitted into the Orders of the Church of England, he subscribed his testimonials, and made interest with Doctor Yonge, Bishop of Norwich, and other Prelates, in his favour. The endeavours of Mr. Bourn to obtain orders failed; but Parr's zeal did not fail. He set on foot a subscription for Mr. Bourn, and obtained a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small annuity. Of the commencement and progress of his acquaintance with Doctor Priestley he has himself given an account in "The Sequel;" and though there are many passages in his letters and writings in which he criticises the opinions, and blames the conduct of

that great Philosopher, he never fails to do justice to his great talents, his pure intentions, and his almost enthusiastic zeal. At Warwick, some of Doctor Parr's most intimate acquaintance were Dissenters. The two respectable families of Parkes,*

* To the kindness of Mrs. H. Hunt I am indebted for the following character of her father, written by Dr. Parr.

"Died, July 3, 1806, on Thursday Evening, in the 49th year of his age, Mr. William Parkes of this Borough. This excellent man discharged all the various and sacred duties of domestic life with the most irreproachable exactness and amiable tenderness. He was intelligent, punctual, and diligent in conducting the numerous and important concerns of a very extensive business; and unwearied in his endeavours to relieve the indigent, and to protect the oppressed. The activity of his benevolence was unrestrained by any narrow and invidious distinction of sect or party. His equanimity was alike undisturbed by adverse or prosperous fortune. His patriotism was firm and temperate, and his piety was rational and sincere. By constancy in his friendships, by placability in his resentments, by the ingenuous openness of his temper, by the manly independence of his spirit, and by the general conformity of his moral habits to his religious principles, he obtained, and deserved to obtain, the esteem of his neighbours, the confidence of his employers, and the unalterable regard of an enlightened and respectable acquaintance. The memory of such a person will ever be dear, and his example instructive to the poor who shared his bounty, and every class of men that had an opportunity of comtemplating his virtues.

"For the space of twelve months he laboured under a lingering and complicated malady, of which neither the causes could be ascertained, nor the effects resisted by the most skilful physicians both in the capital and in the neighbourhood. But he supported with unshaken fortitude the pains of disease and the languor of decay; and, with the unfeigned resignation of a Christian, he looked forward to death as the passage appointed by heaven to a glorious immortality."

Mr. Twamley, Mr. Field, and the elder Mr. Crompton, and the Cottons of Kenilworth, were in the list of his nearest friends; and he continued intimate with most of them till his death. Mr. Field, by Parr's appointment, attended his funeral; and of his own accord delivered an eloquent discourse on his death the Sunday after.

For Mr. Corrie and Mr. Yates he entertained sincere respect; he justly appreciated their learning and their worth; nor did the differences of opinion on religious subjects in any degree weigh against them in his esteem, nor against the amiable Dr. A. Rees, the truly conscientious Mr. Lindsay, the firm controversialist and staunch polemic Mr. Belsham, nor against the accomplished Mr. Shepherd; with all of whom he occasionally corresponded. His own opinions were the mature fruit of study. The first beam of the morning, and sometimes the midnight lamp, were the witnesses of his intense lucubrations; and that which made him wise conduced to make him charitable. His religion was that of Jesus; but it was not "zeal without knowledge."—It was not the wild fanaticism of the heated brain, nor the sordid calculation of the hardened heart.—It was not the fermentation of Methodism, nor the bitter sediment of Pharisaical pride. Though warmed by fervour, it never was heated to fanaticism. He had drank of the living water to the refreshment of his soul; and his piety, ardent in youth, settled into sober practical habits of thinking for, and acting with, his fellow men. It adorned his life—it com-

forted his age; and it so elevated his departing spirit, that he expired after long suffering with a placid expression upon his countenance, and with an ejaculation of hope and trust upon his lips.

Of his particular religious opinions I shall leave him to speak for himself. Because he tolerated all opinions, he has been sneered at as believing lukewarmly. Such a calumny could only arise from his warm expressions in favour of charity and toleration. All sober discussion of religious opinions he admitted and entered into. Often would he concede to a certain point; and this concession has been mistaken and represented as entire. The virtues of particular men belonging to particular sects, he honoured, as he did all virtue. The views of such men he would promote, when he knew them to be sincere; and he would often teach them where the strength of their cause lay. Knowing very much, he was not fearful to discuss, nor penurious in imparting a portion of his knowledge. Thus was he sometimes mistaken for a partisan, where he was only an instructor and enlightener. How truly he was attached to the Church of England, all the dissenters with whom he conversed on the subject could prove, *if they would.*

You are aware (says the manly Mr. Shepherd of Gateacre to me in a letter dated August 12, 1827), that our late friend's friendly intercourse with Dissenters has caused his sincerity as a Churchman to be called in question. But I can testify that, from many communications with him in free conversation, I am sincerely of opinion, that the Established Church had never a more zealous admirer or a firmer friend.

His epithet "non-con." was never spared to their faces; and I have reason to believe that to some it gave offence. The sectarian spirit he abhorred—the sincere worshipper, of whatever sect he might be, he loved. Even the Theist, when sincere, unostentatious, unpresuming, and not profane, was not merely tolerated by Dr. Parr, himself a firm believer in the truths of the Gospel. In a volume of Tracts, formerly in his library, the first of which is "Hollis's Free Thoughts," &c. &c. he makes the following notes.

Mr. Hollis gave Dr. Parr his "Apology" in the year 1809, and in the summer of 1812 he sent him his other works. Mr. Hollis leads a studious and blameless life at High Wycombe, Bucks, where Dr. Parr sometimes visits him. Dr. Parr had the good fortune to introduce Mr. H. to his enlightened and respectable pupil, Peregrine Dealtry, who lives at Bradenham, four miles distant from Wickham, and, though Mr. H. seldom pays visits, he never fails to visit Mr. D. when Dr. P. is with him. Mr. H. is confessedly an unbeliever; and his unbelief is certainly the result of laborious and serious enquiry; but he never writes profanely; he is charitable and respectful in his judgment upon the character of Christians; he devotes his time and his fortune to doing good; and, be his errors what they may, Dr. P. is bound, by the principles and spirit of Christianity, to love and to honour such a moral agent as Mr. Hollis. S. P.

Dr. Parr knew Mr. Hollis personally, and considered him one of the most serious, upright, and benevolent of human beings. They often conversed upon the most important subjects; and whatsoever be the errors of Hollis, he supported them with much ability, and without any taint of acrimony or profaneness.

The uncharitable and sour worshipper of the skeleton and dry bones of doctrine, the bigot, and

the scorner, and the sneerer, were sure to meet with summary and condign punishment at his hands. I have more than once seen him rise up to smite the scorner who interposed his jests, in the discussion of the awful subject of religion.

He believes that, wheresoever imperious and turbulent teachers have usurped an excessive ascendency over the minds of an ignorant and headstrong multitude, religion will always be disgraced, morals always vitiated, and society always endangered. But the *real* interests, the *real* honour, the *real and most important* cause of the established Church, he ever has supported, and will support, as he also ever has contended, and will contend in favour of a *liberal*, *efficient*, and *progressive toleration*.

CHAPTER VII.

Sequel—Letter to Irenopolis.

But the test, and all party discussions, were shortly after swallowed up in another vortex; in attacks and defences, in Burke, Paine, Rous, Mackintosh, and a variety of other writers, the approvers or disapprovers of the Revolutionary system. The first act of that terrible drama, the French Revolution, was now over, and the curtain had fallen upon the ruins of the chief distinctions of the privileged orders, titles, and feudalities. More awful scenes and events were preparing; and all men in all nations, capable of ratiocination, sympathized or participated in the gathering interest.

The hosts of civilized men were arrayed against each other in two mighty phalanxes; and expectation stood breathless awaiting the stormy fury, and the hideous shock of battle. In the beginning the battle in this country raged only in words and menaces; in the din and clamour of dispute, in reproaches and insults; and the actions and words of men were watched, and noted so jealously, that it was not easy for the most innocent and unassuming

to pass without calumny. At this crisis Parr, who had separated himself from the high church party, and became intimately connected with Mr. Fox and the Whigs, stood eminent as a butt for the shafts of faction to aim at. In consequence, he was assailed by all the warfare of petty malignity; some of his parishioners were insulted as disaffected, and he himself was privately traduced as a Jacobin. At length he was exhibited publicly as disloyal in the newspapers of the Government; and thus, from an anonymous letter, was induced to vent his feelings on the subject of politics, and the French Revolution, in a work intitled, "A Sequel to the printed Paper lately circulated in Warwickshire, by the Rev. Charles Curtis, brother of Alderman Curtis, a Birmingham Rector; London, for Charles Dilly, 1792." The Preface to "The Sequel" is one of the most finished morsels of Parr's pen. It is a little cabinet memorial of his literary powers, and one of the best patterns of his laboured style. It is, moreover, full of fine sentiments on the evanescent nature and the small interest of personal quarrels. Yet this gem is not unsullied and of the purest water; it is too much bespotted with imagery, and there is surely no propriety in the expression "noise of a bubble," or in the sentiment that opposition is likely to bestow "a rich plumage upon noisy flutter and unavailing struggles." Surely it is much more likely to snatch it away.

As to the controversy introduced and carried on in "The Sequel," I fear few persons at the time deemed it of much importance; most men, indeed,

thought the solemn asseveration of a gentleman should have been admitted; and, after all, there was not much dignity in drawing together this artillery of learning and argument, *if* there were *no* solidity to be crushed, and only feebleness to be annoyed. And, let me add, that, in the introduction of the name of Alderman Curtis, and of the subsequent remark in the note,* about his personal appearance, there was not only no dignity, but there was great indecorum and petulance. As a party man, Sir William Curtis had risen to eminence among his fellow-citizens, and to high reputation as an Englishman. By a popular election, in the most populous and most commercial city of the most enlightened country in the civilized world, he was chosen to represent the freemen of London in Parliament; and for thirty-six years, with the exception of one Parliament only, he continued their representative. By his activity in business, his deep-searching sagacity, and his native powers of intellect, he gained their confidence, and deserved it. With manly boldness he avowed his opinions, and his constituents were never deluded by false colours, or hypocritical pretences. During the whole of his political life he was a Tory in principle and in practice; and with a firm step, and unalterable steadiness, he supported the measures of the Government during the perilous times of the French war. I hope he will long enjoy, in health and peace, the honours and the fortune he has acquired

* Sequel, p. 33.

by consistency and integrity; and if this page should ever meet his eye, that he will consider it as a tribute of affection, as well as a declaration of the truth.

The political part of the Sequel, divested of the personal matter, will alone be re-published; and it treats of a subject so momentous that it redeems, in great measure, this miserable squabble from the imputation of unnecessary and venomous aggression. For if Parr deemed that these anonymous letters were only a portion of the attack upon his character, encouraged by a faction, and circulated as a slow poison through society, he was justified in vindicating himself.

I know it was the fashion to brand him as a Jacobin; because he advocated the cause of freedom, and enlisted himself under the political banner of Mr. Fox. Yet how little his sentiments favoured democracy, and how averse he was to the excesses of the French revolutionary party, he here shews; and in reviewing some of his other works, we shall find that true Whig principles, the real English Constitution in Church and State, were solidly and immoveably engrafted in his mind.

Copy of a letter from Dr. Farmer to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Amen Corner, June* 15, 1792.

At my last return to Cambridge I found you had honoured the College with your portrait, and I am happy to thank you in the name of *ourselves* and our *successors*. Since I have been in town I have seen a *portrait* of *your mind*, in which I (an old *Tory*) can scarcely wish for an alteration of a feature. I am dear Sir, yours, &c. &c. R. FARMER.

The question of prerogative, discussed by him in the Sequel, had been discussed by him before, when he was about to re-publish, with notes, the Dissertation on Whigs and Tories, by Rapin; and his remarks on the subject will be found among those notes which are now re-printed.

The Sequel touches upon another subject of great interest; and that subject it was, probably, which roused Parr's resentment, and led the way to this attack. His house was threatened by the Birmingham incendiaries at the time of the riots in 1791, and his library* was removed from his house in his absence, to secure it from the fancied danger, by Mrs. Parr. Considerable expense was incurred, and much injury done to the books; so that Parr could not but feel some bitterness on account of that which he had suffered. Of the Birmingham riots the Sequel contains an everlasting memorial.

Of the seeming regularity of contrivance, the strange chaos of levity and ferocity, the temporary extinction of common prudence, common justice, and common humanity in private companies, the most shameless language of triumph in some diurnal and monthly publications, the vestiges of such remorseless and ill disguised approbation in certain well educated men, as in times past would have steeled the heart, for participation in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

By remonstrance in conversation, and sometimes

* The books were at first hastily huddled together in a barn near Hatton, and afterwards sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, when the packages were piled up under the principal, but disused, gateway of the College, by permission of the President, Dr. Routh, and the expense of near £100 was incurred.

by instruction from the pulpit, he most pointedly condemned this unsocial spirit,* and one phrase he has marked with indelible reprobation. "Church

* * Bishop Bennet thus expresses himself in the following extract from a letter, dated

"*Dublin Castle, Jan.* 11, 1792.

.....You do justice to my sentiments of Mr. Fox, whom I have always esteemed as a man and a minister, and wish political accidents had thrown him on a different side. Party runs high here also; but it is a party, not against English ministers, but English government. On the eminence on which I am placed, I hear the whistling of the storm before it has reached the lower regions.

Et mea parva rates vicinis sueta movere
Littoribus, notique legens confinia ponti,
Nunc primum dat vela Notis, portusque fideles
Linquit, et Hadriacas audet spectare procellas.

Your book, I suppose, is not out yet. I am sorry you attack the Church, for fear of consequences to your own advancement; and hope you mean individual Churchmen, whose narrow and illiberal bigotry you are welcome to lash till you are tired.

I tremble for your books and property, and rejoice such villainy was prevented (when the former are in order, remember that you have a claim on me for several which you wanted). The rascals who call themselves Churchmen, and disgrace the cause they pretend to serve, are in fact indifferent to any cause or any motive but plunder, and would burn our houses just as readily as yours."

I shall have occasion to mention the names of Bennet and Burke hereafter in connection. Mark here the difference of language and of sentiment between the staunch Tory and the apostate Whig. See "Epistolary Correspondence of Right Hon. Edmund Burke and French Lawrence, LL.D." letter 2, page 240, from Burke to Lawrence. "I think the efforts of the faction

and King" was the watch-word, or yell of encouragement of the incendiaries whilst they were committing their outrages, and at the time the constant toast of the high party. "I will not drink that toast (cried Parr at a public dinner), nor will I suffer it to be given in my presence. It was the toast of Jacobites, and it is the yell of Incendiaries: it means a Church *without* the Gospel, and a King *above* the Laws."

I shall not enter farther into this topic. Far be it from me to rake together the embers of this detestable story! Of those concerned in it many are gone to their account; and of the active incendiaries, if any still survive, none are so shameless as to boast of their exploits.

Whatsoever were the sentiments, or even the bitterness of mind, that induced Dr. Parr to open the sluices of his anger in "The Sequel," it is consolatory, on reflecting, to know that they were soon appeased or neutralized. "The Sequel" is dated January 1792, and in May of the same year ap-

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are not at all abated, and that the evil they intend equally appears in their desperate boldness, and in their insidious hypocrisy. They have changed some of their notes since the riots at Birmingham. Now that their anniversary of toryism has produced arson, and given it a direction *they did not wish*, they are the martyrs of order, good government, and sobriety. But "peace* to all such;" a thing, by the by, they do not over eagerly desire," &c.

* The sentence on Constance and her paramour, worked so admirably into the utmost pathos of tragedy by Sir Walter Scott, forcibly reminds us of this Burkeian phrase.

peared "A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis; or, a Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham;" and in 1809 I dined with Dr. Parr at the Rev. Mr. Curtis's table.

The provocative cause, or that which was at least pretended by the incendiaries of Birmingham at the time, as productive of the riots, was a dinner, held in the town of Birmingham, to commemorate the French Revolution.

The party of gentlemen who met upon that occasion were of opinion, that the dinner was not the real cause; that it was averred as such only to serve the purpose; that, in fact, the riots had been planned under the dark influence of a Machiavelian policy to strike terror into the revolutionary faction, and to shew the country, by a *salutary example*, to what horrors anarchy must lead;* at all events, that the Government was criminal for not providing against any possible commotion, arising out of the treasonable libel then published. So they were resolved to hold another Meeting, to show their fellow-subjects and the Government that they had been calumniated on the former occasion.

The letter to Irenopolis was written hastily by Parr to dissuade the party from holding their dinner; and perhaps no effusion from the pen of any learned man was ever poured out so rapidly, with so much soundness of argument, and clearness of style, and vigour of sentiment. "As the publication of this

* See debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Whitbread's motion; and Mr. Burke's letter, before quoted.

letter was committed to my charge by Dr. Parr, and as it will illustrate the method followed by him in writing, and show some of his habits of thinking and acting, it will not be superfluous to enter into a detail of it.

Extract from Dr. Parr's first letter to my brother Dr. Edward Johnstone, dated May 14, 1792, Monday.

This is an important letter, and keep the contents of it secret. At our Quarter Sessions I was told that the Dissenters intended to meet again in July, but I thought it impossible. More or less of the same report I heard afterwards, and still was unwilling to believe. But yesterday I heard it again, and I believe it. Dear Sir, I am frozen with horror; tell me, I beseech you, whether it is so, and if it is, grant me a request, a great request. Some thoughts occurred to me last night, which I will throw into a friendly pamphlet to dissuade the Dissenters from this frenzy. This morning I have written half the pamphlet, and by to-morrow I will finish it. It will be short and serious. It shall be written over again and printed by Thomson at Birmingham, who shall have the profits, and give me twelve copies. I hope that you or your brother will undertake to correct the press, and Thomson must be instructed to finish most expeditiously and carefully. My name must not be prefixed, or indeed, known. Write to me directly, and be sure send me exact information. I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely, S. PARR.

This was written about 3 o'clock; it is now 6, and the pamphlet is finished. It cost me six hours and an half, and was done at two sittings in one day. I am getting it transcribed for the press.

2nd Letter, May 16th. Extract.

This letter shall not depend upon the Dissenters not having made up their minds to dine, for I shall publish it if they have taken any one step to give alarm, and I am doing them a substantial act of friendship if they have wisdom enough to think so. My judgment is unalterably fixed upon every line of the

book. I have written with great politeness, impartiality, and vigour.

3d Letter. Extract May 17.

It was at Mr. Bree's, where I drank tea on Sunday, that I heard a confirmation of the report, and as I rode home at night a thought struck me that I should endeavour to prevent it. The forge was set to work on Monday morning, and the furnace was very hot till about six in the afternoon, and though the work has not been much upon the anvil, it is pretty well done. Now, John, as I have not had time to polish, and scarcely even to correct, a few expressions will sometimes float in my mind as capable of improvement, and to prevent all retardation of the press, I will put down a few to paper. You must know, John, that the Socinian writers publish their books in Holland or Poland with the quaint names of Eleutheropolis or Irenopolis, and I think it wont be amiss to imitate them in the title page (though to be sure, my boy, very few of your Oxford Doctors will understand it), let therefore the title run thus:

A Letter from Irenopolis, &c. &c.

Letters 4, 5, 6. Extract, corrections and additions.

Date the book Thursday, 17th May. Pray do me not the favour, but the justice, to correct two enormous errors in my London book, "the Sequel." Read, and tell everybody else to read, page 42, for "luminous," "profound," twice it was corrected—twice the printer blundered. I wrote sense, and meant to be polite to Hurd. Nonsense and rudeness were printed.

Letter 7. Extract. Monday 21st.

Bishop Hare and Dr. Bentley read quo, not quod, never mind your editions, they are Birmingham coin.

8th Letter.

John, John, as you are only a novitiate, my boy, in correcting the press, I must desire you to have a hawk's eye, before the final printing off. Get the credit of sending out the only correctly printed book I ever did send out. This is the ex-

cellence of living in a town where there is a printer; an author can then do as he will. Priestley is a veteran in correcting the press, and a sloven about style; in both points the very reverse of me. Farewell. Urge Thomson, assist, watch, encourage him, and if needs be, scold him. You see the propriety of my joining Dilly's name with Johnson's. It so happens, I believe, that they are both Dissenters; and it further happens, that they are both as honest friendly men as ever lived; and so I don't think it impossible for both to escape everlasting flames in hell. But you know I never dogmatize on theological subjects, and therefore, if Dilly or Johnson have fears, I must refer them to deeper casuists and sounder divines than myself; and you know that of those there is a plentiful store in your beloved Oxford. They catch at a glance what I cannot discover in a year. They are bold where I am timid—they hate where I love. They call down the thunderbolt upon persons whom I hope to meet in the portals of the third heaven. Christianity is with me, and its pretended offspring, Orthodoxy, is with them.

9th, 10th, and 11th, fidgetty letters, about delay, stops, alterations, and additions.

12. Extract.

I wish to close with a vigorous declaration of my principles, and shew respect to the church, as well as contempt for high church. I have therefore altered and rather enlarged the conclusion, and your own good sense will shew you the propriety of this. The book must come out on Monday, &c. Mind, in p. 39, I have put a double line under REAL, because it must be printed, not in Italics, but small capitals in all three places, and so must the word IMPORTANT be in small capitals, for this is an act of respect and justice which I owe to the church, and my own situation and opinions as a churchman. You will not be surprised at the anxiety I feel, when I consider how many alterations there were yesterday and to-day, and before I see them the book must come forth. John, you have a very weighty task, a very serious charge. I confide in your sense and friendship to perform them well. I take it for

granted, my boy, that suspicion will fall on me. You will not, I know, tell lies, but will, perhaps, put off by saying it is my style.* I have just received a pompous foolish book addressed to Priestley. It was given to me by an orthodox Doctor, and it was written by a noisy priest. He gave only one copy of his book away, and that to the Lord Chancellor, and luckily too, just as he was going out; and so he will get nothing, which is all he cares about. He is a fine pompous fellow, and if Priestley had a grain of common sense he would not answer him. He calls himself a Foxite, and yet he has been trying, to my knowledge, what he can get among the Pittites, and he is of a very bad breed. I shall not read his book. I think Priestley will stare at this address, for he is a thorough partizan, and so are you, Jack, disposed to be, and so you would be, were it not for my admonitions.

John, my love of truth makes me say, p. 35, the preceding parts, &c. You see that I turn the scale even against myself, for you know it went to press on Wednesday, but I date Thursday. You will have a hard day's work of it, and I think the book cannot be out till Monday afternoon.

Remember the old proverb, "most haste worst speed," for I would rather have the book delayed for a day than permit one single blunder in a word, a syllable, or even a stop.

Upon the whole I think it a good pamphlet, and hope it will do good, and either terrify or convince your mad caps. I hope you like the idea of a progressive toleration, because it is mine. For instance, I would have voted with Fox the other day, and at better times, and with a much better spirit between Churchmen and Dissenters, and not till then would I repeal the Test Act. I do not love tests a bit better than you do; but I understand them better, and they are evils, which evil

* In his correspondence with the printer and bookseller, when Bellenden was in the press, Parr always feigned another name; Richard Davy, when Dr. Davy was the amanuensis, and other names according to his whim. Whether the secret transpired, I know not. Steevens he hated, and suspected, so was particularly desirous to keep the real author unknown to him.

spirits make necessary evils. Neither Priestley nor Hoadly are adepts in moderation. It is a rare, and, I therefore believe, a difficult virtue; but when once understood and seriously attempted, it becomes easy and comfortable.

13. Extract.

Let me have sixteen copies; six sent hither, and ten Johnson must be directed to dispose of thus: one Prince of Wales; one Duke of Portland; one Earl of Dartmouth; one Mr. Sheridan, at Nerot's Hotel; one Mr. Mackintosh, 32, Charlotte-street, Portland-place; one Mr. J. Tweddell, 2, Brick-court, Temple; one Dr. Priestley; one Mr. Wakefield; one Rev. Mr. Martyn; one Lord Grey. Where I say, "I confess with sorrow," put "I *must* confess *then* with sorrow." You see the alteration includes only two words, *must* and *then*. I am fond of these particles, and I am sure that Voltaire and Marmontel in French, and our Johnson, neglected them too much. But with me it is not so, nor with other writers. I feel the anxiety of Addison, who would cancel a sheet to alter the position of a common particle, and it was by this parental care of his words, that they put forth such beautiful blossoms, and such delicious fruits. You have done well, well, well.

14. Extract.

Let me know how your book sells at Birmingham, and how the Dissenters and Churchmen take it. I am very just to both, of which, however, they may not be sensible, as some of them are so little in the habit of practising justice. I forgot to send a copy to Mr. Fox, but have written to Johnson to send him one. Thomson must allow me this.

15. Sunday, June 4th.

16. Soliciting subscriptions for a certain Greek scholar, to preserve him from want, and to buy him an annuity.

Yesterday I received a very handsome acknowledgment from the Dissenters of your town, and a most friendly well-written letter from Mr. Russell.

The following are copies of the acknowledgment and letter here alluded to, and of Parr's answer.

At a meeting of the Committee appointed by the Societies belonging to the new and old Meeting Houses in Birmingham, held on Friday, June 22, 1792.

Resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the Committee be respectfully presented to the Rev. Dr. Parr, for the candour, urbanity, and benevolence which he has displayed in the eloquent and energetic pamphlet lately addressed to the Dissenters under the title of "A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis." WILLIAM RUSSELL, Chairman.

REV. SIR, *Birmingham, June* 23, 1792.

It is with much satisfaction that I enclose you the Resolutions of a Committee who are the representatives of as honest and independent a body of men as the kingdom contains. Smarting under unmerited suffering and disgrace, they are feelingly alive to every generous and benign attempt to restore peace, order, and good neighbourhood in this distracted town. Their tribute of thanks therefore naturally follows your excellent and nervous address, and I assure you they are deeply sensible of the dignity of your sentiments, and the uprightness of your intentions; and that they will long retain their gratitude and respect for a character which so forcibly delineates the man of honour, the Christian, and the good citizen.

I am gratified in the present opportunity of begging you to accept my fervent wishes for the prolongation of your valuable life, and for the still further extension of your sphere of usefulness and enjoyment, and of assuring you that I remain with very high respect, Rev. Sir, your sincere and obedient,

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Dr. Parr's reply to Mr. Russell.

DEAR SIR, *June* 26, 1792.

On Sunday last I had the satisfaction of hearing from you that the Committee appointed by the members of the new and old Meeting Houses at Birmingham, had unanimously resolved

to present their thanks to me, as the writer of a "Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis."

Permit me to request, that you would convey to the gentlemen of that Committee my respectful acknowledgments for the honour which they have done me; my earnest wishes for the speedy and total extinction of those animosities which have lately disgraced this neighbourhood, and my sincere approbation of the judicious and temperate measures which the Dissenters of Birmingham have adopted for preserving the tranquillity of their town. I beg leave to thank you personally for the very polite and friendly wishes you have expressed towards myself. Be assured, Sir, that my talents such as they are, will, upon every proper occasion, be employed in discountenancing or correcting those prejudices which my heart is incapable of feeling for one moment, and which my judgment represents to me as irreconcileable to the interest of society, to the precepts of religion, and to the benevolent spirit of that heavenly teacher, whose authority we all reverence, and whose example we are all bound to imitate, however divided we may be in our opinions about the metaphysical explanations of his nature. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very faithful well-wisher and obedient servant, S. PARR.

Perhaps it is not improper for me to add, the very day after I had received the advertisement, in which they renounce all intention of meeting on the 14th of July next, I took an opportunity of sending it to my printer, and of accompanying it with such observations as will probably do them no discredit.

Such was the effect of this extraordinary pamphlet—the best, the calmest, the purest of all Dr. Parr's literary productions; and the most approved by all sober thinkers. One part of its excellence arises from its being an extemporaneous production. It was the composition of eight hours at most; and is, therefore, less loaded with learning and illustration than any other of his printed works. He had no time to trick out the phraseology in the

borrowed garb of quotation, of which he was so fond; nor to spoil the freshness of his first thinking by closer, or tighter, or more gaudy phrases. The letter is the best model of Parr's didactic and unlaboured style. It is a work of peacefulness, written in the spirit of peace, and to insure the practice of it. Whether Mr. Pitt ever read Bellendenus or its learned preface I am not informed; but I do know that he read "The Letter of Irenopolis to Eleutheropolis," and that he was lavish in his commendation upon it. It was put into his hands by Dr. Maltby when Mr. Pitt was upon a visit at Buckden Palace.

These letters, and extracts from letters, sufficiently illustrate the manner of Parr towards his younger correspondents, and his manner of doing business, and the constant stream of instruction that flowed from him. In the winter, 1790-1791, I passed some weeks at Hatton, when Mr. Richard Porson was one of the guests, and became then conversant with Parr's domestic habits, and formed the beginning of that intimate acquaintance and progressively confidential friendship, on which he put an indelible stamp by his dying declaration in March 1825. During this long interval of thirty-five years, his mode of living, and his habits of thinking and acting on common occasions, were so frequently displayed to my observation, that it would be no difficult task to write the annals of his busy life. But I have intentionally abstained from entering into minute detail. "Destitute of dignity and barren of utility" do I deem it to drag the

illustrious man out of his privacy, where he only does what every other man is compelled to do, and says, with no better grace, what every other man must say.

From the ordinary occurrences of life, as they influence the conduct of extraordinary men, the biographer collects such scattered rays as may be concentrated into one bright assemblage of truth, upon the character which he has undertaken to delineate.—Parr's Sequel, preface, p. 5.

The mention of a certain Greek scholar, and the desire expressed in the 13th extract, that copies of the Irenopolis be sent to Mr. J. Tweddell, Mr. Mackintosh, and Mr. Wakefield, naturally introduce some account of Parr's connection with these celebrated men.

Mr. Richard Porson remained at Hatton in the winter, 1790-1, collecting materials for future works, and enriching his mind with the stores of Parr's library, and of his conversation. He rose late, seldom walked out, and was employed in the library till dinner, reading and taking notes from books, but chiefly the latter. His notes were made in a small distinct text of the most exquisitely neat writing I have ever beheld. He was very silent; and except to Parr, whom he often consulted, and to whose opinions he seemed to defer, he seldom spoke a word. His manners, in a morning indeed, were rather sullen, and his countenance gloomy. After dinner he began to relax, but was always under restraint with Parr and the ladies.

At night, when he could collect the young men of the family together, and especially if Parr was absent

from home, he was in his glory. The charms of his society were then irresistible. Many a midnight hour did I spend with him, listening with delight, while he poured out torrents of various literature—the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay—pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote, favourite pieces from the periodical press; and, among them, I have heard recited "The Orgies of Bacchus."

His abode in the house became at last so tiresome to Mrs. Parr, that she insulted him in a manner which I shall not record. From this time, the visits of Porson were not repeated at Hatton; and though there was no open breach of friendship, on *his part*, there was no continuance of kindness, notwithstanding Dr. Parr's strenuous endeavours to secure his comforts and independence, by combining with other scholars, and using every effort of his interest to obtain an annuity for him. The following letters will demonstrate how zealously affected he was to the cause.

From the Rev. John Cleaver Banks, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *West Wickham, near Croydon.*

On my return to this place yesterday I was favoured with your letter of the 6th, containing a draft upon Messrs. Down and Thornton for fifty pounds, which should be placed to the account of Mr. Coke's liberality, and thirty-one pounds ten shillings to that of Mr. Dewes, the Rev. Mr. Willes, and Dr. Johnstone; the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge (£10. 10*s*. for the Bishop of Cork, and a draft for £25. 10*s*. on account of Dr. Routh and Lord Ferrers; that is, £15 for Dr.

Routh, and £10. 10*s.* for Lord Ferrers. Raine received £15 on your own account). Many thanks are due to you for your unremitting zeal in the cause of our worthy friend, which I am persuaded no one has more at heart than yourself. We have received the most encouraging professions from all quarters; and I believe if we were to cast up the sums already secured, they would exceed fifteen hundred. When they verge upon £2000 we shall stop. Lambton wrote a very handsome letter to Raine upon the subject, which seems to have excited in him the most lively interest, as it will do in every lover of learning and strict integrity. On Saturday last I was at Windsor, and, during my stay there, took an opportunity of calling upon Goodall. I am sorry to say his health is not so well as all his friends must wish. We conversed sometime upon the subject of our friend's case. It appears that he has many zealous friends at Eton, who are warmly disposed to countenance our plan with all its imperfections. He, as well as many other of his acquaintance, seemed to think we had been too indiscriminate in our applications; which should have been regulated by the known dispositions and wishes of the object and friends of this contribution. I was exceedingly pleased with an instance of candour and liberality, which, as times go, are articles of rare occurrence in Bishops. Jacob Bryant takes every opportunity of shewing his resentment against Porson, and was one day proceeding in his usual invectives, when the *present* Bishop of Salisbury checked him with a severe rebuke for his want of charity. Such things are not to be expected from Bishops now-a-days. Your account of the Bishop of C——'s behaviour amazes me. I was, indeed, aware of the intemperance of his politics, and the austerity of his religion, but I never before had reason to doubt his sense of decency and propriety. His behaviour in a former instance might have awakened my suspicion, but I was willing at that time to impute it to carelessness, and want of leisure; or, in short, any other cause, rather than the true one. But surely such a flagrant breach of decorum cannot be ascribed to any other motive than a rudeness of disposition, which, in this instance, seems to have been irritated by some wound or assault on his orthodoxy. Believe me, Sir, your faithful and sincere humble servant,

JOHN CLEAVER BANKS.

There are other letters to the same effect from Dr. C. Burney.

Extract of a letter from T. W. Coke, Esq. dated "Holkham, June 23, 1792," to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

Less said by you in behalf of Mr. Porson's great mind would have been sufficient, without referring me to a second person to induce me to contribute by a small gift of £50 to his future comfort (which I send a draft for).*

The Bishop of Cork says,

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, Oct. 27*, 1792.

With this you will receive a note, payable at sight, for my Porson account, &c.

So active was Parr in Porson's behalf!

Notwithstanding these endeavours, Porson privately sneered and jeered, and even once lampooned him under the name of Doctor Bellenden. Parr, however, always did justice to the accomplishments

* Mr. Coke's correspondence contains his acquiescence in many requests of the same kind, for Parr was himself always ready to comply with demands from others, and never hesitated, therefore, to beg for objects he deemed deserving. Mr. Coke's correspondence with Dr. Parr begins with the publication of Sermons on Education, and ended only in January 1825, with the usual present of Holkham game for the birthday. The consistency maintained in politics by this chief of the country gentlemen of England, his elevated and independent spirit, his love of civil and religious liberty, his devotedness to the whole old English constitution, his domestic virtues, his munificent hospitality, and his liberality, are all illustrated by his own correspondence; but I hope to obtain from Dr. Parr's letters to Mr. Coke words and expressions which will enable me to pourtray with accuracy his character.

of this wonderful man. In his copy of Porson's letters to Archdeacon Travis are these words, "By the learned Author I was presented with this book, and let him who will answer it, I shall exclaim, μετὰ Λέσβιον ποιητὴν."*

And in the remarks on Combe's statement he says,

But Mr. Porson, the re-publisher of Heyne's Virgil,† is a giant in literature, a prodigy in intellect, a critic, whose mighty atchievements leave imitation panting at a distance behind them, and whose stupendous powers strike down all the restless and aspiring suggestions of rivalry into silent admiration and passive awe. He that excels in great things, so as not to be himself excelled, shall readily have pardon from me if he errs in little matters better adapted to little minds. But I should expect to see the indignant shades of Bentley, Hemsterhius, and Valckenaer rise from their grave, and rescue their illus-

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* Erasmi adagia "Post Lesbium Cantorem," p. 186.—Franc. 1646. folio. Lacedæmonicum proverbium, hâc natum occasione, quemadmodum narrat Suidas. Cum Lacedæmoniorum res seditionibus tumultuarentur, consultum oraculum jussit, uti Lesbium cantorem accerserent. Accersitus itaque Terpander Lesbius, nimirum, Antissæus, et ad Lacedæmonios missus. Is canendo sic illorum animos delinivit, ut seditionem omnem sedaret, redactis in concordiam civibus. Quâ ex re factum est, ut Lacedæmonii Lesbiis cantoribus primas in arte musicâ partes tribuerent, et si quem alium canentem audissent, protinus dicerent: μετὰ λέσβιον ὠδόν, id est; Post Lesbium musicum.

† In this re-publication there are many errors of the press—but Porson is not to be blamed for them. They arose from the negligence of a stupid corrector. The book was published professedly as Porson's—in fact, he furnished a few meagre notes only, and had nothing to do with the printing.

trious successor from the grasp of his persecutors, if any attempt were made to immolate him on the altars of dulness and avarice, for his sins of omission, or his sins of commission, as a corrector of the press. Enough, and more than enough, have I heard of his little oversights, in the hum of those busy inspectors who peep and pry after one class of defects only, in the prattle of finical collectors, and the prattle of unlearned and half-learned gossips. But I know that spots of this kind are lost in the splendour of this great man's excellencies. I know that his character towers far above the reach of such puny objectors. I think that his claims to public veneration are too vast to be measured by their short and crooked rules, too massy to be lifted by their feeble efforts, and even too sacred to be touched by their unhallowed hands. Be it granted, then, that the difference between the critiques is great. But I contend that the difference between the works themselves is *more* great, and I add, that the difference between the artists is *greater still.* —Remarks, p. 13.

His metrical conundrums he was wont to smile at,* and in the correspondence with Archdeacon Butler this phrase is used more than once. There is only one short note of compliment from Porson among Parr's correspondence, the rest having been

* Archdeacon Butler will not allow this term to be applicable to Porson; "Porson's metrical canons are perfectly just, and infallible, and clear, and therefore *not* conundrums. *Burney's are mere conundrums* in many cases. I think I was the first to give them that name, and that Parr adopted it, thinking it just."

Dr. Maltby entirely agrees with Archdeacon Butler about the soundness of Porson's metrical canons, and thinks that the term "conundrum" might be applied with far more justice to some of the fiats of foreign scholars, whom Parr, in the decline of his life, was wont to praise for their metrical knowledge above that of Porson.

purloined. There is one from Porson's brother the schoolmaster.

There are many other of Dr. Parr's remarks on the character of Porson interspersed throughout the correspondence. I shall close this account with an extract of a letter from Mr. Cleaver Banks to Dr. Parr, as it throws light on the theological opinions of Professor Porson.

MY DEAR SIR, *West Wickham, near Croydon, Surrey.*

Our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I scarcely remember how the account stands, but in either case I am resolved not to remain long in arrear; and therefore acquaint you that, I went to Cambridge on Tuesday last with Porson, who has offered himself a candidate for the Greek Professorship. Dr. Postlethwaite had written a letter to apprize him of the vacancy some time before it happened; on Monday, if I am not mistaken; but he was told that some subscription either to the 39 Articles or the 36th Canon is required. He therefore gave his negative in his answer to Dr. P. who upon that acquainted him that his objections were unfounded, and likewise, that the day appointed for his examination is Tuesday, *if any one will have the courage to attempt it*, to use the Doctor's words. The offer looks very much like an atonement for past injuries, and I am afraid the Doctor would have us construe it into a compensation. Porson talked of writing to acquaint you with the issue of this business as soon as it is determined.

It has been not uncommon to compare Parr and Porson together as Greek scholars. Perhaps, in some niceties of metrical arrangement, Porson might be styled τῆς Ἑλλαδος πρόμαχον, and on conjectural criticism and verbal emendation he had so much more time to bestow, that he probably excelled Parr in skill and accomplishment. But with

these exceptions, Parr's name may be fearlessly advanced as that of the superior scholar, "Ultimus ille ἐκ τῶν Μακαριτῶν, parco enim viventium nominibus, Anglorum ΠΛΕΙΑΔΙ — Magnanimi Heroes! En. Ricardus Bentleius—Ricardus Dawesius—Jeremias Marklandus—Joannes Taylorus—Jo. Toupius—Car. Burneius—Thomas Tyrwhittus—Ricardus Porsonus—Samuel Parrius *meo periculo.* Vide Dr. C. Burney's Tentamen De Metris.

Let me hope for forgiveness when I add, that in the "Imperfect outline of the life of R. Porson," by the Rev. Thos. Kidd, "the illustrious scholar who knows when to doubt and when to decide," is not once mentioned by the Professor; and

> That with him true criticism expired; and that the stars which adorn our hemisphere in his absence, shine with those rays which have been principally borrowed from him—*

is more true of Parr than of Porson.

The Rev. Thos. Kidd was praised and patronised by Dr. Parr as one of the living Pleiad of Greek scholars. I shall insert in the Appendix two of his letters, not without the hope of being enabled to insert some of Dr. Parr's to this eminent scholar.

Dr. Parr had been introduced to Mr. John Tweddell in the summer of 1790, at Cambridge, and became warmly interested in the advancement of this young scholar, who, no less by his great accomplishments than his amiable qualities, had won his favour. The first epistolary correspondence on the part of Mr. John Tweddell, was by sending an

* Kidd, xvii.

Essay for a College Prize. This Essay, the subject of which was "Quid purè tranquillet," is published among the Prolusiones Juveniles of Tweddell, a work containing all his University and College Prizes. It does not fall within the compass of my duty to discuss the merit of these compositions; they have stamped the merit of Tweddell, as a young scholar, in a deep and lasting die; and coupled with his premature fate, and the locality of it, have associated his memory with some of the most interesting classical recollections of modern times. Tweddell was employed by Dr. Parr in the publication of the Sequel. I shall insert a few letters which will display the temper of his mind, and the difficulty of his task, and it will be seen that Mr. Tweddell was not quite so submissive and tame an editor as one or two of those who were employed before and after by Dr. Parr.

While Mr. Tweddell was occupied in the publication of the Sequel, French politics had risen to their highest phrenzy; and it does honour to the College of which Mr. Tweddell was a member, that they rewarded his great accomplishments with a Fellowship, notwithstanding his professed republican principles. He announces his election in the following letters to Dr. Parr, and the publication of his Prolusiones at the same time.

MY DEAR SIR, *Trin. Coll. Oct.* 1, 1792.

As I am sure you will feel more than curiosity to know the issue of this day's decision, I therefore have the pleasure to acquaint you, that I am made one of the people called Fellows.

This is very odd; for after the villainous election of last year I thought I had been deemed too reprobate to become one of so immaculate a society. An odder thing still is, that all parties are satisfied with the five men that are elected, as well ins as outs. But the oddest thing of all, and that is a very odd thing indeed, is, that I believe all parties *ought* to be satisfied. It is a just election altogether. More I have not to say to you just now, being far from well, and further, having to satisfy the doubts of some dozen of correspondents. You will, therefore, be so good as to excuse my brevity; the rather as brevity is said to be the soul of wit, which is a refinement of the understanding that you much admire. I beg compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr. I hope you had a pleasant excursion into the north. Believe me, dear Sir, your ever obliged and faithful servant, JOHN TWEDDELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Nov.* 14, 1792.

This letter accompanies that collection of prize exercises of which you have been so good as to undertake the revision and correction. I have myself revised them, as you desired, with some care, though I fear you will still find in them more room for censure than for praise. There are many phrases, I doubt not, that are not legitimate, and such as, were I to write on the subjects now, I should not again adopt. At the same time, that I have found no little difficulty very often in detecting such inaccuracies, from the circumstance of my ears being familiarized with the former sound, and reconciled by habit to the old error. My last exercise of all, I have not written in the book, not having quite revised it; as soon as I have it shall follow the others. I have in different places marked at the side of the paper a *different reading* with the mark *al* prefixed, when I was doubtful which to prefer. You will in such cases reject *the one*. I repent of the subject Batavia Rediviva, not merely as being altogether bad, though I think it one of the worst I ever knew, but as it tempted me to pay a compliment in each ode to the Duke of Brunswick, with whose conduct in that very business I am not now so well pleased, and whose

subsequent generalship must, I think, extort from me a note on his name in the Latin ode, retracting my good wishes. I have written them in the order in which they obtained prizes, Greek, and Latin, and English promiscuously. I send at the same time some Greek and Latin Epigrams, which, if you approve them, shall appear in the way of Appendix. I have given up all intention of publishing the Dedications, as you desired me to do. Upon the whole, I think, when you shall see how much writing these exercises must have taken during this vacation, you will not think I have been quite idle. The truth is, that being conscious of numberless juvenilities in them, I wished them to make their appearance while they may considered as pardonable, and to have A. B. tacked to my name rather than A. M. I am confident you will agree with me in that opinion, and therefore, that you will have the goodness to revise them as soon as, consistently with your own convenience, you can. A short preface will be wanting, which I will not lose time about; and if any thing strikes you as requiring mention in it you will tell me. I am in hopes I may get the University to print it for me. This would be very convenient, as by that means the sale of the volume might chance to bring me in as much as would treat me with a view of Paris for a couple of summer months. It is at least worth while to try, and as soon as you shall be enabled to afford me any guess at the time when you shall finish the revision, I will return to Cambridge, and endeavour to coax the Syndics of the press. I have sent at the same time a blank paper book, *in which, rather than in the MS. itself, you will please to insert your corrections*, for which step many reasons will appear to you sufficiently obvious. I will thank you to be cautious whom you trust as an amanuensis in this business, as Malice might take it into her head to say unpleasant things, and to whisper that correction was the least, as was the last, assistance lent by you to these compositions. Do not let M. write for you. I shall page the two books to correspond, which you will observe.

To any one else I should now make many apologies for the trouble I was about to give them, by the correction of such unworthy effusions. But to you, at the very time that I inwardly feel such a necessity, most of all urgent, I forbear to

do so—because I am sure you could not but think me ungrateful should I distrust the sincerity of any offer you tender for my interest, after so many and so strong proofs of your unmerited kindness to me. It is, I hope and believe, equally needless for me to assure you how warmly I feel, and how sincerely I prize the repeated attentions and good offices which you have been pleased to shew to your ever obliged, and most faithful servant, JOHN TWEDDELL.

Pray do you write quicu*m*que or quicu*n*que?"

DEAR SIR, *Temple, Monday.*

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei: * Anglicè—You will never have done with ———; however, you say the last alteration shall be the last, and I will take care that it be made. And now, as I suppose I am freed from the danger of any more headaches occasioned to me by your amanuensis, let me request of you to give him a jobation upon his villainous penmanship.

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* The Sequel was answered by Mr. Cumberland, as he himself gives an account:—"As I have dealt extremely little in anonymous publications, I may as well confess myself in this place the author of a pamphlet entitled, '*Curtius rescued from the Gulph.*' I conceived that Dr. Parr had hit an unoffending gentleman too hard, by launching a huge fragment of Greek at his defenceless head. The subject was started, and the exterminating weapon produced at one of my friend Dilly's literary dinners: there were several gentlemen present better armed for the encounter than myself, but the lot fell upon me to turn out against Ajax. I made as good a fight as I could, and rummaged my ideas for quotations, which I crammed into my artillery as thick as grapeshot, and in mere sport fired them off against a rock invulnerable as the armour of Achilles. It was very well observed by my friend Mr. Dilly upon the profusion of quotations, which some writers affectedly make use of, that he knew a Presbyterian parson, who for eighteen-pence would furnish any pamphleteer with as many scraps of Greek and Latin as would pass him off for an accomplished classic."

To a nervous man he is as fatal as a physician. Small, indeed, are the hopes of life if you enter a correspondence with him. His abominable hieroglyphics shake you from top to toe. Pray, my good Sir, do labour to convince him that letters were designed to be the intelligible expression of ideas to convey distant meaning by legible characters, to be the faithful interpreters of thought between remote friends. But Martin, I perceive, has formed a directly opposite opinion. He thinks that they were framed for the purposes of perplexity. Why else is is he more obscure than the Prophetess of Cumæ? He differs, indeed, from the sybil in this respect, that her leaves were worth the pursuit, and rewarded the pains of him who found them. Martin does not commit his to the winds, knowing, that from their perfect inutility, his correspondent will perform that office himself. You, as a moderate man, ought not to employ Martin as your amanuensis. For why? His letters put one in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection, as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old and crooked nails which have been just released from a century's durance in a brick-wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his character without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resuscitation of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, either that he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me; for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed. And could you, notwithstanding, Sir, think that I was so infatuated with Martin's handwriting, that for the sake of perusing it one half hour earlier, I should all along prefer paying the price of double and treble, and quadruple postage to having it enclosed to Mr. Wilbraham? If it could answer any end of yours *better* by sending it to me than under cover to Mr. W. I should not have mentioned this. But really I receive it within half an hour of the same time. And as for

your writing on the outside of your letter *single sheet*, it answers no one purpose. They consider the *weight*, and charged me for the last 1s. 3d., and for the one before 2s. 6d. and in the same way various times of our correspondence lately. In future, therefore, I will be obliged to you to convey every *hundred weight of letters* in Martin's writing by separate packets to Mr. Wilbraham's. Though now, indeed, I apprehend I shall not receive many more. I really do, as you say, most heartily and unfeignedly rejoice, that our joint task is at an end. I had put out your amanuensis's apology, and now find that I must put it in again.

I differ with you materially as to the conduct of the Lords. As one of the young *Guelphs* has delivered his sentiments on that sanguinary traffic, I suppose they will not only not abolish the Slave Trade, but give it their express sanction. They are, in my mind, a sad set.

Nec pater Æneas, nec avunculus excitat Hector.

Burke, you know, said he would turn soldier in his old days, and turn his coat into a coat of mail, for the defence of the Constitution. Non tali auxilio, &c. "But I will confess, my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion will be in such mighty haste to come into the field, and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*, armed only with a pocket-pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and *his cracked head-piece* mended."—Smith's Pref. to the Bp. of S.'s Introduction.

Insani sanus nomen ferat.

Believe me, my dear Sir, your very much obliged and most sincere servant, J. TWEDDELL.

I will transcribe for your perusal what I have written, since what you saw before, of my exercise. You told me that Germany has some properties that might render it possible to introduce there, liberty—I say so—but I am not quite convinced of that, neither do I see how in Spain it could be effected but by convulsion. I have not mentioned Spain: ought I to notice any of the Asiatic Emperors? In what part of Cicero shall I find his reasoning on the jus æquabile?

I have received from Glasse a Sermon for you.

No. 2, Brick Court, Temple, London.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday.*

Your letter surprises me exceedingly—you ought to have had the preface long ago. I corrected it a full week since. I have, in consequence, given the printer such a jobation this morning as he will not mightily relish. His negligence has been insufferable. The journey, I assure you, has not been more tedious to you than it has to me, nor, I believe, quite so much so. The mire which I have been dragged through by that fellow's stupidity, and the dull slow movement which he has constrained me to observe, would have wearied me most thoroughly, if I had not had much inducement to bear against all difficulties in the thought that I was serviceable to you. The books, which you desire to be given away, shall be given as you desire. For mine, I beg leave to thank you. I would certainly send one to Curtis, otherwise that sentence where you accuse him of not complying with the rules of authorship, inasmuch as he did not send you a copy of his *printed paper*, will be directed in part against yourself.

Lord Lauderdale's address is No. 2, Hanover-square. I dine with him to-morrow, and will give your compliments to him, and your thanks. I have never had time to mention to you a society to which I belong, and of which he is a member also, lately instituted; nor have I time now to say much of it. The object of it is two-fold. 1st, to obtain by all possible exertion, consistent with peace and good order, a full, free, and equal reputation of the people in Parliament. 2dly, the frequent exercise of the people's right to elect their representatives. The number of persons who first met to dine (in which number I was) was twenty-two. Last Friday, forty-seven. We shall be about one hundred and twenty next meeting; and these are to be considered as original members, being introduced by those who met first. Afterwards we elect by ballot. I will enumerate some of the members belonging to it: Mr. Grey, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Sheridan (he came last time), Mr. Baker, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Sawbridge, Mr. Lambton, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Christie, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Francis, Mr. Goring, two Mr. Godfreys, Mich. Angelo Taylor, cum multis aliis. Mr. Grey nominated a committee

last week of eight persons, of whom I was one, to draw up regulations, &c. These were submitted to the society last Friday. When anything more of our plan is determined on I will tell it you. The object, I think, you will grant to be good. It is now become absolutely requisite to check the hitherto uncontrouled domination of Pitt; and if it is not effected by peaceable means, the eyes of the people will be directed to other means, from which it is the duty of every good man to keep them averted. It would not be amiss if you were to write to Chapman a letter yourself, saying, how repeatedly he has delayed the work, contrary to his promises, and how mysterious his conduct has been, particularly with regard to the preface. It is very necessary that he should not conceive that you are satisfied with his conduct, which, from beginning to end, I must acknowledge, is full of mystery. He tells me, first of all, that it should be printed in three weeks. We must allow for your own delays, and i. e. say it ought to have been out in six, which is double the number; instead of which he has had it in hand almost from Christmas to the present time. He has one day promised that I should have three sheets to correct, and two or three days after he sends me one; and, after all, he affects to say that he has been expeditious, and that all the delay has proceeded from you. He has added impertinence to his other faults. His conduct is in every light highly reproachable, and I beg you will tell him so. This will have the effect of bringing the book out before Parliament separates—nothing else will. I am, dear Sir, yours most truly,

JOHN TWEDDELL.

It has been seen in the review of the publication of the preface to Bellenden, that Mr. Burke was almost an idol of Parr;—that he considered his talents, and his learning far above those of any of his contemporaries, and that he lost no opportunity of offering him the incense of his praise. Mr. Burke's Letter on the French Revolution had scattered the seeds of discord through the nation. Public opinion, which before had been at variance,

now distinctly arranged itself under separate banners; and Mr. Burke became the leader of that party which opposed itself to reform or republicanism. Among the controversial writers on the other side, Mr. Mackintosh distinguished himself by his style and his eloquence; and I believe that his book first introduced him to the notice of Dr. Parr. Whensoever the introduction took place, I know it was continued with intimacy in the autumn of 1791, for I then met Mr. Mackintosh at Hatton, and, from my brother's house in Birmingham, accompanied him to the scenes of devastation occasioned by the riots, which had then scarcely ceased to smoke.

He had been enlisted in the cause of the Dissenters of Birmingham by the zeal of Dr. Parr, to whom he thus writes on the publication of the Sequel.

MY DEAR SIR, 31, *Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Thursday, May* 17, 1792.

The tumult of admiration, and the fervour of gratitude, leave me leisure and calmness only to say, on the subject of your Sequel, that I have read it, that its principles have always commanded my reverence, and its reasonings generally produced my conviction that, your eloquence has filled me with rapture, and your kindness melted me into tears. On the petty aids by which my influence or my exertions can hasten its popularity you will, I am sure, depend. I have already begun what you hinted at. Write me, my dear Sir, any other passage you particularly think proper for insertion. In the embarrassing variety of excellence, I have recourse to you for selection. On the subject of our Association for Reform I have not now time to enlarge. One thing I will say. I may have been deluded in my historical judgment of characters and events.—I may have stated principles too widely, and expressed sentiments too

warmly (it was easier to imitate my illustrious antagonist in these defects than in his inimitable excellencies); but whatever may have been my historical delusions, or my speculative excesses, my sentiments, and my conduct as a citizen, shall ever be those of a man who "has no choice to make between slavery and anarchy," and who *hates* the quiet of servitude only *a little more* than he *dreads* the convulsions of freedom. I am ready, with Sir Brook Boothby, to fulminate the civic excommunication, "Quem cædes civium quem bellum civile delectant, eum e numero hominum ejiciendum atque exterminandum puto." To confess a truth, many of my principles are not a little mitigated and qualified; but I must quit this subject for another of more immediate urgency.

Mr. Whitbread, a young gentleman of very vigorous talents, pure sentiments, and elevated spirit, has announced an inquiry into the Birmingham riots. Dundas, with the usual correctness of his morality, deprecated the inquiry on the principle that the impunity of crimes is the surest preservative of public quiet. Mr. Whitbread, however, unshaken by this new doctrine of moral wisdom, resolutely persists in his attempt to drag forth into broad day the instigators and accomplices of these infernal proceedings. Now I know, my dear Sir, that you are complete master of this subject; I know how powerfully you could state it; and I know that you will never permit your exertion in the cause of virtue, and of your country, to be considered as a favour done to any man. As such, therefore, I will not request it; but I think it would be an act worthy of you to put Mr. Whitbread in possession of the facts which you know, the conclusions which you have formed, and the sentiments which you have felt. A statement so powerful and luminous as yours must be, would, I am confident, inform his judgment, animate his genius, and, in every respect, enable him better to perform that sacred duty which he has so nobly undertaken, and which, I trust, he will so honestly and so ably fulfil. The time, my dear Sir, is pressing. His motion comes on next Monday. In a letter to me you could unbosom yourself with the most perfect safety. You could instruct me what was to be communicated, and what to be suppressed; what was to be unfolded, and what was only to

be hinted at. Let me entreat you, my dear Sir, not to disappoint me. I am sure if you do you will let slip an occasion of doing public good, and I am sure you would lament as much and as sincerely as Titus the loss of such a day Vale nostri memor. JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Dr. Parr's opinions of Mr. Mackintosh's talents, thus founded on personal observation, he has delivered in the fullest terms when speaking of his publications and his political character, and I shall quote them in his own words:

In Mackintosh, then, I see the sternness of a Republican without his acrimony, and the ardour of a Reformer without his impetuosity. His taste in morals, like that of Mr. Burke, is equally pure and delicate with his taste in literature. His mind is so comprehensive that generalities cease to be barren, and so vigorous that detail itself becomes interesting. He introduces every question with perspicuity, states it with precision, and pursues it with easy and unaffected method. Sometimes, perhaps, he may amuse his readers by excursions into paradox, but never bewilders them by flights into romance. His philosophy is far more just, and far more amiable than the philosophy of Paine, and his eloquence is only not equal to the eloquence of Mr. Burke. He is argumentative without sophistry, fervid without fury, profound without obscurity, and sublime without extravagance.

He afterwards often took occasion to eulogize "The Discourse on the study of the Law of Nations," as excellent and noble.

In the year 1795 some cause of discontent sprang up in the mind of Parr, in consequence of Mr. Mackintosh having imperfectly performed a commission for the service of Gerrald. A good deal of altercation took place between the friends, and was continued up to the time of Mr. Mackintosh's departure for India, when it was extremely aggravated

by the misrepresentation of Mr. Perry, and they continued aliens to each other after Sir James's return from India until 1820. In that year they met at Holland-house, and Dr. Parr, approaching Sir James Mackintosh, said, "Shall I address you as Jemmy, or Sir James?" "Call me by that name (was the reply) which may best remind you of our ancient friendship."

As the papers had been circulated in many quarters containing Dr. Parr's accusations, he was induced to make the following declaration, which I transcribe from his own copy.

Before the departure of Sir James Mackintosh for Bombay, very warm words had passed between Sir James and myself upon the politics of the day, and our intercourse was less confidential and less kind than it used to be. Causes naturally connected with the gradual dissolution of intimate friendship prevented the above facts from being stated in their true light for many years. At last an interview which I had myself desired in the summer of 1820, led to another interview in the summer of 1821, which furnished an opportunity for the proper and full communication of these facts. This communication corresponds with the preceding statements which Sir James Mackintosh has laid before me lately, and instantly produced its natural effect. I felt, and therefore I declare myself really and entirely satisfied with the statement. I pronounce the honour of Sir James Mackintosh to be clear from any kind of objection whatsoever, and consequently, in the most express terms, lamented as a friend, and retracted as an honest man, any language of a different tendency, which imperfect information alone had formerly led me to use.

This is a correct copy of the Declaration, which Dr. Parr received from Sir James Mackintosh on Tuesday the 15th of January, 1822, which the Doctor had previously seen and approved; and which, upon Wednesday, 16th of January, 1822, he signed with his own name, and enclosed under a cover

directed to Sir James Mackintosh, Mardocks, near Ware, Herts.

Such, happily, was the reconciliation of Dr. Parr to Sir James Mackintosh, which continued unbroken to the end of Dr. Parr's life. The honour of Sir James Mackintosh has been vindicated from every accusation, except that of want of activity in the service of his old friend. But want of activity in such a cause is more than a fault, and Mr. Perry, by malicious insinuation, converted it into a crime. Happily he lived long enough to see his error, or to find out the truth. He recanted that first flippant declaration which set rumour afloat, and Dr. Parr signed it with a hand which for more than seventy years had only borne witness to the truth. A friendship then was renewed which will couple the names of Parr and Mackintosh to a late posterity; and in his will he has signed and sealed an unfading testimony of his respect and admiration in the following terms:

To Sir James Mackintosh, Member of Parliament, as a mark of my unfeigned respect for his deep researches in metaphysics, ethics, history, and literature, for his splendid eloquence, and for his meritorious parliamentary exertions in mitigating the severities of our criminal code.

The Rev. Gilbert Wakefield was another of Parr's friends, who became a victim to his own indiscretion and the proscription of the Government, during the French war. He had introduced himself early in life to Parr's acquaintance as a young scholar seeking preferment, and talks in that letter

of Mr. Bennet* as their common friend. The correspondence with Mr. Beloe, long afterwards, unfolds Parr's kindness to him in influencing the editor of the British Critic to admit a favourable criticism of one of Wakefield's works into his Review, and the letter of Mr. Wakefield in the Appendix, and those of Mr. Beloe, which will be published hereafter, will luminously display the feelings of the parties towards each other. The letters from Dorchester Gaol refer to a part of Mr. Wakefield's life which can only be contemplated with sorrow; and that of Dr. Parr, on the death of Mr. Wakefield, will say all the rest which his friends can desire. Had Parr even only expressed the sentiment in the Remarks, it would have been enough to stamp his reputation, "a man whose virtue I so much love, and whose talents and learning I so highly admire."

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Arnold Wainwright.

SIR,

I was yesterday evening honoured with your letter; I read the contents of it with inexpressible anguish. I passed a comfortless night, and this morning I am scarcely able to thank you, as I ought to do, for your delicacy in averting the shock which I must have suffered, if intelligence so unexpected and so distressing had rushed upon me from the newspapers. In the happiness of the late Mr. Wakefield I always took a lively interest. Many are the inquiries I made about the state of his health and the course of his studies while he was at Dorchester. Great was my anxiety to see him after his sufferings were at

* Late Bishop of Cloyne.

an end; and when his name was announced to me at my lodgings in Cary-street, I seized his hand eagerly, I gazed stedfastly upon his countenance, I was charmed with the freshness of his spirits, and the apparent stoutness of his constitution.—I anticipated for him a succession of years after years, during which he might have smiled at the malice of his enemies, and enjoyed the sympathies of his friends; and at parting I received from him a book, which the circumstance of captivity under which it was written endeared to me, and which his death has now consecrated.

"Auget etiam molestiam quod magna sapientum civium bonorumque penuria, vir egregius conjunctissimusque mecum studiorum multorum societate, alienissimo reipublicæ tempore extinctus, et auctoritatis et doctrinæ suæ triste nobis desiderium reliquit, doleoque, quod non adversarium aut obtrectatorem laudium mearum, sed socium potius et consortem gloriosi laboris amisi."

The illustrious man who wrote nearly these words upon the loss of Hortensius, would not complain of any diminution in their truth or their dignity, if he could know that I had applied them to my own feelings on the decease of Gilbert Wakefield.

To the learning of that excellent person my understanding is indebted for much valuable information; but my heart acknowledges yet higher obligations to his virtuous example. I loved him unfeignedly; and though our opinions upon various subjects, both of criticism and theology were different, that difference never disturbed our quiet, or relaxed our mutual good will.

When we reflect upon the injury which literature has sustained from the numerous cessations, of his disappointment of his plans and labours, we may be tempted perhaps to exclaim: "O fallacem hominum spem fragilemque fortunam et inanes nostras contentiones; quæ in medio spatio falsè franguntur et corruunt, et ante in ipso cursu obruuntur quam portum conspicere potuerunt!"

Yet scarcely our regret for the loss of future instruction will be much allayed by the remembrance of that which he has already communicated to us, and of his merit in the communication. "Whatsoever the hand of Mr. Wakefield found to do

he habitually and instinctively did with all his might;' he knew the value of every fleeting moment, he improved every talent which a gracious Providence had entrusted to him, and in the course of his whole life how few are the hours which he wasted in idleness, in folly, or even in those innocent amusements which "pass away like the trace of a cloud." In diligence, doubtless, he far surpassed any scholar with whom it is my lot to have been personally acquainted, and though his writings now and then carry with them some marks of extreme irritability, he was adorned, or I should rather say, he was distinguished by one excellence which every wise man will admire, and every good man will wish, at least, to emulate. That excellence was in truth a very rare one; for it consisted in the complete exemption of his soul from all the secret throbs, all the perfidious machinations, and all the mischievous meannesses of envy. They who undertake the office of writing his life will do well to record this singular amiable quality, and they will do so, not merely in justice to his memory, but for the edification of all readers in all classes, and for the humiliation, let me add, of every insolent pedant who would depreciate his attainments, and every vindictive partisan who would triumph over his infirmities. For my part, Sir, I shall ever think and ever speak of Mr. Wakefield as a very profound scholar, as a most honest man, and as a Christian who united knowledge with zeal, piety with benevolence, and the simplicity of a child with the fortitude of a martyr. After the deep and solemn impressions which his recent death has made upon my mind, I cannot but derive consolation from that lesson which has been taught me by one of the wisest among the sons of men: "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery, but they are in peace. Having been a little chastised they shall be greatly rewarded, for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself." I beg the favour of you to present my best respects and best wishes to Mrs. and the Miss Wakefields, together with my thanks for the attention which they have shown to me on this melancholy occasion. I shall be much obliged to you for informing me, at your leisure, in

what place my beloved friend is interred; and I anxiously hope to hear that he has left his family in comfortable circumstances. I have the honour to be, Sir, your respectful and obedient servant, S. PARR.

The Rev. George Henry Glasse, son of the Rev. Dr. Glasse, whose removal from Harrow to Greenford has been mentioned in the early part of these memoirs, opens his correspondence with Dr. Parr in the following terms:

REV. SIR, *Greenford, Feb.* 26, 1784.

I am at this moment so situated, that I am only able to acknowledge, with all possible gratitude, the honour of your letter. My life is not of consequence enough to merit such praises.

You will be pleased to be informed that the delight I received from seeing the Œdipus Tyrannus represented at Stanmore, gave me the first idea of a work which you are pleased so highly to approve, and which less liberal minds discountenance and condemn. Your letter shall be my comfort when the thoughts of the cruel treatment I have received hang heavy upon me.

I had designed an eternal adieu to the Grecian Muse; if ever I resume the study it is because I regard your approbation more than the censures of the Critical Review, or the indifference and coldness with which an attempt (*as* an attempt laudable) was received at Christ Church.

My father desires his most respectful compliments, and I am, and ever shall be, Sir, your most obliged and most devoted servant, GEORGE HENRY GLASSE.

This letter refers to Caractacus, then published, and rather unmercifully lashed, I believe, by Dr. Burney, as the Samson certainly was afterwards, in the Monthly Review. The letters of Mr. Glasse are full of asknowledgments of Dr. Parr's valuable assistance—his emendations of the Samson, and his alteration of some Latin composition.

As to the declaration (he says in one of them) that I will write no more in the Greek Drama, I hope it may be suffered to pass, as it is the fixed resolution of my soul. The burthen of a parish, the fatigue attending my engagements at Greenford, and the necessity I think myself under of studying divinity in the few hours I shall be able to call my own, are motives irresistible to this determination. But of your goodness to me, my dear and honoured patron, I will retain a grateful sense to the last moment of my existence; and I trust I shall ever preserve a share in your friendship and regard. I remain, your obliged and faithful servant,

Nov. 28, 1787. GEORGE HENRY GLASSE.

If I were to publish the whole of Mr. Glasse's letters to Dr. Parr from 1784 to 1807 inclusive, in which last year he sends him a Clerum for his B.D. degree, they would but exemplify the assistance which Dr. Parr was called upon to give, and did frequently contribute, to young scholars and ambitious authors. Perhaps not in the same quantity or in the same degree, for Mr. Glasse was certainly not one of the Pleiad of English Greek scholars of the day. This he acknowledges himself in the following letter, at least by implication; and I shall close the whole account with another letter, curious from its hopes, its fears, and its requests.

DEAR SIR, *Greenford, Dec.* 2, 1789.

Mr. Burney has had the candour to publish my letter entire, with a postscript very flattering to me. Having the praise to which I felt myself entitled, I will sit down under the censure I cannot but feel I deserved. I hope you will not disapprove any thing I have said in my address to the Reviewer. The ground was not tenable; and I endeavoured to make as handsome a retreat as I could.

I have had a most pleasing letter from Mr. Twining; he still

asserts that I undertook more than could be performed, but adds that, I performed more than could be expected.

On this, and on every other occasion, my gratitude to you is justly due. I *glory* in the support and assistance you gave me; I rejoiced in the opportunity of proclaiming it to the world. Had White done as much ———; but I will pester you no more on that subject, nor detain you longer than while I return you my best thanks for your last obliging favour, and testify my regret at not being able to obey your commands, touching some detestable and despicable paragraphs which never were in my possession, but which, at the houses of some of my neighbours, passed under my indignant eye.

That your health may be fully restored, and that those public honours to which you are entitled may be added to those of less profit, but more value, which you enjoy in the hearts of your friends, is the earnest wish and prayer of, dear Sir, your ever grateful and obliged servant, GEORGE HENRY GLASSE.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 20, 1789.

I do assure you I have not been inattentive to the subject of your last interesting letter, and I should sooner have answered it, had I not expected from my friends, to whom I had stated the particulars, a greater number of subscriptions than the inclosed bill amounts to. However, if I hear from any more of them, I will, with great pleasure, send a second remittance.

My father desires his best compliments to you, and cheerfully contributes his donation, on the account you gave of the urgent necessity of the case.

Your kind acceptance of the effusions of my well-meant zeal, demands my best thanks. I do most sincerely rejoice in your approaching honours, and I ought to have something to comfort me, for I lose all my hopes of advancement with the present Administration. These, you will say, were at best but slight ones. I allow it. And the experience of thirty years, in the case of my father, should reconcile me to disappointment.

But waving all personal considerations, I really feel so much for the situation of the King, and the afflictions of his family, particularly his wife, that the happiness of my life is affected by it.

You, dear Sir, love sincerity too well to be displeased with the above honest declaration of my sentiments. But heartily shall I take pleasure in *your* promotion, and if such a thing should be, that merit like yours should, for once, be exalted to its deserved honours, I hope you will not think it too great presumption in me to solicit the office of one of your chaplains. I should esteem it my pride and pleasure to receive a scarf from your hands; and my present patron (an Irish Peer) would, I know, very readily relinquish me,

facilis jactura patroni.

But to return from these pleasing visions to matters which demand more immediate consideration.

I have had a little correspondence with the *doers* of the Analytical Review.

I wrote to the Editor, to say that I wished for an hour's confidential conversation with him, and subscribed my name and place of abode. In a few days I received an answer from Johnson, the bookseller, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-yard, stating, that to preserve the Review as independent as possible, the editor wished to be concealed; but that any communications made to him (Johnson) would be faithfully transmitted, &c. &c. I wrote in reply, that my late Greek Translation of Samson Agonistes had been reviewed by one of the first scholars in the kingdom. That the critique was not published, and that the writer, "who was not accustomed to seek, but to be sought by, the dispensers of literary fame," might possibly, by proper application through me, be induced to favour them with his remarks.

I enclose you Johnson's second answer.

* * * * * * *

You, dear Sir, are not in the least committed, otherwise than by the pointedness of the above description. And, therefore, if it is not your pleasure, that your observations should find a place in the Analytical Review, here let the business rest. If otherwise, be pleased to favour me with your sentiments. Should you be inclined to comply with my ardent wish on the occasion, it may perhaps be best to wait till after the Monthly Review has appeared, for which I wait with a trembling impatience that savours little of my honoured patron's intrepidity. Your ever obliged and most faithful servant, G. H. Glasse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wadenhoe—H. Homer—Var. Horace—Dr. Combe.

About this time, Parr exchanged the curacy of Hatton for the rectory of Wadenhoe, with Dr. Bridges, bargaining to retain the house at Hatton, and to do the duty there. The real motives of this exchange were kindness to Dr. Bridges, who could not hold the preferment he then possessed, with Wadenhoe: certainly there was no real gain to Parr in it, of a pecuniary kind. At Hatton he still received pupils into his house, and still laboured incessantly in his calling, as a parish priest. Hatton indeed was no less the seat of the Muses, than of hospitality, during the whole of Parr's abode there. His table was well replenished with simple fare, his cellar was amply stored; and he was no churl, or economist in his bounteous giving. Not only his own friends, but the friends of his friends, were welcome, especially if they were Foxites, or Whigs; nor was the well-behaved Pittite or Tory, unwelcome, if they could bear with composure, certain tirades on their leader and their politics.

There could be no higher treat than to witness his manner of conversing with those he loved or reverenced, whatsoever were their differences in opinion—with Bishop Bennet's soft and graceful tone of thinking and speaking, and with that mild, calm,

evening lustre, which sheds such a charm over Dr. Routh's society. I have seen him with these illustrious men, separately, playful and grave, lively and solemn; but in every state of mind happy, and elevated to a higher flight of intellectual expression, if I may so say, by the genial atmosphere that breathed around. Whether the three ever conversed freely and unreservedly together, unembarrassed by any restraining troublesome companion, I know not. Such a communion of high and holy spirits this earth does not often witness. When both had lived more than threescore years and ten, I was admitted by Parr to enjoy his and Bennet's society alone; they addressed each other in the affectionate language of Bill and Sam, and they were as cheerful as when they used the names sixty years before at Harrow. The last evening I spent with Bishop Bennet, he sat up with me more than half the night, relating anecdotes of his friend; and to him I am indebted for the authentication of some facts belonging to Parr's early life.

Henry Homer died early in the summer of 1791. What Parr has written in the Statement is Homer's best character; and what I have inserted, as illustrating the publication of Bellendenus and the Warburtonian Tracts, the best evidence of the near and cordial intimacy that subsisted between them. Bishop Bennet had been Homer's friend from his first becoming a member of Emanuel College, and when from scruples of conscience he was about to resign his Fellowship, the Bishop not only felt warmly for his situation, but showed an anxious desire to serve him. He had been suspected,

indeed, of lukewarmness on this occasion; but the Bishop's letter of explanation, which is preserved in this collection, places the fact in the clearest colours, and displays the warmth of his friendly zeal: and Parr was finally convinced of his sincerity, and has coupled their names together in a masterly panegyric. The death of Homer is recorded in the following interesting letter from Bishop Bennet to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin Castle, May*, 16, 1791.

——— The seasons, as they fly,
Steal from us in their course, year after year,
Some fond connection, some endearing tie;
The parent, ever honoured, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breast the grateful sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And pious sorrows gush from friendship's eye.

So says Emily; and the death of poor Homer has brought the reflection strong upon my mind. I knew nothing of his illness; I looked forward with eagerness to the time when I should again see and embrace him; and I have now only to lament (as so many have done before me) esse nescio quam quæ spes nostras decerpat invidiam. I am led, by a connection natural enough to the subject, to inform you that our friend the Bishop of Waterford preached the other day at his cathedral, on the probability of our knowing each other after death. *The Bishop has too much sense and too many virtues to be perfectly decisive in maintaining a system on which the Scriptures say so little, and the imagination is apt to say so much.* His Dean, a pert and bigoted ecclesiastic, took offence, and preached the next Sunday against the Bishop with great asperity. Newcome sees the impropriety of a contest, which he never meant to provoke, and hardly knows how to avoid it. I should advise him to publish his sermon, and leave it before the world, without taking any notice of his adversary.

Did I ever tell you the handsome and eloquent manner in which Grattan introduced the characters of Bishop Newcome

and the Primate, in the midst of a violent invective against the clergy. He paused, in a description of episcopal pride and extortion:—"I speak of many, not all; for there are among them some whom I love, and some whom I revere. Such is one whom I do not name, because he is present; mild, learned, pious, and benevolent; a follower of the gospel, and a friend to man. Such is another, whom I may name because he is not present. He has the first dignity in the land, and holds it by the strongest claim, by the claim of his virtue. I see every where hospitals that he has founded, villages that he has built, a country that he has civilized; as to the man, I know him not, or know him as we know superior beings, only by his works."

Your conjecture concerning my sight is too well founded. I am an heteropthalmist, and I am not an heteropthalmist; this Athanasian statement of my eyes is perfectly correct; for though to outward appearance I have lost the sight of my left eye, it is still so far useful as to enable me, if I shut the other, to walk about my room with convenience, and even the streets with safety; and this recovery has been gradual, so as not to leave me without hope that it may yet substantially improve.

You complain I write little Greek, but you should recollect I have no books, scarce any leisure hours, much to say and much to do on very important subjects, often on the life and death of unfortunate individuals, sometimes on the welfare of a nation held to England by most complicated and delicate ties. Remember, that of the four millions of inhabitants this country is said to contain, three millions at least are interested to overthrow the present constitution. Pitt and Fox are out of the question. They want Barnave and Mirabeau. Yours, most affectionately, WM. CORK.

But it is necessary that I dwell longer on the name of Homer, from the virulent attack made on Parr (in consequence of his strictures on the Variorum Horace) by Dr. Combe after Homer's death. This edition was designed as early as 1787.

I will write more about Horace (Homer says to Parr, June

28, 1787; and at Christmas, in the same year) as to Horace matters may stand thus, I have been once to the Library (the King's,) the types are not even yet cast for it. I have not studied the selection of a single note: have scarce peeped into what you pencilled out; the essential part of the index was finished, I believe, certainly before you talked of reprinting. Combe and I, at our leisure, and for the sake of an evening, have since compared with the Delphin, but this NEVER till your work was despatched by the post.*

Nov. 14, 1788.

I am obliged to you for your emendations. Alphabeticum I did not think of at the time, but dare to say there is no such word in Latin; utriusque, I see fully, was wrong. H. H.

Thus anxious was Homer to convince Parr this new work did not interfere with the publication of the Warburton Tracts.

Nov. 17, 1788.

I send Janus, who is only marked for our use to Ode 20. Combe and I have been long on the look out for a complete set of Janus's Horace to send to you.

Dec. 6, 1788.

I did not receive any of yours till to-day, since the Horace proofs.

So of course the Horace was now printing, and, indeed, there is direct evidence of it in a letter dated Nov. 29, 1788:

Upon looking at some letters to-day, I see the post-mark is Nov. 10, when you received the last proof of Horace. I hope you will not grudge revising what I enclose at this distance. I told Combe I would send nothing till I had despatched something for yourself; so that ours has been printed some days.

I have left a space for any note respecting *iracunda classis*,

* This letter contains a ludicrous account of a game of forfeits at Cambridge, and of the crawling about of one of the heads of College.

but there is no note, as you thought, in Lambin, nor yet in Torrentius, on these words, &c. &c. Combe has a vast objection. What say you?

In all his letters to Homer during the months of November and December, 1788, Parr takes some notice of the Horace, though the anxious business is always the preface, the dedication, the poignant remark, or the sly cut at Hurd.

After correcting Horace, &c. I will give up a fortnight to Bentley's Horace, to mark the passages which should be inserted, &c. Davy was ordered to leave his Gesner's Horace with you. I am sure nothing will be done in Horace unless you are here. Shall I write your Livy preface?

Again,

You see I am punctual with your Horace.

In Dec. 1788, he writes,

The same post brings me a huge parcel of Latin from Glasse to be revised immediately, and your queries, &c. to be answered immediately. I growl at both, and will despatch both. I tell you that you are not yet at home in your business. Nothing can be done without consulting Bentley and Cunningham upon every reading in every line. Every, every, every. With all his absurdities, Bentley is still the first critic; and yet you give no one note from him. Good God, you ought to know all his criticisms, and have them ad unguem, right or wrong. For whichever they be, they are instructive: but how to use them is the question. I tell you, you must follow your own judgment; you know I offered to examine my own Bentley, and mark it. In short, you are vastly learned about typography and paper, and so on, which is all very well; and I am disposed to flog you both for every thing else. To leave out Bentley, and to let that French Sanadon in, who understood very little more Latin than Bishop Hurd, and was as great a coxcomb! My dear Harry, everybody reads Horace for his sense, and may get some of it. But, as to his

Latin, very few understand it indeed. In short, I am all over wrath with you, and this *gentleman* idea will ruin you; for I shall say of you, as the King of Prussia did of the English in the American war, "for scholars too little, and for gentlemen too much." Now mind, yours is a Variorum Edition; your judgment in one respect is, and in another is not, decided. It is decided, so far as you collect what appear to you the best readings, and the best notes. It is not decided, unless you choose to make it so, when the notes you produce are at variance with each other. This is plain, and this is true. Now I come to advice; and if it is not followed I will not look at one more syllable. Get Bentley's Horace upon every various reading which he states; collect as well as you can how many editions, or MSS. or critics, read this way or that; compare him also upon every passage with Cunningham. You must abridge even to dwarfishness every giant note; but give what Bentley says in substance; and moreover, where you assent to his interpretation, or at least think it plausible, then produce it concisely. Now, for instance, upon the 7th line of Ode 1, I should quote Bentley's note from mobilium down to scholastes; then I should draw a line and quote his interpretation and authorities from *ἐπίθετο* down to vulgus. Again (and pray, dear Harry, mind what I am saying), it is often worth while, even where you don't immediately quote any part of a note, yet to mark some curious canon, and introduce under the passages which he quotes in some other Ode. Now, I will give you two instances: you do not read with Bentley, nobilis evehere, and you are right. No, but you will, by and by, come to impotens sperare, in the 37th Ode; and then I should quote what Bentley has written in this note, beginning Non loquendi genus, and ending at status. Again, you ask about rubente; nor is it too late for you to print anything in vindication of this spelling. But Bentley, in a note upon another verse of this Ode, says, Horace is fond of te in preference to ti, where the verse admits, and though his note be upon verse 31, I should have quoted it from illud, leaving out deinde down to the first reference; and I tell you once for all, that your edition may be made valuable by collecting and abridging the readings noticed and the phraseologies explained by this great man. All I can say

is, that if you command me I will instantly look through my Horace, and bring it up with me. Moreover, at almost every line I read I panted, and was ready to burst, to make some remark of my own. I have marked with a pencil several various Greek passages, produced by none of the critics, which you also might have produced. This being work of the head, would employ me every day, and I cannot do so. I am afraid of your using Davy's (Gesner) book till I have seen it. Again, shall I from my philological books collect, before I come to town, conjectural readings upon Horace, scattered in my book? This alone will require more leisure than I have before Easter. The note Linn. upon Hedera I don't understand. Again, upon me or te Bishop Hare has written; and I want to detect Hare, whom all the Etonians quote, in having pillaged almost every one of his emendations in his famous Letter to Dr. Bland, that is, famous among the Etonians. Again, Klotzius understands domines terrarum in opposition with Deos, and so do I with your reading and punctuation. But my own opinion of the passage is different; and I am sure few people will be the wiser for the notes on this passage. Now, you see Baxter says, nobiles evehere is duriusculum. Pray look at three passages, which Bentley quotes perfectly analogous. Yet you have left Baxter's nonsense uncontradicted. I could say fifty things more, but have said enough to frighten any reasonable man. I proceed to your spelling. Mæcenas is right—quicquid is right—nunquam is right—permistus is right—I prefer hederæ, always spell it diis—rubente, right—literæ, with a single t—Etrusci without the H—sæculum with a diphthong letter. Whatever spelling you adopt, be uniform; and, in adopting it, you must use your own judgment, or apply to me. I do not see justice done to the old reading of nobilium, though I do not admit it. In the text you must follow Gesner always. But you ought to have quoted Cunningham for Olympium beyond the mere various section. And again, though I think with Gesner about Columbus, yet I should have said a little more for palumbis. Different interpretations are not only not inconsistent with, but actually implied in, a good Variorum Edition. In giving Gesner's note you must omit nothing. The reader is to decide. Never mutilate Gesner. Receive Greek imitations and notice Grecisms.

In the Dedication there should be no stop at sæculi; and nusquam should be nunquam; and, for the sake of common sense, let there be some nominative case to the verb. What you mean by notes about syntax, I don't know. As to the double letter, it was written in a great hurry, and sent express to Stratford to catch the post. I say, finally, reprint the Corrigenda, and paste them on. Whether you do or do not cancel the obnoxious page I know not from your letter. But upon one thing I insist, that, in reprinting for the purchasers of Bellenden, you print the passage softened. I also require of you to reprint the Proem for them, and to add what I have there proposed to be added about Hastings; and I have two or three more alterations, which I mean to make in the Proem, as fervebat for laborabat, p. 1; ex rumoribus for a rumore, p. 2; and to omit lectorum after turba; and in the addendum to print, at all events, committam rather than efficiam; and I now wish, having got rid of efficiam, to put effutiam instead of effundam; and several other things; for you will certainly take care to print nihil attinet disputare, and est quædam similitudo, and moreover, in the new matter about Burke, I prefer operam dederit to se dedit, though both are equally Latin.—To return to Horace. There are no prior marks, and every thing marked must be printed.—To return to Bellenden. If you think it worth while to re-print the last page of the Proem, insert what I write about Hastings; if you do not, then do not make that long addendum in the list of corrigenda. But, in the corrigenda, remember cadit pati; and moreover, when the whole of the Proem is re-printed, I repeat my injunction for the insertion of the passage about Hastings, as well as for the softened passage about Novius, who, with all his impudence, would, I think, be afraid of owning to a Court that himself is the man meant, an ugly, bullying, old master. Be this as it may, I love safety, and I love decorum, and because I do so, I wish the leaf cancelled; first, we get rid of some errata; secondly, we can supply the corrigenda last, with fervebat for laborabat, and with cadit pati for cadere solent, which cadere solent must, must, must be corrected, but not noticed, or it may be noticed in the new list of corrigenda; and mind, Harry,

two things, which belong to me and not to you. First, I understand Latinity; and secondly, I am answerable for it.—To return to Horace. The first note from Cruq. is nonsense, for ut qui refers to Horace, who is never mentioned in the note. Secondly, Varietas et Poetica I barely understand. Thirdly, sit, in Lambin's note, p. 7, should be est, if Lambin did not himself blunder; however, do you print est. Torrentius is a good scholar, and his notes in my hands might be turned to account. But beware of that rascal Sanadon, and be sure to quote what Klotzius says of him, and I say too. But why do you go on without Janus? Burney will lend you the edition. There ought to be a mark at all the unmarked notes. If Baxter, put Bax. or B., but I prefer Bax. to distinguish him from Bentley.—Send Gibbon a copy in my name, with my respects, thus: from the Author, though unknown to Mr. Gibbon, with his best respects. One or two copies will serve me. I like the idea of pasting the errata, if you do not re-print the last page of the Proem; but if you do, there will be no occasion. My other letters have all been in a great hurry, but this is not so. Saturday morning.

In March, 1788, Parr announces to Homer his intention of being in town at Easter, and says,

Do not send any books to me. I shall bring up Pulmannus, Markland, Bentley, Wadelius, and some extracts from Bishop Hare. Much of this will be new matter to your edition; and while I am in London, I will mark the whole of Bentley's Horace for you. Trust me, this is the true way of elucidating the mere text. As to mythology, the less of it the better. Only let me first observe, in Spence's Polymetis there are two or three exceeding good illustrations, the pages of which I will look out before I come; the book you can get in London.

P.S. We shall go on well in Horace *after we talk.*

Again,

I cannot command my health, and my time wears away, like my spirits, unprofitably, and in cares for others. This week I must employ in writing the Assize Sermon for Jack S———, but this is a secret. Then, and not before then, I look at Horace. I have been ill and confined, and not a moment have I any rest."

Again, near the same period.

My head is so confused I scare know what I write. I cannot help Combe's eagerness, nor do I understand why my business is to stand still for this other business, which was subservient, and requires no other expedition, but what is occasioned by the precipitation of its managers. It was for others to feel, as I do, for their own literary credit; and whatever there is of serious earnestness and friendly indignation in such words, I desire you will understand from me one thing at one time, Harry; and consider, that ours has both a prior and superior claim.

At another time,

I shall send Cunningham marked as well as Klotzius, and of Klotzius, which is scarce, half the volume is marked; it will be so nearly with Cunningham; to these you will add the best notes of Bentley and Torrentius, a few *Editorial*, something from Janus and Hurd and Colman, and I wish you were here to select from my Philosophical books of detached emendations, &c. This must be done, and I have nobody to do it but yourself, therefore, let there be a second volume for such notes.

Janus and the Glosses were sent to town by Mr. Legge, Dec. 15th, 1788. He had previously marked Janus.

The book will be a Christmas pie, at least a new year's gift to Dr. C. I hope.

There are many other notices of a like kind in the Correspondence, and critical remarks on Horace: but these are enough to prove that Parr was not inattentive to the wishes of Homer, who seems much less eager than Combe. The Correspondence now to be inserted, goes down to the mark, and will prove that Parr was not very zealous, and perhaps

even unfriendly to the progress of the work, in the manner in which it was conducted:

You must go on with the Horace, though I certainly think it a bad business, a very bad one. I shall soon glean a few readings which have escaped Janus.—Parr to Homer, 1790.

The two last letters of Homer to Parr are in the same tone of thinking and expression as the others I have transcribed. One is fretful; the other was written when the angel of death was about to arrest the hand of the writer, and expresses the sentiment—"my greatest consolation will be to see you."

The Rev. H. Homer to Dr. Parr.

Eleven o'clock, Wednesday,
DEAR DOCTOR, *Dec.* 15, 1790.

General Adeane has just been here, and though I am provided from him of a frank to you on Saturday, yet I shall not delay answering yours, which I have this moment received. As it was morally impossible for me to comply with your request of coming to Hatton, I thought it useless to trouble you with a letter in Warwickshire, and since my return here I have been so harassed for two or three months, as not to have had a mind at leisure to write merely for writing sake, (and you have often cautioned me about unnecessary letters, and requested me to get franks). Before I left London I had finished a large *merely typographical work*, for I affect not any other distinction, and immediately upon my return had nearly £300 to pay upon it; it was completely ready for sale (as far as my part went), but I have been deceived by an artist for two months. This you would think hard, especially when one person upon the finishing had agreed to take the whole impression. I have had other very expensive concerns and difficulties to struggle with, such as if you had I should feel for you; add to this, I have never received any pecuniary favours but what I have somehow or other paid for, often very dearly,

I should have written on the subject of business, but it is very lately that I have had a final settlement with Payne, in whose account are many articles I bought for you, and I only lament that I have not been able to prepare a full statement of our accounts, as I promised, though I assure you I have paid very largely on your account, and till I see the turn of Christmas, my conscience is little at ease on that score, as I can safely say that by the Preface I am at present at least £40 out of pocket, so well have our Foxite friends supported it. Reed I have not seen these four months, and for the same reason that I have not written to you, so I can give you no account of Dilly. Your commissions have, I hope, been always punctually executed by me, if not instantly, and I shall do these very readily. I have been waiting some time in hopes of sending you a small packet of books, handsomely done up, (how far acceptable they may be I know not,) but have been prevented by others. What common friend you allude to I know not. I should hardly think him a friend of mine, but I am not afraid to avow any thing, if true, conscious that I have said nothing which you ought to take wrong. My health is never good, as I never expect it will be, and on that account I am chiefly alone; I always suffer if I mix much in company, and two nights ago I had three not small pieces of calculi come from me.

I am sorry yours has been the same, and sincerely wish a journey to Bath may restore you. Dr. Farmer told me that Wilkes had said in his company that Burke's book was the best written of any he knew, but the greatest libel upon the English constitution he ever saw. The sale has been wonderful, *i. e.* about 13,000. Lord Lansdowne has made the most violent speech against Pitt I ever saw, upon the subject of the convention, new taxes, porter, rum, sugar, and cottons, insurrections—exit the same as other ministers. Taxo vitam exanimavit will, I trust, ere long be said of Billy. With compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parrs, Mr. Porson, and your family, I remain, dear Doctor, yours sincerely,

HENRY HOMER.

MY GOOD FRIEND, *Burdingbury, May 4th*, 1791.

I thank you much for your kind letter, which it is impossible for me to answer on account of my very infirm state; for a month I have not ate an ounce of meat. I am wonderfully reduced, and shall be particularly happy to see you, if but for one half hour. I was in hopes you had heard of me before. My father and mother will be very happy to see you.

I live upon snail custard, and other mucilages, but I think I want support with stronger things. You are a physician, and I should be glad to hear what you say. My mother mentions that your man has some verbal message about my father's coming to Hatton. I am sure he would cheerfully obey your summons, but I don't see any thing of it distinctly in your letter. My greatest consolation will be to see you.

I have not looked at a book or proof these six weeks.

With the united compliments of our family to yourself, Mrs. Parr, and family, I am dear Doctor, yours with the greatest sincerity and esteem, H. HOMER, jun.

The following letter from Mr. Homer, senior, enclosed his son's, and on it Dr. Parr wrote, "enclosed is the last letter I ever received from my beloved friend Harry Homer, received May 4th, 1791."

DEAR SIR,

Your servant says you wish to see me at Hatton; but I have no inclination to leave home in the present state of my son's health, which is by far worse than you suspect, and such as leaves us very little reason to flatter ourselves with hopes of his recovery. He will be very happy to see you, but when you see him, you will be sensible that he is not able to hold any long conversation with you, how much soever his inclinations might lead him to it. We are much distressed for him, but still it is a comfort that we have got him to Birbury, where he has friends who will make a point to attend to him, and administer every relief which is in their power.—I am your most obedient humble servant, HENRY HOMER.

Mr. Homer in his last illness,

Says Parr (in his Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe, vide 33 to 50), had been for three or four weeks with his father in Warwickshire, before I knew that he was ill. I heard, indeed, in a promiscuous conversation, that a son of Mr. Homer's was ill at his house, and I supposed it to be another son. But in the very day after the evening I had found *that* son to be *my friend*, I sent a special messenger with a letter full of anxious and affectionate inquiry. I received an answer which I clasped to my bosom, and which I, at this moment, keep deposited among the most precious records of friendship. In a day or two I hastened in person to the father's house. With anguish of soul I found Harry pale, emaciated, and sunk beyond the power of recovery. I talked to him with all the tenderness which the sight of such a friend, in such a situation, could have excited in the most virtuous breast. I came away with a drooping head, and with spirits quite darkened by the gloom of despair. Again I hastened to see him, while the lamp of life should not be wholly gone out; and again I did see him on the evening before his eyes were closed in death. With tears, not easily stifled, and with an aching heart, I accompanied his sad remains to the grave; and in many a pensive mood have I since reflected upon the melancholy scene. Many a look of fondness have I cast upon his countenance, which meets me in an excellent engraving as I enter my study each revolving day. Many an earnest wish have I formed, that my own last end may be like his, a season of calm resignation, of humble hope, and of devotion, at once rational, fervent, and sincere.

After Henry Homer's death there are five letters from Mr. Homer, sen. settling the accounts of his son, one dated May 24th 1791, in which is the following sentence:

"Dr. Combe was much disappointed in finding you had made no progress in marking the Horace.

Another, dated May 30th, 1791, in reply to Dr. Parr's answer to the above, in which is the following notable sentence:

I am sorry that you had the trouble of writing so long an answer to my letter. Your undertaking in the business of Horace was certainly voluntary and disinterested, &c. &c.

I shall, moreover, insert letters of Parr and Bennet, which will settle the question for ever; nor let me be blamed for thus entering at length, and inserting so many vouchers on this painful and mortifying subject; painful as it touched him on his friendship for Homer in particular, and the permanency of his attachments in general; mortifying as it impeached his honour on a miserable score of money:

From the Bishop of Cloyne to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Feb. 9th,* 1796.

The Primate sent me your pamphlet; it is wretchedly printed, and almost blinded me, for my curiosity was much stronger than my eyes. I am glad, for the satisfaction of others, that the money part is cleared up so satisfactorily; there cannot be a suspicion on the subject. I am not less pleased with the general civility to Combe, though I less expected it. Upon the part that regards myself I have already told you I feel the utmost sensibility and gratitude.—Yours, &c. &c.

WM. CLOYNE.

The letters of Mr. Homer, sen. do equal justice to Parr's honour in this, and every other particular, and I shall retain them as satisfactory documents for Dr. Parr's posterity, and to be published in series, if hereafter the babble of malignity shall be heard traducing him on this subject. For against malignity, even the "Murus Aheneus" is no security; es-

pecially in the metropolis, against him who lives retired and in seclusion. THERE, in the centre of all that is great, and polished, and learned, the facilities of communication, lubricated by every possible art of refinement, give increased power to that which is put in motion, whatever it be. Narrative, whether true or false—learning, whether real or spurious—defamation in the shape of information—malignity in the form of warning—pharisaical blame, or hypocritical praise—the dulcet murmurs of cant, or the faint whispers of insinuation: by the learned gossips of the bookseller's shop—by the story tellers, and tale bearers of the drawing-room—by the levee hunters of the great—by the stripling in his first flirtation with letters in magazines—by the hireling of party in newspaper paragraphs—by the envenomed bigot—and lastly, by the leech which fills its famine at your table, only that he may disgorge and defile. From these, and a thousand other invisible sources "per umbram stridens," is rumour circulated, and reputation often destroyed; nor can prudence ever be too watchful in laying by the materials and instruments of defence, when she has to do with that world which so frequently smiles only to betray. "The great prerogatives of innocence," "the dread of no eye, and the fear of no tongue," uphold the conscience, and will uphold it at the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, but they restrain not the tongue or the sting of the maligner.

Thus far it is clear that Dr. Parr had been engaged as Mr. Homer's friend, to give assistance in the Variorum edition of Horace. That he was

sometimes less eager to communicate than Homer wished, but that Homer always considered the help gratuitous—that there was no breach or discontinuance of friendship on account of Parr's delays, or paucity of communication—that Parr actually did communicate much—and finally, that Henry Homer died in peace with him, declaring almost at his last breath "my greatest consolation will be to see you." Yet scarcely was he settled in his grave, ere Parr had occasion to write the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Homer, of Birbury, in consequence of receiving the letter which precedes it from Dr. Combe:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR, *London, July 13th*, 1791.

"You begin your last letter to me in so strange a manner, that I shall, without any comment on it, begin mine with a justification of poor Homer, who was certainly at times very angry on account of delays. Bentley was *twice* kept at Hatton near *seven months*, a time more than sufficient to have printed one volume. Now, if you consider the eagerness, accuracy, and dispatch with which he executed all your commissions, the natural friendly warmth of his temper, his irritability, and impatience at whatever had the appearance of cold neglect, and this increased by having expended 18 or £1,900 in printing, &c. The returns slow, and more money wanted. Put, my dear Doctor, this together, and your good heart, for a very good one I know you have, will pity his anger, and shed a silent tear in recollecting the anguish of his mind, (which certainly shortened his stay here,) and wish that seven months had never exceeded seven days; and you must remember that it was your encouragement and promise of assistance that made us undertake it.

"I shall put the introduction together soon, and send it for your friendly correction." To this, if you approve it, I shall add the life of Horace, by Suetonius Tranquillus, an account of the different editions from Janus, and subjoin Aldus Manu-

tius on the metres of Horace. I have now sent the two first sheets of the Epodes for your examination, but I dread the delay that must naturally ensue from sending the whole. I did put the notes together, in order that you might have the part you complain of as being all confusion; you would have instantly seen that the latter part of the note was, in my hurry parted on the wrong side. As to sending the remainder of the sheets I shall obey your next letter. I don't mind expence, and would in general rather pay than ask for a frank, therefore all expence of postage I will repay you. You may direct mine to the Earl of Mansfield, Lincoln's-inn-fields, only remember to write *Combe* plain on the back of the letter in the place where you will see that I have wrote *Parr*, that I may know them. Note to l. 69, Ep. 2, you have put, then add all the references, the quantity would so entirely spoil the look of the page, and the quotations as far as you have marked them, seem so satisfactory, that if you think it will do, the page shall stand as it is, or it shall be altered if neeessary. Mr. Reed is much obliged to you for the offer of some account of poor Homer, and shall be very glad to have it for the European Magazine. I am, my good Doctor, yours most sincerely,

C. COMBE.

DEAR SIR,

I am very sincerely concerned to inform you, that in consequence of a letter received last night from Dr. Combe, on my return from Oxford, I shall continue to revise and assist in the Epodes, but shall decline all further concern, either with the preface to the first volume, or the contents of the second. I have, with much inconvenience to myself (and I am going to-morrow into Shropshire, and have only one day to settle all my own business) revised two sheets this morning. It does not quite suit my feelings to be lectured as a hireling; and as to the energies of zealous and disinterested friendship, my time and talents have never been spared for the aid of others. But I say no more. You will hear from Dr. Combe my determination.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Homer, and all your family, and I am, dear Sir, your very obedient servant,

Saturday, July 16th. S. PARR.

It appears from Dr. Combe's letter that the Odes had been printed, for it is not probable that the Epodes would have been sent to Parr for examination first. In his letter to Mr. Homer, he declares that he will assist no farther, and proudly protests against being considered as an hireling, and somewhat boasts even, "that the energies of zealous and disinterested friendship had never been spared by him for the aid of others." Truly might he proclaim, and proudly might he boast of this fact. It would be an interesting dissertation to show the influence of those energies on the cause of learning during his active life. Even at this very period White had decked himself in plumes borrowed from him. Homer himself was adorning his classical productions with Parr's taste, and enriching them with his learning. Many a cathedral had resounded with the eloquent effusions of his pen, though not of his voice. On many public occasions his literary aid was sought for and obtained by other friends and neighbours beside John S——. His house was the refuge of distressed poets—of ambitious scholars —of disappointed politicians and of bewildered metaphysicians. Any person endowed with any degree of intellect, supported with speciousness, had at least audience of him; and it was the fiend-like remark of one who eat bread daily at his board, that every one professing infidel principles and demagogue practices, was welcome at Hatton. I will

not venture to use the expression of an English Judge, that the assertion was false as hell. The Searcher of Hearts knows it was not true; and yet Mr. Godwin, who has ventured to write the following sentence—"and independently of Dr. Parr's sanction, which is too easily gained, and too easily forfeited for me to lay much stress upon it," was twice an inmate at Hatton Parsonage in my recollection, and the unhappy and mistaken Joseph Gerrald, when a convict and in bonds, was protected by the active benevolence, and the fervent prayers of his master.

But to return. Homer died May 1791. Dr. Combe's letter is dated July 1791, and Parr's letter to Homer's father, declaring that he will not engage any further in Horace Var. than the Epodes, is dated July 16th, 1791. So far Parr is exonerated from responsibility. There was no written engagement, no verbal engagement has been hinted at. That Parr gave his assistance only as a friend, appears from the letters, and Henry Homer does not complain of his want of friendship in withholding help, but frets at his detaining one or two books too long. In 1791 Parr says to Combe, "After the Epodes I will do no more," and Combe does not complain of his doing no more. He goes on by himself and edits the Horace.

But Parr declares he has written no notes in the Horace, and publishes this declaration in the British Critic. Hinc illæ lachrymæ! And then Combe sends forth his threats of "*A Statement of Facts*," &c. &c. &c. with a formidable appendage "of False-

hood and malignity of Dr. Parr's attack in the British Critic on the character of Dr. Combe."

So from July 16th, 1791, when Parr makes the declaration he will give no further assistance than the Epodes, till December 1793, after the publication of the notice, Combe is silent; thus proving that the statement is rather an answer to the notice of the British Critic than to Parr's previous behaviour either to Dr. Combe, or to Mr. Homer.

When Dr. Combe did write, before he did publish, Dr. Parr supposed him to receive assistance from a gentleman of great celebrity among wits and scholars, and this supposition furnished Mr. Richardson with the plea of defending himself, and of proposing his mediation of peace in the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of following you into your country retreat, because for more reasons than one, I have taken an interest in the subject on which I am about to speak, and because I do not think it wholly unimportant to yourself. The points which have personally touched me in this affair are these, that I like to obviate an undeserved, and, I think I might add an unkind suspicion conceived about myself, and that I like still more to do my best to keep two men, for both of whom I entertain a sincere esteem, from the perilous frivolity of a pamphlet war. But let us get *in medias res*. A day or two before you left town, Dr. Combe called upon me, under a professional call to one of my family, and in the course of conversation your name having been mentioned, related to me a recent discussion that had sprung up between you. He read to me a correspondence which had passed between you while you were in town. Here I must interrupt my narrative, to say a word or two about myself. Towards the beginning of your second letter to Dr. Combe you threw in a few sentences which it was impossible

for me to misunderstand, as being applicable to myself. If there be an appearance of vanity in this supposition, I have only to say, that I am not apt to be much flattered by an insinuated compliment to my abilities at the expence of a direct attack upon the simplicity and fair play of my conduct. I assure you, upon my honour, I had not even seen Dr. C. for, I believe, three months before the morning on which he read me the letters to which I allude, nor was I in the smallest degree aware that any ground of enmity had been laid between you. But I cannot content myself with this assurance only. I must endeavour, at least, to establish myself upon a broader principle, for this is not the first time in which I have been suspected with equal levity in its foundation of clandestine hostilities towards you. Indeed, Dr. Parr, you do no justice to any part of my character, by indulging yourself in these suppositions. I am sure you are unjust to the plainness, I think I may add to the honour, and to the spirit, or, if you like it better, to the conceit of my nature, by entertaining any such notions, notwithstanding the many splendid examples that might be quoted for hiring one-self out as the cold-blooded mercenary abettor of unjust enmity; I beg to assure you, I am nothing such. I have no Swiss or Hessian words to let out, to mangle the credit of an unprovoking foe. If ever the deprecated day should arrive when any hostile sentiments are to prevail between Dr. Parr and myself, he may rely on seeing me descend into the *arena* in my own proper person, equally with the means, the disposition, or the possibility of indirect injury or foul conquest. I hope this declaration will secure me in future against the painful injustice of these humiliating suspicions; with which hope, and with a sincere remission on my part of every thing that is past, I dismiss myself.

About a week after Dr. Combe had read to me the correspondence to which I have above alluded, and in which I took no part one way or another, he called upon me again, and brought with him a pamphlet in MS. into which this correspondence had been incorporated, and in the course of which there are, undoubtedly, many warm and sharp expressions, such as the irritation of offended literature seldom fails to produce. The use which I made of this communication was, to

request Dr. Combe's permission for me to wait upon you, as from him, to institute a negociation, which I flattered myself would end in peace. I called at your lodgings, but finding you gone out of town, I have been led from the same motive by which I was originally governed, to trouble you with this. And now, Sir, having as other great men have done, obtained my own leave to appoint myself to a high and proud employment, I mean that of a mediator, I shall endeavour to acquit myself with all the dignity belonging to my new function. But, as true dignity is not a little dependent upon plain dealing, I shall avoid the little shabby policy by which gentlemen exercising this important trust are sometimes actuated, and by which the object of mediation is often defeated, and the office itself degraded. I mean the crafty selfishness of administering flattery to both parties, and telling the honest truth to neither; by which means they are confirmed in their enmity, and the mediator receives the disingenuous recompence of an unwearied affection, at least for a little time, from both. And now, Sir, to act up to the threat of dignity with which I have just alarmed you, I demand to have it admitted, that there are some requisites for the formation of a right and sound judgment in the case between you and Dr. C., which I possess in a superior degree to yourself. In the first place, I am a bystander. In the next, living, and having long lived in London, I am a better judge of the whims and caprices of the bouncing braggadocio, called *the Town*, than any pastoral Aristotle in all England. And, Sir, having sifted this fellow's character to the bottom, I do declare it to be one of his confirmed distates, to see the same individual too frequently presented before his eyes in the attitude of literary pugilism. Another discovery, which my profound and indefatigable researches into the very heart and marrow of this imperious demagogue has enabled me to make, is this: that it is always dangerous, so far as his opinions are concerned (and with all his faults, no wise man will wholly despise it), to have his curiosity too strongly excited by the charm of a great name, where that name is neither connected with, nor sustained by an adequate subject. In that case, his curiosity is apt to dwindle, his natural ingratitude begins to work, he feels a base but vio-

lent inclination to forget the delight and instruction he has experienced from former exertions of the same person, and though he cannot always succeed, as in the present instance, in preventing the individual from holding a prominent rank in his recollection, he is always sure to regard him with a certain degree of comparative indifference. The above are general truths in the character of that gigantic fribble, *the Town.*

Another peculiarity of his is brought to my recollection by the particular circumstances of your case with Dr. C.; for, though he (the Town) is only apt to be a little drowsy when the most brilliant performer presses himself too much upon his observation, yet, when a point of moral character comes under his judgment, he is sure to atone for his inertness in the former instance. He works in such matters double tides. He despatches such a cause with "wicked speed," and with a sort of summary impartiality of ill nature, is very prone to conclude that each party is equally guilty. Now this is precisely the situation of things in this menaced dispute between you and Dr. C.; for though the quarrel has its foundation in a subject of literature, yet the issue to be finally decided is a mere point of personal veracity.

Having satisfied my magisterial stomach by asserting and demonstrating my peremptory claims to superiority in the above points, I now let myself down to a much humbler style of character, my natural self. Indeed, Dr. Parr, personal disputes, unless when coupled with subjects in which the public take an interest, are not only an useless expenditure of valuable ammunition, but have a wasting influence upon the general fund of a man's literary estimation. Garrick would have added nothing to his character by the most happy performance of his best part, if given at Astley's; Fox or Sheridan would gain no accession of opinion by even exceeding themselves in speeches, delivered at Coachmaker's Hall. I by no means wish to insinuate by this that Dr. C. is an unworthy combatant for any man to contend with; I am only anxious to establish the principle, that where the *subjecta materia* is below a man's reputation, there is no felicity in the execution, that can rescue him from hazard in the mixing with it. I have argued this matter upon general principles, because, to have discussed the particular

case would have been to have made myself an advocate, where, under the impartial nomination of my own authority, I was acting the part of a judge. It is now pretty nearly time that I should tell you what Dr. C. expects. He says that you struck the first blow by the criticism which appeared in the British Critic respecting his Horace. Some mistake was alleged to have been made in that criticism as to the part he (Dr. C.) had in the original planning of the work, and the subsequent execution of it. You will consider how the tale will tell. Dr. C. was till very lately your friend. He brings out a work of labour, and you are the confessed author of a criticism, calculated to undervalue, if not the reputation of the book, the quantum of individual merit ascribable to the man who brings it out. All he wishes in order to set all things to rights again, is, that you will acknowledge, not in your own person, but in the same way in which the original criticism first appeared, that there were some mistakes in the supposition concerning what hand the united editors had in the first formation, and further progress of the work. This seems to me a cheap propitiation, and which I cannot help taking the liberty to recommend, but, at all events, as I have no motive for interfering, but good-will to both parties, I shall in no way mix with the dispute, but after this long fire, close my batteries for ever upon the contest. As Dr. C. proposes bringing out his pamphlet by Monday next, I shall be very happy to receive a peaceful answer from you to this unreasonably long letter, which is not an habitual sin of mine, before that day. I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours

JOS. RICHARDSON.

Essex-street, Strand, Feb. 24th, 1794.

This mediation was of no avail; Dr. Combe published his statement in the spring of 1794, and Dr. Parr's remarks in 1795 were published in answer.

Some other of Dr. Parr's friends were extremely unwilling that the peace should be broken, but all thought that the pecuniary accounts required expla-

nations after Dr. Combe's charge. The following letter contains the opinion of Sir James Mackintosh:

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been so very much hurried these few days past, that I have not had a moment at my command. To-morrow, however, I shall certainly go to Beloe, read the papers, and write you my unbiassed and deliberate opinion upon the propriety of answering Combe. I am at present divided between a solicitude not to suffer the smallest imputation on you to pass in silence, and a dislike at seeing the dignity of your character degraded by petty altercations. I hope from the efforts which I have made that you will hear to-day, or to-morrow, from Lord Lauderdale; if not, I beg that you may put off, at least till the beginning of the week, any decisive step, as I shall answer for your hearing satisfactorily before that time. I ever am, dear Sir, most truly yours, JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Poor Gerrald I have seen in Newgate. He is in pretty good spirits.

The letters and extracts now published fill up the chasms left in this angry controversy; very angry on the part of Combe, generally moderate on Parr's side; always potent in statement and rejoinder, but less sarcastic and bitter than might have been expected from him, considering the abominable allusion to politics, and the baseless attack upon his honour. In the directions for the disposal of his papers and printed works, a notice has been found declaratory of his intentions with regard to the future publication of these remarks, and of his sentiments in regard to Dr. Combe, which does him no less honour as a man of correct judgment, than of Christian and forgiving temper:

I will myself make, or rather mark in my book, extracts from my letter to Dr. Combe. He injured my honour most

cruelly, but he is a worthy man, and has many intellectual attainments, and I therefore wish our controversy quite forgotten. The extracts shall be merely critical, or political, or characters of illustrious men.

Those who knew Dr. Parr must have been always aware that the quickness of his resentments were accompanied by an amiable placability. And those who have had access to the real feelings of his heart will hear, without surprise, that he has frequently visited one of the gentlemen who formerly gave him offence, and spoke with esteem and kindness of the other. As the critique on the Var. Horace in the British Critic is intimately connected with, and, in fact, did spring out of the help given to Homer whilst he was employed in this work, it will be necessary to take some notice of Parr's reasons for so hostile a denunciation of a work in which he had been much engaged, for such the papers in the British Critic manifestly were. The Var. Horace had been announced, or advertised, as to be enriched with notes by Dr. Parr. To set this matter right, Dr. Parr authorised Mr. Nares, one of the editors, to inform the readers, "that the edition in quarto of Horace, which we announced in No. 3 of the British Critic, does not contain any notes written by himself." This notice sounded the alarm to Dr. Combe, and begat his angry pamphlet, if not his angry feelings. Whether any statement of Mr. Beloe has been published in the British Critic I know not. But the letters, both of Mr. Beloe*

* The letters of Beloe commence with his resignation of Norwich School in December, 1783, when he submits the

and Mr. Nares, will furnish abundant evidence of the eagerness of these Reviewers to take advantage of Dr. Parr's learned contributions to their Review. How far Dr. Parr was justified in criticising this particular edition of Horace, considering his acquaintance with Combe, his friendship for Homer, and what he had promised, and what he had actually done to help them, may be a matter of doubt. To classical learning these essays are important acquisitions, and are hailed as such by the commendation and gratitude of scholars.* Their publication *just at this period* may be perhaps lamented as not quite consistent with delicacy. This is Combe's

mode of resignation to Parr, and parts with him on friendly terms. It recommences in 1787, when he is thinking of his translation of Aulus Gellius; is thick at the end of the year 1793, and the beginning of the year 1794, when Aulus Gellius, Wakefield, Horace, the British Critic, and Combe are the interesting topics. The correspondence with Mr. Nares begins with the close of the year 1793, is continued through 1794, all through concerning Horace and Combe; is commenced again about the collation of Manuscripts in the British Museum, and is carried on in the years 1813 and 1817, in asking for and acknowledging kindnesses for Beloe and his family. In this respect the correspondence of Nares exhibits a rare curiosity. He asks Parr, during the life of Beloe, to get some of the money subscribed for Porson transferred to Beloe, and after Beloe's death there is the acknowledgment of a subscription to Mrs. Beloe, half as large again as that which Parr had generously promised to the relict of him who wrote the Memoirs of a Sexagenarian. His publication was printed during Beloe's life, and published after his death. I have taken occasion to speak of it under the head of attacks on Dr. Parr.

* One of the special merits is the notation of spurious passages in Horace.

only justification. 'The rest was either assumption, misconception, or malice.' It was not a fact, that Henry Homer's health was destroyed by Parr's neglect. Henry's constitution concealed at this very time the seeds of mortal disease. He was consumptive—he was embarrassed too in his circumstances, not from printing alone. In the money matters Dr. Combe was evidently mistaken—in his political charges and insinuations he was malicious. 'Nor is Parr quite exonerated from blame in one respect.' He more than once hints at Combe's insufficiency, as the editor of Horace, and yet he suffered him to go on in this capacity as Homer's colleague without protest or declaration against it. This was a main error. He ought to have uttered his opinions in plain terms, and not to have suffered even the pretence of a literary co-partnership to be pleaded, unless, indeed, he had intended to support his medical friend as a sleeping partner in the concern, but actually to do the business himself. Such a master of scholars could not hold communion of intelligence with the under workmen of literature. He might command—he might instruct his labourers—he could not receive instruction from them, and in this instance we must blame him for sparing explicit declaration, and his usual loud and manly NO. On the other hand, it cannot be deemed an unworthy compliance to be the assistant of those who have intellectual attainments—of whom one can speak with esteem and kindness. Such men have more than the claims of good nature upon us, and so upon any proper occasion Dr. Combe had claims

on Dr. Parr. They were school-fellows at Harrow —they had passed through life in intimate acquaintance, and upon all common occasions were called upon to give cordial assistance to each other. The task of editing the Var. Horace was no common occasion. Dr. Combe was not fitted for such a work, and it was weakness in Parr to encourage him in it, if ever he did, whatsoever might have been his private encouragements to Henry Homer. But Parr was a prodigal in literature, who threw away thousands and tens of thousands, and in the case of Dr. Combe we see how he was recompensed.

CHAPTER IX.

Politics—Frend—Gerrald, &c.

It was my plan not to mingle politics of any kind in this piece of biography, when I commenced the work: but it must have been already remarked that such a plan would have narrowed my scheme, and deprived it of many of its most essential and useful qualities. The preface to Bellendenus, though a specimen of Latinity, which marked the period of its publication as a kind of classical era, was full of party allusions, and of the delineations of the characters of party men, and could not therefore be treated of without some allusion to the politics of the day. After this publication Parr himself became a political character by profession, connected with the Whigs in opinion, and almost enthusiastic in supporting their cause on every public occasion. Of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox he was the devoted partisan to the end of that statesman's life; and to the end of his own his enthusiastic admirer. He was zealous in defending the characters, and promoting the interests of all good

Foxites, the Cokes, the Russells, the Spencers, and all other distinguished persons who held the same sentiments. He obtained votes in several places merely to serve their cause, and instantly obeyed the call to every election in every place where he had a vote. He paid no attention to distance of place, length of time, trouble, or expense; though his friends were neither in power, nor had any chance of being so, he adhered to them with the same ardour, and same fidelity, as other men do to Ministers, from whom they have received preferment, or expect to receive it.

About the elections at Warwick, he was ever most anxious, and there remain many documents proving his desire to serve the candidates of the representation of that borough who opposed the interest of the Castle. Mr. Greville, Mr. Ladbroke, Mr. Knight, Mr. Greatheed, all appear to have received his most zealous support, and I find by the following letter that Mr. Charles Mills began his political career under the same banner:

DEAR SIR, *Warwick, 27th June*, 1802.

I am sure it will give you sincere pleasure to hear that the cause of freedom is likely to prevail, owing to the great and generous exertions of my friends belonging to this borough. Mr. Gaussen having, upon a vigorous canvas, been unable to make any considerable impression upon the voters in our interest left the town yesterday morning, first signifying to me his determination to relinquish the contest. Amongst those who have come forward to support my cause, and that of independence, I know no person to whom I have greater obligations than yourself. I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, CHAS. MILLS.

Though in his general habits of thinking as he professed,

He did actually dread all extremes under all pretences, and was not very forward in recommending sudden and strong experiments; though he did look with dismay and with horror on the poisonous maxims which have been broached in a neighbouring country, yet he felt no obligations to speak smooth things upon all that is passing at home.*

In politics, from the end of 1792, he thought there was, as Warburton said of those in 1756, "neither end, nor measure, nor sense, nor honesty."† The nation ran stark mad into the French war, goaded on by a Minister, of whom, in the notes on Rapin in 1783, he spoke with applause. He looked forward, perhaps, to an association of his rising talents, and his *then* professed principles, as auxiliary in future to the establishment of his own party, and of his own political opinions. But when that party had been routed by the stripling, he could not hold in the reins of his anger; ὁ δεῖνα has been pourtrayed in unfading colours: he disdained to use common terms ψυχρά τε καὶ ἀνωφελῆ ὀνόματα καὶ ἀνοήτων ἀνδρῶν φιλοτιμήματα: he could not laugh him to scorn: he collected the whole armoury of his eloquence, and hurled the sharpest weapons at the hateful foe. And the Preface to Bellendenus‡ will be hereafter studied as a catalogue of the chief errors of Pitt, dressed up in the most classical and eloquent terms that the fancy of the Editor could devise.

* Remarks on Combe's Statement.

† Letters to Hurd, p. 373.

‡ Bellendenus de Statu, wozu dieses Herausgebers Vorrede wegen ihres echten Latcins so hochberühmt ist, &c. &c. F. A. Wolf, Lit. An. iv. 554—1820.

But the year 1792 was to him, as well as all his contemporaries, the era of promise* and disappointment—that proud era in our history, when holding, as we did, the destiny of the world in our hands, we suffered it to slip from our grasp, and thus involved ourselves in trouble, greater at the moment than he who was not conversant with the transactions of the time can well conceive, and so pregnant with consequences, that it is impossible to look through the long vista of futurity without the most awful apprehensions.

Great in arms, in arts, and science; refined above all other nations, perhaps virtuous above them all; industrious, active, enterprising, brave, our empire stretching on either side of the globe, our language, our habits establishing themselves in the east and in the west; with a polite literature equalling the most vaunted compositions of Athens or of Rome, and with science and philosophy far exceeding all that the known earth had hitherto produced, the year 1792 beheld us emerging from the difficulties of an unprosperous war, our resources increasing, our wounds healing, and the form and feature of our constitution regaining all its pristine beauty. At this very period France had broken her bonds asunder, and like a froward and wanton youth, wasted her strength, and frolicked in every abomination of restraint thrown off, and freedom newly acquired. It was the part of wisdom to watch the temper and disposition of our neighbours, whilst this tendency

* See Mr. Pitt's speech, displaying the resources of the empire, in a blaze of eloquence seldom paralleled.

to insubordination and delirium lasted. To stand on guard, not to assail, even to protect rather than annoy. Our insular situation gave us sufficient arms for defence, even if our greatness had not placed us out of the reach of our enemies.

The time had come, too, when our national riches offered at least the hope of paying off our national incumbrances. Our repose was in some measure insured by the disturbances of France, and the dissolution of credit occasioned by those disturbances, made the commerce of the world safely our own. In fine, the pinnacle of our greatness seemed placed on a base which nothing but our own folly could undermine. Our power made us the arbiters of nations, and even France herself might have been restrained in her madness, and half her enormities prevented, had we been wise. At this crisis, had Mr. Fox been the confidential Minister of Great Britain, I agree with Dr. French Lawrence in his letter to Mr. Burke, it would have been well for us, and for our posterity. Perhaps he was the fittest individual of the human race to be made mediator of the world's debate; and though the storm of dissension and discussion ran too high to be at once lulled and assuaged by human power, yet might his influence have prevented the pouring out of more bitter waters, and at length restored the calm. But at this crisis peace no longer continued to govern the counsels of our rulers, they held up their heads proudly against a system which they were determined to crush, but did not attempt to modify or control. The passions were roused, the

voice of reason was silenced, and, with more than infatuation, the British nation was hurried into a war against a people frantic with all the licentiousness of newly acquired liberty. The events of that war are scarcely yet digested into historical order; but some of the opinions of Parr and his friends shall be recorded in his language and their own. I insert two letters, one from Mr. J. Tweddell, and one from Bishop Bennet, and several others will be found in the Appendix:

Mr. J. Tweddell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 1792.

You hope our Club is not too violent. There is no danger of that. At the same time it will never have the concurrence of "the Duke of Portland, and those *temperate Whigs*." Do not, my dear Sir, call these men *Whigs*; they are Tories to the bone. What do you think of a man who could be absurd enough to profess himself an enemy to all innovation, to all change, all reform? This did the Duke of Portland at Burlington-House, no longer ago than five weeks. I had it from one who dined with him. Mr. Fox told his Grace that, on subjects of reform they held no principle in common—that he heartily agreed in principle with Lord L. and Mr. Grey—that a thorough reform was wanting, though not quite so immediate as they wished. Lord L. said he did indeed wish for a thorough change, and the sooner it took place the better. Lord Guilford joined in sentiment with the Duke of Portland. Are these men Whigs? Yes, for why? They are, an please you, *members of the Whig Club*; which Club consists at present of Tories under the name of Whigs. They black-balled Mackintosh twice; there appeared almost as many black-balls as white ones. I heard Mr. Sheridan complain of this outrageous expression of Toryism. This instance, among many others of their late conduct, has convinced every one that they are not the men they profess to be, and you will soon see that society deserted by every respectable man in it. Mr. Fox was much

enraged when they black-balled Mackintosh. After what I have told you of the Duke of Portland's sentiments on the subject of reform, I am sure you cannot say that he is one of "those temperate Whigs with whom you would act." Your opinions are directly opposite. He is against reform, and you are for it. A society of the kind newly instituted, is one of those trials which are sure to separate the sheep from the goats. The Duke of Portland is, I believe, a very good man (τις γαρ αυτον ψεγει) in private life. But, though he has professed himself a friend to liberty, now that a measure of that kind is actually brought forward, he takes the alarm of aristocracy, and trembles for the downfal of Mr. Burke's pillar. He is in my opinion a rash Tory. As for poor Edmund,* he is mad, and something is to be said in behalf of a lunatic. Besides, I could praise him on another account: he serves the good cause by showing the bad cause in the worst light. But what bad enough can be said of ὁ δεινα a driveller, who has had the presumption to domineer for nine calamitous years over these insulted kingdoms, in contempt of right reason, in defiance of common sense, in violation of justice, and in mockery of legislation? Wheresoever is he virtuous, but in nothing? Wheresoever is he . . . . But in all things? I am glad, however, that he is alarmed; I should be sorry if a man reputed *by his friends* to be so wise, should have no ground for his apprehension. On Monday you shall receive the last sheet. Believe me, dear Sir, with all possible respect, yours most faithfully,

JOHN TWEDDELL.

An Extract from a letter of Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . But what ought to give you more satisfaction, is your success in having made a subject of little importance in itself the vehicle of so much good writing, such fair appreciation of different authors, and so much political good sense, while Sir William Jones, with a bigotry that astonishes and offends me, declares he never has read, and never will read, a

* See Mr. Fox's letter about Burke, in Ap.

fine of Burke's book, which, however, without having read it, he pronounces a weak and a wicked one. Your truest commendation of his merit, and your public censures of his faults, explained and sanctioned by very strong reasons for both, do you far more honour, in my eyes, as a scholar and a man; and this I repeat, though I have a veneration for Jones's abilities and integrity approaching nearly to enthusiasm. I need not express how much pleasure I felt on finding your opinions concerning the French Revolution in the 57th and 58th pages agree so nearly with my own; or rather, were my own reflected back upon me with the utmost precision. Even on a much nearer point, the topics of reformation in our own country, I see very small shades of difference, except that I do not apprehend much danger from the rotten boroughs allowing people in the monied interest a fair door to enter Parliament; that I would destroy the Ecclesiastical Courts (absit verbo invidia) without mercy; and that I fear severity in the excise laws is, in some degree, necessary in a commercial country, at least, if revenue is expected from commerce.

Perhaps the correspondence already quoted is more than enough to prove that his pen had never been employed upon any political topic for inflammatory purposes, not to facilitate, but to prevent the introduction of Gallic extravagances.

But while I look with dismay (says Parr) and with horror on the poisonous maxims which have been broached in a neighbouring country, I feel no obligation to speak smooth things upon all that is passing at home. I do not confound the French people with the French government. I distinguish between the instruments and the principles of the war. I hold that the complicated, momentous, and comprehensive questions arising from it are not to be scanned by the hireling retailers of temporary events, or the shallow dupes of imposture, for the moment popular and triumphant.

It is true, he was not inclined to speak smooth things; but it is false that he was either a distinguished proficient in Jacobin logic, or a luke-

warm enemy to Jacobin cruelty. He took a wide survey of the heavings of the troubled ocean; but his passions were excited only against cruelty, and against those fiends who had shut the gate of mercy on mankind. The two following letters of Dr. Parr to the Rev. Mr. Willes,* of Newbold Comyn, glow with the feeling which burst from his bosom, and that of every other Englishman I am acquainted with, on the execution of Louis XVI.

London, Jan. 23d, 1793.

The deed of hell is done. On Sunday morn the final sentence passed for death. Execution was fixed for twelve on Monday, on the Place de Greve. His appeal to the people was dreaded, and on Sunday evening this most unfortunate of princes, and most injured of men, was beheaded in the Temple. May the righteous wrath of Heaven overtake his barbarous murderers. A general massacre is expected, as Marat's legion of fiends are in full force. May God bless you, and preserve this country.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, Jan. 24th,* 1793.

He *was not* murdered in the Temple, but at the Place de Greve. Yesterday I dined where Horne Tooke was, and my toast was "Destruction to the destroyers of Louis Capet."

God bless you. All reports are in favour of the firmness and courage of this injured prince. There is great ferment, but the general sentiment is nobly on the side of humanity.

After the death of the French King, Ministers drew the sword, and threw away the scabbard; and the nation went hand in hand with them. On every side the fiend of persecution reared his head, and

* I am favoured by Edward Willes, Esq., the worthy and only son of Mr. Willes, of Newbold Comyn, with the sight of these letters.

sought to fasten his envenomed fangs on opposition of every description, whether religious or political.

At Cambridge, Mr. Frend, of Jesus College was ejected from his fellowship for sentiments deemed unstatutable, and the University sanctioned the sentence. Parr zealously espoused the cause of Frend, and the following letters of Dr. Farmer, Master of Emanuel College, will display the spirit of the writer:

Dr. Farmer, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Amen Corner, June 12th*, 1793.

. . . . I suppose you hear that poor *Charles Fox* is fallen into the pity of his enemies. Dr. Brocklesby assures me he lost £40,000 at Ascot Races, and his friends are putting *about the hat* for him. Much money is talked of, but I wish it proves not *assignats* only. Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

R. FARMER.

DEAR SIR, *St. Paul's, June 20th*, 1793.

I am greatly obliged to you for a long letter of instruction and entertainment, and perhaps I might have thanked you for a while in silence, had not my *hasty writing*, or *your* hasty *reading*, led you into what we had used to call a non sequitur. Mr. Fox could not lose forty, or any other number of thousands, at *Ascott* races, *because* the subscription for him was heard of in *February*, but the races which I believe *began* and *ended last week* were not meant. The old Doctor's information, whether true or not, was long *before*, and referred to races a *year old* or more, for aught I know.

With respect to the Cambridge business, it was begun whilst I was last in residence, and all my concern in it has been as *an assessor in conjunction with* the rest of my brethren, where, perhaps, I was instrumental in the mildness of the sentence, which, in truth, added nothing to the College rustication. The pamphlet is a poor business, and certainly would not have been noticed at any other time, but the *damned iteration* (as Master

Falstaff says) of appendix upon appendix, to call up the mob, was intolerable. If any individual among us has misbehaved, let them be, as *Seale* says, perstringed. Let no man even presume to kick the *alma mater* herself without feeling his toes as sore afterwards as if he had kicked the Monument itself.

Yours sincerely and affectionately, R. FARMER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Emanuel, Oct. 7th*, 1793.

Put me down two guineas for *the window*, and thank *yourself in my name* for the opportunity. I would give twenty to cure your prejudices about *Frend*. This poor man still hovers about the *University*, and now and then attempts to break into the College. He cries out for persecution like his brother *Jack* in the *Tale of the Tub*, and wishes to enlist with the *army of martyrs*. Indeed, as matters have gone lately, it may prove a *profitable* corps. Yours sincerely, R. FARMER.

Calamo rapidissimo.

The desertion of the Portland party, and their union with Mr. Pitt, was the signal for proscribing all opposition to the government; Mr. Burke had now thrown down his dagger on the floor of the House of Commons; the minds of partisans were infuriated against each other; the still small voice of reason was no longer heard, and but for the handful of patriots who, true to their political principles, and to the rightful cause of liberty, still remained firm at their post, the rashness and madness of alarm might have shipwrecked even the constitution itself.

Among the proscribed, the unhappy Joseph Gerrald was a prominent character, and as his history

will illustrate the kindly, humane, and Christian feelings of Dr. Parr, I shall consume a few pages in recording it.

Joseph Gerrald, a West Indian of some property, was sent to England after his father's death for education. I believe by the advice of Mr. Bromfield, the surgeon, his guardians placed him at Stanmore, under the tuition of Dr. Parr; and much was he distinguished by his talents for a time, but was at length expelled for extreme indiscretion and sent home. On his return from the West Indies in 1788, where he had resided several years, and from the United States, where he became a Barrister, he was anxious to renew his acquaintance with Parr, and in consequence addressed the following letter to him:

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,

I take the liberty of acquainting you, that after a residence of some years in different parts of the West Indies, and on the Continent of America, I am now arrived in England. I have the happiness to add, that after having experienced much adversity, my prospects in life are considerably brightened; and that, by a train of incidents as fortunate as they were unexpected, I am likely to obtain a solid and comfortable independence. My conduct, as a member of society, has of late years been such as to procure the esteem of my friends, and the approbation of my fellow-citizens, and to wear out those unfavourable impressions which my former indiscretions, I must with regret confess, gave them too just reason to entertain.

Whatever may be my future portion of reputation or prosperity, I shall ever, Sir, principally attribute it to those early admonitions which, with a tenderness truly paternal, were so frequently poured forth upon me by my esteemed benefactor; admonitions which, however restrained in their intended operation by the wild impetuosity of my passions, could not fail ultimately to produce a serious influence on my conduct, and

which no change of place in any trying vicissitude of fortune, nor a lapse of thirteen years, have been able to eradicate from my mind.

There are many letters of Gerrald to Dr. Parr, and he appears from them to have been a man of very strong feeling, a true child of the sun, and extremely imprudent in his conduct. Parr had dissuaded him, in the most solemn manner, from joining political societies; and particularly the British Convention, which assembled in Edinburgh the latter end of the year 1793. For attending this meeting he was unanimously found guilty of sedition by a Scotch Jury in March 1794, and was sentenced by the Court to fourteen years transportation. He might easily have escaped, even after he was accused, had he listened to the advice of Parr, and had he yielded to the suggestions of other friends, who entreated him to absent himself till the storm had passed by; but he was eager to become a martyr in the cause of liberty, and rushed forward to destruction against every warning. After conviction all his acquaintance succoured him with generous eagerness; and when actually embarked on board the vessel destined to transport him, a considerable sum of money was collected to give him all the possible comforts which a man of education, under such degrading and horrible circumstances, could receive.

Parr was foremost in the cause; not only did he use every effort to raise money for his unhappy pupil, but he endeavoured to enlist a higher and greater power, if not in the cause of Gerrald, at

least in the cause of humanity. He wrote the following letter to Mr. Windham, then in office:

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, 8th May*, 1795.

You will excuse me for trespassing so far on your remembrance of past events as to believe that you will not refuse what I am going to ask to one who has never been disposed to refuse you greater things. Yesterday I was struck down with horror and dismay, upon hearing that an order for going on shipboard had been suddenly given to Mr. Joseph Gerrald, a scholar of mine, whom Mr. Pitt, furnished as he is with inferior learning, endowed with talents certainly not superior, and actuated by a spirit more adapted to the coarseness of a Convention than to the gravity of a Parliament, has once, or more than once, called Gerrald. Though I most widely differ from Mr. Gerrald's fantastic opinions—though I entirely disapprove of his impetuous behaviour—though I have often warned him of danger, and often endeavoured to preserve him from guilt, yet I must, in common with many wise and good men, reprobate his sentence as wholly unwarrantable by sound law, and ever shall I deplore that ungracious and most inauspicious policy which is now on the point of carrying that sentence into plenary execution. From the relation which I bore to Mr. Gerrald in his happier and better days—from the admiration I feel for his mighty talents—from the opportunities I have had for tracing many of his misfortunes, and much of his misconduct to their earliest sources, I cannot think of his present or his future condition, without the keenest anguish of pity, mingled with indignation. To you, dear Sir, I say this without disguise, for you are a man of letters; and without apology, for you are a man of honour. Yes, with genius such as is rarely to be found at the bar or in the senate, Mr. Gerrald after a few hours notice, and in the dreary silence of night, was hurried away from his prison in Scotland, and now scarcely with a change of apparel, and without books to console him amidst the sorrows he is doomed to suffer, on a spot where solitude itself would be a blessing, he has been summoned very suddenly from his confinement, and thrown into the transport.

The rapidity of the former measure may, for what I know,

be justified by the circumstances of the moment, but the severity of the latter is most wanton indeed.

What I have to request from you is, that you would prevent for a few days his being sent from England, till, by the kindness of his friends, he is furnished with some clothes and a few books. I have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Sir, your very obedient faithful servant, S. PARR.

The following is the answer:

SIR, *Hill-street, 11th May*, 1795.

I am directed by Mr. Windham, who is prevented from want of time from writing himself, to send you the enclosed extract of a letter from the keeper of Newgate, which contains all the information which he at present possesses respecting the subject of your letter, except that orders are given that any packet, addressed to Mr. Gerrald, shall be sent after him, and received on board the vessel. The name of the vessel will be seen in the extract.

Mr. Windham does not know the time fixed for her sailing, but considers it as impossible to send any orders to detain a vessel destined for so long a voyage, and having so many persons on board. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, ROBERT LUKIN.

The Keeper of Newgate's letter:

I wont say that Mr. Gerrald had notice of the moment of his being sent off; but be assured he had sufficient intimation, and more than a month ago, of his departure, and that suddenly, ...

Having thus failed in his application to Mr. Windham, and left to his own resources, he showed how full his heart was of every sentiment that can honour man's nature, in the defence of his forlorn and degraded scholar. The moment that he heard of his being shipped suddenly without notice, and without necessaries, he wrote him the following letter, labelled with his own hand—" Copy of my let-

ter to Mr. Gerrald, written in the summer of 1795, and sent to Mr. Mackintosh the next day:"

DEAR JOSEPH,

I hear with indignation and horror, that the severe sentence passed upon you in Scotland is shortly to be carried into execution; and, remembering that I was once your master, that I have long been your friend, that I am your fellow-creature, made so by the hand of God; and that, by every law of that religion, in the belief of which I hope to live and die, I ought to be your comforter, now, dear Joseph, I am *for the last time* writing to you. Oh! my friend, at this moment my heart sinks within me, and with a wish to say ten thousand things, I am hardly able to say one. But you shall not leave this land without one affectionate, one sincere, one solemn farewell. Joseph, before we meet again, that bosom which now throbs for you, that tongue which dictates, will be laid in the cold grave. Be it so. Yet, my dear friend, I must cherish the hope that death is not the end of such a being as man. No, Joseph, no, there is a moral government going on, and in the course of it our afflictions will cease, and compensation will be made us, I trust, for all our unmerited sufferings.

There is another world, and a better; and in that world I pray to God that I may meet your face again. Bear up, I beseech you, against the hard and cruel oppression which the evil spirit of these days, and your own want of discretion, have brought upon you. Mackintosh has informed me of that which is about to happen, and I have done all that I can in your favour. Let me conjure you, dear Joseph, to conduct yourself not only with firmness, but with calmness. Do not, do not, by turbulence in conversation, or action, give your enemies occasion to make the cup of misery more bitter. Reflect seriously on your past life, and review many of those opinions which you have unfortunately taken up; and which, as you know from experience, have little tended to make you a happier or a better man. I do not mean, Joseph, to reproach you; no, such an intention at such a crisis, is, and ought to be, very far from my heart; but I do mean to advise you, and excite you to such a use of your talents, as may console you under the sorrows of

this life, and prepare you effectually for what is to follow. I will send you a few books in addition to other matters; they will cheer you in the dreary hours you have to pass upon that forlorn spot to which the inhuman governors of this land are about to send you.

Some time ago I saw your dear boy, and depend upon it that, for his sake, and your own, I will show him every kindness in my power. I shall often think of you; yes, Joseph, and there are moments too, in which I shall pray for you. Farewell, dear Joseph Gerrald, and believe me your most unfeigned and afflicted friend, S. PARR.

Pray write to me. God Almighty bless you!—Joseph! Farewell!

Gerrald bore his afflictions with magnanimity; his mind was even elevated by his sufferings, he felt as a martyr to a cause always feels, a satisfaction even in the wrongs that were inflicted upon him. That such was the enthusiastic tone of his mind might appear from his own letters, and from the evidence of those who witnessed his brave and manly bearing. Whether he suffered justly or not I do not pronounce, though history will; but whatever may be our opinions, his fortitude must ever command admiration. I shall copy only a part of one letter to William Phillips, Esq. when on board the Sovereign:

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPS, *Spithead, May 16th*, 1795.

..... I have repeatedly attempted to write to my ever honoured and loved friend and father, Dr. Parr, but it is impossible. The tender and filial affection which I bear to him, the recollection of the many endearing scenes which we have passed together, the sacred relation that subsists between Joseph Gerrald, and that Samuel Parr who poured into my untutored mind the elements of all, either of learning or morals, which is valuable about me; whose great instructions planted

in my bosom the seeds of that magnanimity which I trust I now display, and at which persecution itself must stand abashed; —all these, my friend, rush at once upon my mind, and form a conflict of feelings, an awful confusion I cannot describe, but which he who is the cause I know can feel, and can feel in their most full and virtuous extent.

To the greater part of my friends *I have* written, but to Dr. Parr I have *not* written. But to *his* heart my silence speaks. The painter, who could not express the excessive grief, covered with a veil the face of Agamemnon. Tell him, then, my dear Mr. Phillips, that if ever I have spoken peevishly of his supposed neglect of me, he must, nay I know he will, attribute it to its real cause. A love vehement and jealous; and which in the growth of a temper like Gerrald's, lights its torch at the fire of the furies; and when my tongue uttered any harshness of expression, even at that very period my heart would have bled for him, and the compunction of the next moment inflicted a punishment far more than adequate to the guilt of the preceding one. Tell him to estimate my situation not by the tenderness of his feelings, but by the firmness of mine. That if my destiny is *apparently* rigorous, the unconquerable firmness of my mind breaks the blow which it cannot avert; and that, enlisted as I am to the cause of truth and virtue, I bear about me a patient integrity which no blandishments can corrupt, and a heart which no dangers can daunt. Tell him in a word, that as I have hitherto lived, let the hour of dissolution come when it may, I shall die the pupil of Samuel Parr. Once more then, my dear friend, adieu! I am convinced that no long period will elapse before I shall see you. In the mean time I shall prepare to govern my conduct by that stern, but virtuous inflexibility, of which, upon all great and trying occasions, I feel myself capable, and which, upon such occasions, it is the duty of every moral being to practice, whether he be called upon to act or to suffer. Your sincere and affectionate friend,

JOSEPH GERRALD.

There are other letters from Gerrald during the course of his voyage, all written in the same spirit. The following letter from Governor Hunter closes the scene:

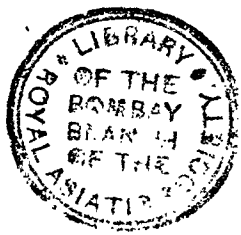
Sydney, New South Wales, 25th April 1796.

MY DEAR COOPER,

Having, by the Sovereign store-ship, received a letter from you, which was committed to the care of Mr. Gerrald, a person who had by his mistaken political opinions, and probably too much violence of disposition on subjects of such a nature, brought himself into the situation in which I found him on board the above ship. When he arrived in the harbour he appeared in a very ill state of health; he had a few acquaintance here who accommodated him for a time, when application was made to me for permission for his purchasing a small house and garden in this neighbourhood; but in so quiet and retired a situation as would suit the weakly habit he seemed to be in. To this he received my consent, and the Surgeon of the settlement, or any other he might desire, was directed to attend him. He was soon pronounced to be in a confirmed and rapid decline. Of this truth every day convinced us by the changes which took place. I have therefore only now to inform you, that he departed this life on the 16th of March, and was decently interred in his own garden, agreeable to his wishes, as signified a day or two before he expired. Soon after Mr. Gerrald's death, a Mr. Skirving, who had come to this country under similar circumstances, and who had purchased a little farm already cleared, was industrious and indefatigable in his attention to it, and was in a fair way of doing well, was, after the labour of the last harvest, seized with a severe dysentery, of which he died 19th March. The others who came out in the same ship, under the same situation or circumstances, are living in this town and in health, except Mr. Muir, who made his escape from hence in an American ship about two months ago. Let me hear from you, and you'll oblige, my dear Cooper, yours affectionately, JOHN HUNTER.

After Gerrald's death, Parr did not fail in his promise of protecting his son. The letters of Dr. Rayne, to Dr. Parr, and Mr. Jones, in the Appendix, will relate the conduct pursued in the management of his education, and will be an example of

the uprightness and firmness of him who protected the fatherless, not only by professions, but in deed and in truth. At the close of the year 1800, Joseph Gerrald, the only son of his unfortunate father, was sent to Cambridge to be entered at Trinity College.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CHAPTER X.

French Revolution—Pursuits of Literature—Persecutions on account of Politics—Death of Sir William Jones—Bishop of Cloyne.

LIKE his friend Sir William Jones,

Of the French Revolution, *in its commencement,* he entertained a favourable opinion; and, in common with many wise and good men who had not yet discovered the foul principle from which it sprang, wished success to the struggles of that nation for the establishment of a free constitution.*

His sentiments on this most important question will be best understood from his own words. He thought

That the maladies of France had reached almost the last stages of malignity, and threatened a speedy dissolution of all government, it were folly to controvert. † To the mighty decision of experience (he again says, Sequel, p. 60) I leave the ultimate event: not, indeed, without a fearful sense of the uncertainty which impends over all the judgments and all the affairs of men; nor yet without a high and animating affiance, that partial evils will at last work together for the general good; that the noblest powers of the human mind will be called into action; and that the public stock of human happiness will be secured and enlarged.

We have seen the sturdy Tory, Dr. Farmer, ap-

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* Lord Teignmouth's Life, vol. ii. p. 289.

† Sequel, p. 63.

proving of Parr's opinions on the French Revolution. The moderation of those opinions was, indeed, applauded by all sober and reflecting men. Nor was Parr's sensibility less excited than Lord Teignmouth's, or Mr. Burke's, at the enormities, "the deeds that blotted out the sun," which sprung out of the Revolution. His disgust, nevertheless, was not unspeakable; he vented his wrath in the language of heartfelt indignation on the murder of Louis XVI.; and looked with dismay and with horror on the poisonous maxims of a Marat, a Danton, and a Robespierre, whose dogmas he reprobated, and whose outrages he detested. He had viewed with admiration the monarchy of France, flourishing in the field. For many of the French noblesse "who worshipped," as Mr. Burke most beautifully says, "their country in the person of their king;" and "whose blood," as Shakspeare says not less beautifully, "is fetched from fathers of war-proof," he had a sincere veneration. But against the despots who threatened to invade France under the pretence of re-establishing her monarchy, he thus declaimed,

If, indeed, the threatened crusade of ruffian despots should be attempted, it will, in my opinion, be an outrageous infringement upon the laws of nations; it will be a savage conspiracy against the written and the unwritten rights of mankind; and, *therefore*, in the sincerity of my soul, I pray the righteous Governor of the Universe, the Creator of Men, and the King of Kings, I pray HIM to abate the pride, to assuage the malice, and to confound all the devices, of ALL the parties, directly or indirectly leagued in this complicated scene of guilt and horror! this insult upon the dignity of human nature itself!

this treason against the majesty of God's own image, rational and immortal man.—Sequel, p. 63.

The rabble of barbarous nations* did enter the field, and did give to spoil the innocent and labouring soul, did empty the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filled them again with many and variable sorts of sorrow; but, in the event, a conqueror arose with the port and bearing of an ancient, who avenged his country, and bowed the dynasties of Europe beneath his sword. During the progress of the awful events above alluded to, Parr was called upon by two attacks to vindicate his character. We have already seen how he answered the charge of Dr. Combe:

I pronounce *him* an atrocious slanderer who would torture any undisguised scruples as to the irresistible necessity of an Anti-Gallican war, into a proof of the *slightest* propensities towards Gallican theories, Gallican extravagancies, or Gallican enormities.—Remarks, p. 65.

The other attack in the Pursuits of Literature I shall consider at greater length. It is now generally acknowledged, that the Pursuits of Literature was a book of proscription, I do not say the book, for it was only one of many in which the names of the intended victims of a cruel policy were inserted. In Anti-Jacobin reviews and magazines, in daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly pamphlets, political rancour emitted its deadly venom; writers sprang up, who raked together the private incidents of life to extract noxious matter wherewith to taint the reputation of all those who went not with the ruling

* See Raleigh's Hist. of the World—ad finem.

party in opinion; and who assembled in a body all the authors, and all the distinguished persons suspected of favouring the Revolutionary system, to destroy them at a blow. Thus, in effect, imitating the savage cruelty of the Maratists in France, in their massacres, whether by noyade, fusillade, or guillotine. In the Marian, the Syllan, or the Triumvirate proscriptions, the blow instantly followed, or mercy was conceded. But in this Anti-Jacobin proscription, the favour of speedy liberation, either by death or respite, was not granted; the victims were dragged before the public, and not dismissed by a merciful extinction; their good name was exposed to every possible reproach, and the maxim of Caligula was adopted in the prolongation of their torments, "Ita feri ut se mori sentiant."

This atrocious principle of wreaking political vengeance by sullying a man's good name, by accusing him of republican principles if he does not support your political idol, or of a tendency to Socinianism if he does not explain the true doctrines of the church exactly according to your own notions, though very greatly abated since the days of Mr. Pitt, yet is not wholly extinct. The favour with which some odious journalists have been received, and the proscription under which some most excellent men are known to labour, even at the present day, are melancholy proofs of what I am asserting.

In May 1794, Dialogue the first of the Pursuits of Literature, a political poem, was published. In

this poem Dr. Parr is called "a puny whipster," and is accused of using "unbridled license of language, and of indecent conduct, unmeaning vanity, and silly cruelty." The reader then is referred "to the third part, in which the Doctor makes a more distinguished and public entry." The literary rack thus anticipated and promised was not threatened in vain. The third Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature was published in 1796, when every preparation had been made for public vengeance against all the victims of political animosity. I copy the following lines:

Nares rising paus'd; then gave (the contest done)
To Weston, Taylor's hymns and Alciphron;
To Tew, Parr's sermon, and the game of goose,
And Rochester's address to lemans loose;
Who now reads Parr? whose title now shall give?
Doctor sententious, hight, or positive?
From Greeek, or French, or any Roman ground,
In mazy progress and eternal round,
Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buz through his wig, and give the bush more grace.
But on the mitred oath that Tucker swore
Parr wisely ponder'd, and his oath forbore.
He prints a sermon; Hurd with judging eye
Reads, and rejects with critic dignity:
Words upon words, and most against their will,
And honied globules dribble through his quill.
Mawkish, and thick; earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and clouded galaxies:
Polemic frenzy, and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence deform the page,
Let him but wrangle, and in any shape
Not insignificance itself can 'scape:
Horace and Combe go forth, a gentle pair,
Splendid and silly, to unequal war;

But while the midwife to Lucina prays,
The Gorgon glares, and blasts the Critic's bays,
Parr prints a paper; well in all things equal,
Sense, taste, wit, judgment; but pray read the Sequel.
Sequel to what? the Doctor only knows,
Morsels of politics, most chosen prose,
Of nobles, Priestley, Plato, democrats,
Pitt, Plutarch, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and Rats;
The scene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
At once for half-pence, and for DOCTOR PARR.

But not only in the text is Parr traduced for "polemic frenzy," and "dotard impotence;" in the notes the attack is followed up with redoubled malice:

I really think (says the author) it is impossible to point out any man of learning and ability (and Dr. Parr has both), who has *hitherto* wasted his powers and attainments in such a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner, as Dr. Parr. In nullum reipublicæ usum ambitiosa loquela inclaruit. I have done with him.

No! the beast of prey never loses his victim till he has torn him to pieces; and of all monsters the polemical or political bigot is the most cruel. Lo! in the year 1797 this, "I have done with him" has an adjunct:

It would be ridiculous indeed to compare the *Birmingham Doctor* with Dr. Samuel Johnson . . . . What has Dr. Parr written? A sermon or two, rather long; a Latin Preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions applied to political subjects; another Preface to some English Tracts, and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels; and this is the man to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!! Why am I *forced* into a confirmation of my opinion stronger and stronger.

Pursuits of Literature, 7th edition revised. Note to the 3d Dialogue additional, p. 219.

That Mr. Mathias was the author of this libel has been asserted; but has never been proved, and I agree with the opinion of Bishop Bennet, in the letter annexed, that he was not the man. He might have aided in furnishing some of the learning; but his subsequent correspondence with Dr. Parr exculpates him from the charge of being the libeller. The note in P. L. including the quotations from the Wasps of Aristophanes, and that from Rabelais, might have been contributed by him; but the scorpion sting, and the lethal venom proceeded from another quarter;* from a quarter which will not for ever be shrouded by the immunities of invisibility.

It may be regretted that, with such powers and such means of gathering information from every quarter, Dr. Parr did not produce some great work, on some great subject. That, like Clarendon, he did not give the history of the awful period of which he saw the spring-tide, and in part the issue; or, like Burnet, that he did not relate, in a familiar manner, the transactions of the period in which he lived; or like Tacitus paint in caustic and living colours the atrocities of some of which he was a witness, and deliver, as an everlasting memorial to posterity, the characters of those who bore a part in them. But

* There are two venerable personages still living who could tell something of the matter. Let me whisper the name of Boscawen in the ears of one of them; the other was always cold and wary.

though he did not this, some of the most rewarded and preferred of his contemporaries did still less. What did Archbishop Markham? What did Dean Cyril Jackson? Both, I grant, knew the tact of the world better, and presided with dignity and ability in their high stations. But what have they composed that will make their names known twenty years hence? They were wise in their generation—they were men of honour, of learning, and of virtue; but though they have published little, and that little is not likely to be quoted hereafter, it would be the height of injustice to say that they wasted their powers and attainments. They employed those powers as teachers and preceptors, and so did Parr, but with a very different fortune. The Works that are now published will prove how false was the assertion that "HE had wasted his powers (even then) in a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner." These Works will show that he did not succumb to wealth or power—that his intellectual efforts were not damped by discouragement or distress—that of all learned men of character who sought his assistance, he was the adviser, the patron, and the friend—and that, to a late old age, he continued the studious promoter and encourager of learning, though he never received any of its national rewards. In one sense, indeed, his powers and attainments had been wasted in the daily labours and duties of a schoolmaster for the space of more than thirty years. And what is the natural inquiry? Why was he not called to the discharge of those more elevated duties for which

his learning and talents so pre-eminently qualified him? Whatsoever may be the answer to this question, and whatsoever may have been the causes of his failure, I will venture to pronounce, that it was neither *his* fault nor *his* disgrace.

With Birmingham, unfortunately for that important and prosperous town, he was not at all connected, except by his friendship for him who writes this Memoir, and some few others. Had it been otherwise, it could neither be derogatory from his honour or the credit of the town. For Birmingham has produced men who have conferred benefits upon their country and their kind—who have advanced the arts of civilization, and assisted in diffusing them among the nations. The names of the eldest Taylor, and of the elder Boulton can never be forgotten in the arts; and science will long cherish the recollection of the virtues of some professional men, inhabitants of this town, with gratitude and respect.

To a centre of commerce and of arts, enriched with so great a population as Birmingham, what might have been the influence of such a character as that of Dr. Parr, had he resided within it, cannot now be estimated; but I rebut with scorn the imputations that have been thrown upon him, and assert with the greatest confidence, that had he been a *Birmingham Doctor*, Samuel Johnson might in some respects have yielded to him in comparison; and that men * of accomplishment and genius have had that appellation there, whom libellers alone would venture to malign.

* Dr. Ash, Smith, Withering, cum multis aliis.

Sir William Jones died in Bengal April 1794. His noble biographer has done ample justice to his purity and his piety; but it must be lamented for ever that Parr was not employed the eternal form of mind to emblazon: for with a pencil dipt in light, he has traced some outlines of the character of his school-fellow, and who was his friend, when in station and power, as I am happy to prove by the following letter, dated

Chrishna-nagar, Bengal,
Sept. 28, 1787.

MY DEAR PARR,

You, who are an honester man than Cicero, never write a recommendatory letter without expecting that attention should be shewn to it; and I, who have known and esteemed you above thirty years, am too honest to delude you by pretensions to interest which I neither have, nor (as a magistrate) ought to have. Your first letter was to recommend a Mr. Keating, who is high in the Company's service, has a larger income, and far more power than myself, and consequently would have no need of my assistance, even if I could give him any. Next you recommend two barristers, to whom I have shown, and will continue to show, all possible attention; but the Court has nothing to give that a barrister in good business can accept, and if they expect that I should solicit favours for them (which is generally meant by the word *introduction*), they will be disappointed. Urbanity and hospitality they will ever receive at my house, both for their sake and for yours. After a severe seasoning, as it is called, my constitution has overcome the climate, and I have been for two years in perfect health; could I say the same of my beloved wife I should be the happiest man alive. I heard with pleasure of your retirement in Warwickshire. You will now have leisure to *adorn* your *Sparta*, which is philology; and I hope you will write of the Greek authors as Tully (who understood Greek tolerably well for the age in which he lived) wrote of them, or at least as Politian wrote after the revival of literature. It is wonderful that, with such models before them, our scholars should compose such bar-

barous works as their commentaries and notes. You will be an excellent pastor if you feed your sheep with practical instruction. Have you seen Price's Sermons? Send instantly for the book if you have not yet seen it: the good old man has left a precious legacy to all believers in the Gospel. The duties of my station occupy me nine months in twelve; but I generally have three months to myself, and pass them in a charming cottage near an ancient university of Brahmans, with whom I begin to converse fluently in Sanscrit. Farewell, my dear Parr; to know that you and yours are happy will ever give real pleasure to your faithful and affectionate, W. Jones.

P.S. It was said by a Roman poet, when he imagined that Cæsar would not approve some of his verses, "Ego ne pilo quidem minus me amabo;" so I can assure you, that, whatever may be your opinion of mine, I shall not think a jot the worse either of you or of them. It is natural for men to feel and taste differently, and our friendship suffered no shock when you published your Political Sermon, though part of it I did not understand, and what I did understand I did not like; yet "ne pilo quidem minus te amabis." I like this country so well that I shall continue in it, if I can, ten years longer. The pleasure of conversing with those sages, with whom Plato, Solon, and Pythagoras could not converse without interpreters, is too great to be abandoned without reluctance, especially as their ancient language is clearly a sister of the Greek and Latin, and equal to either of them in precision and harmony. Farewell!

The following letters of Dr. Bennet also touch on the subject of Sir W. Jones's death, as well as his own probable advancement:

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, March* 4, 1795.

I thank you for conveying Halhed's* book; he is stark mad in my opinion. The Primate says no; he is only an unbe-

* Nathaniel Brassey Halhed was one of the scholars of Harrow, and on intimate terms with Parr. His Gentoo Code gave him a favourable reputation among the students of Indian anti-

liever, and every word is in ridicule of the scripture and prophecy. I cannot think so.

I am to subscribe a guinea for something more about your church; but I am now at a loss to convey it, and it appears to me as the best mode for you to take that sum from Archdale,

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quities and customs, but his subsequent publications and conduct impressed people in general with the opinion expressed by Bishop Bennet as follows. "As a public man, and a man of letters, his character is so well known that I shall only insert the following memorials of his connexion and correspondence with Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Calcutta, Nov. 5, 1773.*

Although, after a silence of two years, I cannot suppose myself to hold a very considerable place in your memory, yet I cannot give up my own consequence so entirely as to imagine you have altogether forgotten me. Indeed I do not think the flame of friendship needs quite so much of the fuel of correspondence as some of my scribbling acquaintances exact, especially when there is no particular information to be given on either side, no business to be transacted, and no regular intercourse immediately necessary. Could I at any past period have written you a single circumstance of utility or amusement, I should certainly have done it; but my life hitherto has been conducted by set forms so much, that even a voyage from England, and a year's residence in Bengal, has scarce afforded the least novelty. Now, indeed, that my life is likely to take a more romantic turn, that I am going to launch into the stream of adventure, I take the earliest opportunity of preparing yourself, and the very few I call friends, for strange and unaccountable recitals.

Give me then leave to inform you that India (the wealthy, the luxurious, and the lucrative,) is so exceedingly ruined and exhausted, that I am not able by any means, not with the assistance of my education in England, and the exertion of all my abilities here, to procure even a decent subsistence. I have studied the Persian language with the utmost application in vain; I have courted employment without effect; and, after having suffered much from the heat of the climate, spent what

or Alexander, or any Irish friend of mine who may visit you, and I will repay him on demand; though I still propose sleeping a night under your roof in the course of this summer.

The folly and rashness of the governors you have sent us,

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ever money I brought into the country, and seen the impossibility of providing for myself for some years to come, I have taken the resolution of quitting so disagreeable a spot, before the necessity of running deeply into debt confines me here for years (perhaps for life). You are not ignorant, though your good-nature might never have hinted it, yet you are not ignorant that my own extravagant behaviour was one great cause of my leaving England; indeed, I found bad habits rooted so deeply in me, and bad connexions linked so closely to me, that I really felt no less than a distance of half the globe could separate me from them thoroughly. Thank God, I had fortitude sufficient to bear me through the trial, and as I at once quitted all my infamous acquaintances on leaving England, so I gradually acquired strength of mind and firmness of reason sufficient to see the important errors of my own conduct, and to correct them. But, granting my own labours insufficient for this end, I have had the best of all instructors, necessity, for my teacher. Without that, I am thoroughly convinced, I should never have learned any economy, and must have continued the slave of every ridiculous whim that my pocket or my credit enabled me by any method to gratify. But here I have learned that lesson by dear and daily experience, and I hope it will in some measure compensate for the time I have unavoidably lost in quitting England. You must grant, as my postulate, that Bengal is beyond conception exhausted. I say you must grant it, because, although I have fully sufficient reasons to urge, and proofs to bring, (many of which I have already laid before my father) yet in this place I have neither time nor room to explain them. I say, therefore, that as Bengal is so much altered for the worse that I find it impossible to get my bread, I have formed the plan of leaving it before my health and constitution be totally debilitated. I have written to my father in the strongest terms for his permission to quit it; but as it would be two years ere I could possibly receive his answer, that time

and the instability of English counsels, have hastened the event I have so long dreaded, and I fear very much we are at the eve of a civil war. By well-judged concessions we had succeeded in putting off the evil day, by rash ones it is accelerated. But

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is much too precious to be spent here, and also it would involve me in difficulties from which seven years of hard labour might not relieve me. My plan is to go to some other part of Europe for the present, and endeavour to procure my own living. What part of the world I have chosen for my residence, or may choose, and what plan of conduct I mean to pursue, shall hereafter be the subject of a letter from another spot; but I mean immediately on my arrival at my port of destination to write to my father. I have already requested him to permit me to take orders; I do not wish to be a burthen upon him, as I think my education, with the assistance of holy orders, and the recommendation of having been abroad, will enable me, without vanity, to get a decent subsistence by the tuition of a single pupil, or the joint instruction of many. My views, if ever they were higher, are now sufficiently humbled for any employment that can possibly be reconciled to gentility; and if a cacoethes of wealth had not dissipated all my thoughts, I should have pursued at first, with ease, the path which I am now taking infinite pains to strike into. But I have in several letters promised my father that I will not return to England without his consent; therefore, till I obtain that, I am determined to remain abroad; and though I am now fully old enough to see the ruin that awaits me if I stay here, yet I shall not break my promise in surprising him with a visit before his permission gives him room to expect me. I hear of your health and of your success by Mr. Pleydell's family, whose son I am very glad to find is with you. I live almost entirely in Mr. P.'s family, and they beg to be remembered to my quondam school-fellow. I am, my dear Sir, with much sincerity, your affectionate friend, NATHANIEL BRASSEY HALHED.

DEAR SAM, *London, i. e. Pall-Mall, No.* 16.

As you express so tender a concern for the state of my soul, and, in the true spirit of the Christianity of the tenth century,

things are far more serious than you have any idea of, but we are in the hands and under the direction of Providence, and I hope I shall have no occasion to complain; with our favourite orator, of the violence of those tempests, "Quæ per nos a communi peste repulsæ, in nosmet ipsos redundarunt."

Your friend, Dr Routh, has not sent the fac-simile. I received from you the first melancholy news of the death of our invaluable friend in India; an event I shall not easily cease to deplore. For, independent of the personal obligations my youth has to him, how few men would be so great a public loss, in point either of ability or integrity. A tendency to

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are content to absolve me of the crime of voting for the war, on my giving up to you the full direction of my conscience in voting for a Warwickshire canal, I shall snatch, like a true dying devotee, at the proffered commutation, and give up to my ghostly guide the entire application of my parliamentary independence to the holy purposes of Mother Church; and also, in the genuine ardour of proselytism, disseminate the *new faith* among as many as I can of my brothers in iniquity. I am ever, dear Sam, yours most sincerely, N. B. HALHED.

——Mark, I live in Pall-Mall.

DEAR PARR, *Pall-Mall, Feb.* 11, 1795.

I wrote you some time ago that I should certainly vote with the minority on the question for peace. Of course I fully intended it; but I have each time been prevented by indisposition. That you may, however, be perfectly satisfied of the sincerity of my resolution, I have sent you, by the coach of this day, a pamphlet, to the perusal of which I owe my determinate attachment to the cause of peace, together with another pamphlet, written by myself, that my constituents and the people at large may see my conduct in its true light, and judge it accordingly. I have only to add, that I beg you will not be deterred by grammatical minutiæ from giving the first pamphlet a fair perusal; and *that*, previously to any inspection of *mine*, which is of infinitely less importance. I am ever, dear Parr, yours most sincerely, N. B. HALHED.

very free principles in religion, and in government, was the only blot in his great character; perhaps he would have corrected it as he grew older. The Dean of St. Asaph has sent to me, and undoubtedly to you, a circular letter, begging to have any of our friend's letters that may be in our possession delivered to him; and adds, he believes Sir William himself would have had no objection to such a proceeding. Perhaps not; but I am the guardian of my friend's honour; and though I shall have no scruple in giving the Dean every information in my power, concerning his relations, youthful habits, and pursuits, I do not think myself justified in sending letters; and I have some of a late date, containing bold opinions about men and manners. "Quàm multa enim joca solent esse in epistolis, quæ, prolata si sint, inepta esse videantur; quàm multa seria, neque tamen ullo modo divulganda."

I have no longer the power of franking, but I enjoy liberty, to which I have been for five years a stranger; and it is some compliment to my industry, that Lord Fitzwilliam keeps *three* gentlemen to fill the station I had, though he sees people * twice a week, and Lord W. saw every man at every hour. In consequence, as the information received or request made is

* It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, when I am recording the sentiments of Dr. Parr and his correspondents, I am not always expressing my own. Still less must I be supposed to approve the remarks made by Bishop Bennet, as a political partizan, upon that most amiable and respectable nobleman, Earl Fitzwilliam. Indeed, in such veneration do I hold his character, in common I believe with every one who wishes to be thought wise or good, that I hesitated about publishing these letters of the Bishop of Cloyne till they were shown to the noble Lord. He made no objection whatever to the publication, but wished that the following note should be inserted upon his authority:

"Dr. Bennet is not mistaken in asserting that Lord Fitzwilliam *saw people twice a week*, because he saw them twice a week, and at all other times: the Bishop is therefore strictly exact in his assertion, though the manner in which he makes it may possibly lead to an unfounded inference."

always committed to the private secretary, my business was incessant. The sensation I now feel is very like that of taking my first degree at Cambridge, when I quitted the study of the mathematics, and directed my course to amusement or to improvement, as either suited the fancy of the moment.

I honour Lord F. for the Primate he has given us; I am also very much pleased, and so will you be, to learn Bishop Law goes to Elphin, a very good bishopric, in a more civilized country, with a good estate likely to fall in after a few months. His hopes and his fears, which are both excessive on this occasion, delight me much; but I have encouraged him, amidst all the uncertainty and instability of public counsels, and this morning he tells me he is safe.

I would write to you at length on the present delicate state of the Catholics in Ireland, but you now pay for my letters, and I must check my hand. I shall, however, get this franked if I can. You have never sent me your opinion of Paley's Evidences, which I think a most capital work. I am, my dear friend, yours very sincerely, W. CLOYNE.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, April 3, 1795.*

I shall, in consequence of your advice, return Shipley a guarded answer. I do not know him, so you need not fear I shall receive any harm from the intercourse we may have on this subject. I send you Lord Fitzwilliam's defence, observing only, that, though he left this a distracted country, he did not find it one; and also, that a man who can believe, as he does, that the parliament gave him the supplies out of regard to his personal character, can believe any thing. He was a worthy well-meaning man, in the hands of violent and ambitious ones; whether he was well or ill used by the British Cabinet I care not. I know they may thank themselves for whatever consequences may arise by sending him here, for they did it with their eyes open. A large body of men here look, first, for Catholic emancipation; secondly, reform of parliament; and, thirdly, separation from England. Lord F. has rashly, and I can pawn my honour to you that he has needlessly, brought

forward the first question. By thus committing the two countries he has staggered me in my politics; for, I protest to you, I know not whether it were wiser at this moment to concede or resist; I know whichever is done should be done decidedly; but peace, my dear friend, I have often said to you, peace alone can save us.

When you have read the letters over, if you find any difficulty, ask me. On his publication of the private despatches we must be of the same opinion, and I could point out many instances of deplorable ignorance, some of unfair statement, in his whole defence. Your party has, however, now gained him decidedly, so I believe you must defend him. But why did not Pitt, if he must coalesce, join with Fox? I believe he could. I am sure, if he could, he ought. Now I will tell you a secret. The Primacy was offered to Sutton, and, if he had accepted it, I was to have gone to Norwich. Just as I thought my ground there firm it gave way under me. It was, perhaps, the fairest opportunity that could be held out to me of quitting a country rushing ignorantly and idly into a collision with Britain. I know it too intimately not to wish to leave it, but personally I have no reason for dislike. No man has been better treated than I have been by the natives, both in and out of office.

Now I am in habits of confidence, though not like . . . . . of revealing private letters, I will bring you acquainted with another curious fact. Every government, you know, has spies, (men, often, of great character in their party,) who give information of important points, by which we, I am sure, were enabled once or twice to steer clear of very dangerous rocks. When Lord F. dismissed the two head clerks, he cut off the thread of this intelligence. He does not appear to me to have even suspected any such thing. With Grattan* and, particu-

* The following notes were added by one of Lord Fitzwilliam's particular friends:

"When Dr. Bennet boasted that his informers *would hold no communication with Grattan*, he little anticipated the justice which would be done in subsequent times to the character and conduct of that great man."

larly, with Curran (the counsellor of every democrat) our informers would hold no communication. With us, from habit, they continued it. So that we,* who were out of office, were acquainted with every secret plan agitated by the Catholics and Republicans, while the Ministers of the Castle were totally ignorant of them; of which they gave in their public conduct many proofs, some of a very serious and some of a very ludicrous nature. Indeed, one of the most entertaining consequences of having been concerned in the interior of a government, is to see the odd mistakes made by persons not in the secret.

I have but one objection to preach at Hatton, and that is, my having no sermon. I have made none but Charity or Easter ones. That I know is, with you, no objection at all. If our Parliament breaks up when it ought, I hope to spend a day at Hatton before June is ended, and to assure you how sincerely I am, my dear Parr, your faithful friend,

WILLIAM CLOYNE.

It seems, from these letters, that Parr had desired the Bishop to be very careful in his communications with Dean Shipley; and, indeed, there is some reason to believe that he had himself expected to be the biographer of Sir William Jones. When Jones was about to set out for Paris, he writes thus to Parr:

MY DEAR PARR, *Sept.* 17, 1780.

To-morrow I set out for Paris, in dangerous times, and at a dangerous season. I hope to return in a month; but, if it should please the Author of my being to put an end to my existence on earth, I request you and Bennet, my oldest friends,

* "If the Bishop and his friends were acquainted with all these *secret plans*, their conduct approached very nearly to misprision of treason; but in all probability he was only making a little display of his own importance, and was as guilty of *ignorance* as the ministers whom he accuses of it."

to examine all my papers and letters, which you will find in my chamber, and to compose an account of my life, studies, and opinions (as far as you know them); but to take care that no unfinished work of mine shall see the light, much less any idle thing that you may meet with in my drawers.

I hope you are restored to health and strength. I would write more, but am very much engaged. Farewell, and believe me wholly yours, W. JONES.

After Sir William Jones's death, his papers were placed in the hands of Lord Teignmouth by his widow, and have been published, with ample illustration, and with great ability and fidelity. We have seen the reason why so little of the correspondence of Dr. Parr, or with Bishop Bennet, his two most intimate friends, is inserted. But it is not easy to conjecture why *their* letters to him between 1768 and 1783, the period when the Biographer declared his information less complete, should be omitted. It may be hoped that, as the delicacies of personal consideration are extinguished by time, many documents illustrative of the character of this wonderful man will be published. Those I have given from the stores of Dr. Parr in this work are of some importance; but there are others, perhaps, in the repositories of the great and the learned, which would complete the history of his mind—of a mind whose irradiations illuminated both hemispheres of the globe, and whose intellectual powers have founded a new dynasty of learning in the colleges of Brahmah, and by a surer though slower method than that of conquest, will finally overturn the superstition of Islam, and the idolatries of the Vedas.

I owe to the kindness of His Royal Highness

the Duke of Sussex the following sarcastic character of Parr, by Sir William Jones:

Ἔστι δέ τις ὃν καλῶς διορίζεσθαι οὐκ εὐμαρές· ἅπασιν γὰρ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἀνόμοιος ὤν, αὐτὸς αὑτῷ ἀνομοιότατα καὶ λέγων καὶ ποιῶν φανερός ἐστιν. Ἀμέλει τοιοῦτος ἐστί τις οἷος σώφρων καὶ μέτριός περ ὤν, ὅμως χλιδῇ παντοδαπῇ καὶ τρυφῇ ἐξαιρέτος ἀγάλλεσθαι, καὶ τῶν οἴνων πιεῖν, ὅσα εἴδη τιμαλφέστατα, καὶ τῶν πλακούντων φάγειν, ὅσους ἡδίστους, καὶ καθεύδειν μαλθακῶς, καὶ λέχος κοκκινοβαφὲς ἀντὶ τοῦ ἀβάπτου προαιρεῖσθαι, καὶ δύω ἅνθ' ἑνός. Καὶ πρᾶος μὲν ἤθει ἐρεσχελεῖν καὶ φιλονείκως ἔχειν καὶ ἐρίζειν, τὰς δὲ ἐρίδας ἀγαθὴν κοινωνίαν ὀνομάζειν, καὶ λέγειν ὡς χρὴ τοὺς βαρβάρους ἅπαντας, ὥσπερ φαλάγγια σαρώθρῳ ἀπωθεῖσθαι καὶ ἐξ ἀνθρώπων ἀφανισθῆναι, καὶ ὡς δεῖ ἅπαξ τῶν πέντε ἐτῶν τὸν ἐν πολιτείᾳ πρωτεύοντα πελικίζεσθαι, οὐχ ὡς πονηρὸν ὄντα ἀλλ' ὅτι πρωτεύει· ἤδη δὲ καὶ πλείους ἢ τετταράκοντα ἄνδρας μνημονεύειν οὓς ἀποπνίγεσθαι φησὶ δεῖν, καὶ τοῦ ἐπιτρίπτου τίνος δενδρῶνα ἑστηκὼς συνθεωρεῖν, καὶ λογίζεσθαι πρὸς ἑαυτὸν, ἐκ τίνος ἂν δένδρου ὁ κεκτημένος εὐσχημονεστάτως κρέμασθαι, καὶ τὸν βρόχον φάναι πάντων νοσημάτων ἴασιν πορεῖσθαι, καὶ τὴν τοῦ δημοκοίνου τέχνην ἀκριβεστάτως ἐπίστασθαι, καὶ περὶ τῶν πεπελεκισμένων καὶ κεκρεμασμένων ὀνομαστὶ μέμνησθαι, καὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ δημίου ἀπομιμνημόνευμα συχνάχις ἀναγινώσκειν, καὶ δίκην ὠφληκὼς τὸν δικαστὴν βούλεσθαι κρεμαννύειν· καὶ περὶ τοὺς λόγους δεινὸς ὢν τραγικόν τι τῇ δεξίᾳ κροτεῖν καὶ σοβαρὸν λαλεῖν, καὶ μεταξὺ ἱππαζόμενος διαγωνίζεσθαι καὶ διαμφισβητεῖν, ἵππῳ τῷ τεταλαιπωρημένῳ διὰ τὴν ἐν τῷ λέγειν δεινότητα πληγὰς ἐκτίνειν, καὶ τὸ ὅλον κωδωνίζειν δυνατὸς, καὶ παρονομάζειν, καὶ δισκεύειν, καὶ ταυροκοπεῖν, καὶ τραγηματίζεσθαι, καὶ αἴλουρον θρέψαι, καὶ τρίγγισμον τριγγίζειν, καὶ ἑαυτὸν λανθάνειν τῶν ἄλλων διαφέρων.

Dr. Bennet, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, naturally comes next to Sir William Jones as the friend of Dr. Parr; indeed, he far exceeded him in warmth and length of attachment. I cannot select, therefore, a fitter place, or a better time to speak of him than the present, although much of his correspondence, from its length, must be transferred to the

Appendix. That correspondence began in childhood, and, with the exception of two or three years at the beginning of the present century, continued with unabated affection till the Bishop's death, in July 1820, when his friend followed him to the grave at Plumstead, in Kent. In the latter part of Lord Westmoreland's Administration, he had been flattered with hopes of advancement in England, which he ardently aspired after; and had Dr. Sutton been elevated to the Primacy, Bennet was to succeed him in the See of Norwich. When this scheme failed, he was actually nominated to the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin; and most eminently qualified was he for that high office by his former habits, as a teacher of youth; by his unrivalled learning (unrivalled at least in Ireland), by his exquisite taste, by his solid judgment, by his firm but placid temper, and his unsullied purity of life and conversation. Yet, notwithstanding all these accomplishments, he was thus fiercely attacked by Mr. Burke:

I wrote to Grattan to exert himself to prevent that seminary of the Church of Ireland from becoming a matter of state accommodation or private patronage. I wrote to the Duke of Portland a long letter to the same effect. I wrote and spoke my mind fully to him against this radical job which struck at the rising generation, and poisoned public principle in its first stamen, and when I heard that one Dr. Bennet, not content with his bishopric, was so greedy and so frantic at this time, when the church labours under so much odium for avarice, as to wish to rob the members of its seminary, men of the first characters in learning and morals, of their legal rights, and by dispensation to grapple to himself, a stranger, and wholly unacquainted with the body, its lucrative Provostship as a com-

mendam.—See Epistolary Correspondence with the Right Honourable Edmund Burke and Dr. Lawrence, page 307.

Of this transaction the Bishop gives an account in the following letter to Dr. Parr:

DEAR DOCTOR,

.....The Duke of Portland having acted as Lord Lieutenant ever since he came into office, has set aside my recommendation to the Provostship, for which I know not whether to blame or to thank him.

I did not answer the College address argumentatively, but gave them back their own words; that I should, both for their sakes and my own, "weigh maturely the reasons for my determination," &c. I hear they were astonished at the politeness of their reception, so conclude they were conscious of the malice concealed in their address, and expected to be kicked down stairs.

Burke and the Ponsonbys govern Ireland; and I fear you will see in the next session the fruits of the high-flown imagination of the first, and the ignorant impetuosity of the others. It gives me pleasure that the departure of Lord Weymouth, under every foolish insult the party can heap upon him, is attended by general civility here, addresses from cities and counties, and marks of popular esteem which few falling ministers experience. He leaves us at a most fortunate moment for his own character, and England will receive him back matured by five years passed in managing points of the most delicate and important nature, cool, decisive, industrious, and intelligent. I see with pleasure the hour of my liberty approach, and am not without hopes of paying you a visit next summer. Yours very sincerely, WILLIAM CLOYNE.

It was at the end of the year 1798 Bishop Bennet cut off his epistolary correspondence with Parr for a season. Without ceasing to love and respect him, he dreaded his violence of temper and strong expressions on subjects of such intense public interest, and probably even felt some alarm lest he himself

should be implicated in the sentiments or conduct of his correspondent. It appears that he had suspended the correspondence occasionally after 1796. From 1798 to 1802 there was a complete suspension of all intercourse, and the two following are the last and the first letters on the discontinuance and resumption of the correspondence.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, July* 10, 1798.

.... As to more serious matters. What can you mean by wrongs and insults? It is not my nature to insult any one; and indeed I can say, as in the presence of God, that, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, I never did knowingly insult any human creature; and if this were not my disposition, I cannot imagine upon what grounds I could insult you. I may have wronged you, that is, I may have attributed to you sentiments which you do not entertain. For I thought, and still think, I have proof, that you have given every encouragement in your power to ....., and others, who are enemies to all the prospects of happiness I have in this world. But even with this impression on my mind, I did not accuse or upbraid you. You have a right to think as you please; and I am convinced, whatever misery you may occasion, you do it without malevolent intention. But with a French army within thirty-five miles of my house, and a band of assassins about my doors, if, in the bitterness of that moment, I suspended my correspondence with you, as the friend of men who had invited the one and encouraged the other, I cannot but think my offence was a very venial one. I took the step to avoid, not to accumulate insults. It was always my design, if I am happy enough to outlive the dangers which still threaten every thing that is dear to me, and to see peace once more, to write to you and make my apology; for, as the suspension originated with me, it was my business to solicit your pardon for the interruption. I do not therefore admit your quotation of *παυσαιτον δη*.

If you feel any interest in my private affairs, I would tell you that the whole of my property, in spite of my utmost effort, is still entangled in this miserable country, except £1000

which, with great difficulty, I have remitted to England. My bishopric has paid little or nothing for these two years; and is in arrears to me full £7000, the whole of which probably, and a great part (being tithes) will certainly be lost. I have for some time let my house, dismissed my servants, and endeavoured to contract my establishment within the small circle of my remaining income.

I have also had a severe attack of the gout in my right foot, which exerted all its force and went through all its forms. It was a very unexpected and painful guest to me,

> ————Parcus qui cultor ad aras,
> Aut Bacchi aut Veneris.

May God protect you, and grant all your wishes, and may you retain some affectionate regard for one who, though your silent, is still your sincere friend, WILLIAM CLOYNE.

DEAR FARR, *Dublin, April* 12, 1802.

The war being at last ended, I hasten, as I promised, to solicit the renewal of our correspondence; and to explain the motives which influenced me to interrupt it. I have reason, indeed, to fear that this measure, which I considered as the only way to preserve our friendship, has been looked upon by you as the destruction of it; and that either the resolution itself, or the words in which it was conveyed, made me appear in your eyes, both unjust and insolent. From these charges my heart acquits me. So far from insulting, I had not an idea of offending you; and I am therefore, in justice to myself, anxious to explain upon what reasons I wished for a temporary suspension of our writing, and why I accused you of unfriendly conduct towards me.

We had very early taken different sides in the parties that divided our country. I presume you were willing to allow me, what you certainly exercised yourself, the right to form an opinion; and on my side, I felt no diminution of regard for you, because you chose to form your own. The breach grew wider; and in Ireland it was no longer a question between Fox and Pitt, but between the Protestant and the Papist; between decided republicans on one side, and those, whom you termed in

your letters to me stupid loyalists, on the other: and it involved in it the loss or the preservation of our properties and lives.

Such is the justification of my conduct, which I promised to send you, if I lived to the conclusion of the war. We are both old enough, and I hope wise enough, to be sincere with each other. I, for my part, shall be really happy to hear your conduct fairly explained, or, if convinced of any impropriety in my own, to make an apology for it. I am ready to forgive, or to be forgiven; and if I see you, when I attend Parliament the year after next, you will find no trace of any unpleasant feeling in the mind of your sincere friend, WM. CLOYNE.

Bishop Bennet was born on the 4th of March 1746, in the Tower of London, and was sent to Harrow at a very early age. We have already noticed the juvenile, we might almost term it the friendship from infancy of the three illustrious scholars, Will. Bill and Sam. and I could easily have added much more from the papers in my possession. He was entered of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became one of the fellows and tutors of the college, and took his Doctor's degree in 1789, having been appointed private secretary to Lord Westmoreland, and successively Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, in 1790 and 1794. In these high stations, it was natural enough for Parr to have some feelings of jealousy on the comparison of his own condition with that of the Bishop, and accordingly the correspondence exhibits him exacting more than ordinary attention from his exalted friend. Parr's mind was nevertheless full of affection and confidence. He has not left Bennet's character to be pourtrayed by a feeble hand; he has done it himself in the "Remarks on the Statement of Dr.

Combe;" and his own words will probably deliver to posterity the merits of his friend.

Among the Fellows of Emmanuel College who endeavoured to shake Mr. Homer's resolution, and preserve for him his academical rank, there was one man, whom I cannot remember without feeling that all my inclination to commend, and all my talents for commendation, are disproportionate to his merit. From habits, not only of close intimacy but of early and uninterrupted friendship, I can say, that there is scarcely one Greek or Roman author of eminence in verse or prose, whose writings are not familiar to him. He is equally successful in combating the difficulties of the most obscure, and catching at a glance the beauties of the most elegant. Though I could mention two or three persons who have made a greater proficiency than my friend in philological learning, yet, after surveying all the intellectual endowments of all my literary acquaintance, I cannot name the man, whose taste seems to be more correct and more pure; or whose judgment upon any composition in Greek, Latin, or English, would carry with it higher authority to my mind.

To those discourses which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young, and interested the old, which were argumentative without formality, and brilliant without gaudiness, and in which the happiest selection of topics was united with the most luminous arrangement of matter, it cannot be unsafe for me to pay the tribute of my praise, because every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witness. As a tutor he was unwearied in the instruction, liberal in the government, and anxious for the welfare of all who were entrusted to his care. The brilliancy of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, were the most endearing, because they were united with qualities of a higher order, because in morals he was correct without moroseness, and because in religion he was serious without bigotry. From the retirement of a College he stepped at once into the circle of a Court. But he has not been dazzled by its glare, nor tainted by its corruptions. As a prelate, he does honour to the grati-

tude of a patron who was once his pupil, and to the dignity of a station where, in his wise and honest judgments upon things, great duties are connected with great emoluments. If, from general description, I were permitted to descend to particular detail, I should say, that in one instance he exhibited a noble proof of generosity, by refusing to accept the legal and customary profits of his office from a peasantry bending down under the weight of indigence and exaction. I should say, that, upon another occasion, he did not suffer himself to be irritated by perverse and audacious opposition; but blending mercy with justice, spared a misguided father for the sake of a distressed dependent family, and provided at the same time for the instruction of a large and populous parish, without pushing to extremes his episcopal rights when invaded, and his episcopal power when defied. While the English Universities produce such scholars, they will indeed deserve to be considered as the nurseries of learning and virtue. While the Church of Ireland is adorned by such prelates, it cannot have much to fear from that spirit of restless discontent and excessive refinement which has lately gone abroad. It will be instrumental to the best purposes by the best means. It will gain fresh security and fresh lustre from the support of wise and good men. It will promote the noblest interests of society, and uphold, in this day of peril, the sacred cause of true religion.

Sweet is the refreshment afforded to my soul by the remembrance of such a scholar, such a man, and such a friend as Dr. William Bennet, Bishop of Cork; and happy am I that, before my return to the variorum Editor, my best feelings will have the most exquisite gratification from another fact, which I am now preparing to lay before the reader.

In one of his last letters to Dr. Parr, dated Montague-square, February 15, 1820, he speaks of a friendship which had lasted for more than sixty years. Another in the following April.

I am not among the worldlings who blame you for your behaviour to your tenantry; your heart is always not merely

right, it is of the highest degree of excellence, and I rejoice most heartily at this and every opportunity you have of shewing it. We have both of us much to be thankful for, but the difference is, you have deserved it, I have not. I am, with my best regards to Mrs. Parr, your very sincere friend,

WILLIAM CLOYNE.

And in his last letter:

MY DEAR PARR, *Montague-square, May* 11, 1820.

I have delayed for some time sending an answer to your letter in expectation that your friend, the President of Magdalen, would have enclosed one for you before this time. My health will not allow me to run about, as I used to do, and get a sight, at least, if I could not make myself master of such works of literary curiosity as you recommend me to read, and which never disappoint me. But since the last attack of my gout I am subject to shortness of breath and a pain in my left side when I venture either to walk or drive out, and I have not yet even been able to go down to the House to take my seat, and leave my proxy, for I dare not encounter the long nights of the approaching session. I agree with you as to hating, and as to not fearing the radicals. Go on with your catalogue, and let the foreign scholars know what a library you have had the taste and spirit to form. I shall not fail to get a sight of Lowth's Assize Sermon if it is at Lambeth, but I have not yet been there, or even seen the Archbishop. I am refreshed with the recollection of your returning health and increasing opulence. God bless you. If Bartlam is with you give my kindest wishes to him; and, though unknown, the same to Mrs. Parr. I Ever yours,

WILLIAM CLOYNE.

The following letters of Archdeacon Leman will relate the progress of decline, and the close of Bishop Bennet's life:

From Archdeacon Leman, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crescent, 13th Feb.* 1820.

I have the great satisfaction of being able to contradict the cruel report of the death of my beloved friend the Bishop of

Cloyne; for at the very time the account of his loss appeared in the public papers, I received a letter from him on the morning *of the 9th instant*, and as you are equally interested with myself in his welfare, I send you *his own account* of his situation at that time.

"The gout (he says) has been more tedious, as well as more severe this winter than I ever experienced. It is now ten weeks since I have ventured to cross the threshold, once excepted, when I drove out in the carriage, and was so much shaken that it did me more harm than good; and these constant attacks of pain depriving me of sleep and exercise, and coming upon me when I was beginning to recover a little my loss of appetite, and of flesh, has been very hard upon me. I literally do not think that I could have stood it if my niece had not been with me; and women, I have always agreed with you, are so careful and tender, and such excellent nurses, and so anxious to amuse one, as well as capable of doing it, that one of them is worth a host of male creatures."

Such, my dear Sir, is the private and confidential account I have received from my dearest friend, and although it still leaves me *greatly uneasy about him*, yet I hope that the change of air, and a milder climate, may thereby restore him to his former health. As soon as he can travel with comfort to himself, I shall press upon him his coming down to this place, where I know that he will have every comfort and attention which I can give him.

It is with great pain that I read the unpleasant account you give of yourself; and the *influenza* which has been laying waste all around me, has fallen upon me also with a very heavy hand; for I have been almost confined for nearly three weeks; I hope, however, I shall get over it, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have the satisfaction of *seeing you quite well* at Bath. I scarce know what I write, but I remain very faithfully your very obedient humble servant,

THOMAS LEMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crescent, Bath, July* 18, 1820.

The loss of my dearest friend has so overpowered me that I can scarce see to write to you. By a letter I have this moment received from his excellent niece, I find he has appointed me his sole executor in England, which will oblige me to be in town the beginning of next week. This painful office, which millions would not have tempted me to accept, he pressed upon me so urgently when I last saw him, that I could not refuse him. He is to be buried in Plumstead Church, somewhere near London. Should you like to attend the funeral, you have nothing to do but to send word to Montague-square. I trust to your friendship to mention his death in the public papers. Alas! *I* am incapable of doing any thing but to lament the irreparable loss I have sustained. Yours most truly, THOMAS LEMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crescent, Dec.* 1, 1820.

Being now able to read your letter, I can return you specific answers to all your queries. The monument, or tablet, is directed in his will; and in a private paper, left to me as his executor, he adds, "I hope the Master and Fellows of Emanuel College will let my monument be (after the design, and with the inscription affixed to my will) placed at the north end of the cloisters." As to any alterations that you may think necessary, I leave them entirely to your pure taste and sound critical judgment; and I add only, that I shall readily pay any expense relative to the having it written by your schoolmaster. I never saw Mr. Shout, nor do I know any thing of him; but I suppose, of course, that he will rigidly follow any orders you are so good as to give him.

You cannot conceive what a weight you have taken off my mind by employing an amanuensis; for since I received the stone from Rosetta, and the brick from Babel, I have never been so completely puzzled. Your writing certainly is more mysterious than the former, and more inexplicable than the latter.

Sir William Scott has written to me to inquire if I had found among my friend's papers some letters relating to the late Dr.

Goldsmith, and which had passed between him and Burke, and Johnson and Marley, and were supposed to be in the Bishop's possession. There are none such in England, and I do not recollect ever having heard of such having been in his possession. Can you, who lived in such intimacy with the Bishop, recollect any thing about them?

I do hope, and even entreat you to pay some attention to your health, and not to neglect the *trifling complaint in your leg*; for your life is of consequence to the world, and more particularly to your friends. I remain, with great respect, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully, THOMAS LEMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

Irish Politics,—the Alexanders,—Annuity,—Warwick Meetings.

Irish politics are so much the topics of Bishop Bennet's correspondence, that under this head Dr. Parr's Irish friends will be properly associated. The Alexanders, now ennobled under the title of Earl of Caledon, became Parr's friends at Stanmore, and he has left a notice of the commencement of his acquaintance.

The writer of the enclosed, William Alexander, was not only a very sensible man, but the best mannered man I ever saw on the east side of Temple-bar. He lived in Cateaton-street, where I often visited him: he married a very sensible woman, daughter of the very odd, but ingenious and scientific physician, Dr. Monsey.* After his death she lived at Acton, Middlesex. He was uncle to Harry Alexander, M. P., and to Nathaniel Alexander, Bishop of Down. He was father of Monsey Alexander, who removed from Harrow to my school at Stanmore. He was an excellent scholar, and his recitation and tones were exquisite. He was an acute reasoner; he, by my advice, was made pupil of Sir William Scott, tutor of University College; and at lectures, whether in logic or classics, he was selected by Sir William Scott as the cleverest youth in the lecture-room; he was the friend also of the ingenious Tom Maurice. He went into Ireland, and took a country living. William, the father, died of an apoplexy: he had been sorely afflicted by the

* Mrs. Montague compared Dr. Monsey's mind to the wrong side of a piece of embroidery. With great oddities he had considerable scholarship, and he was a frequent guest in Portman-square.

gout, and went into the extreme of abstinence in food and wine. He was a truly respectable man and my friend.

Henry Alexander, Esq. M. P. and the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Nathaniel Alexander, D. D. Lord Bishop of Meath, were Dr. Parr's pupils at Stanmore, and continued his friends ever after. On one part of the politics of Ireland the following letters will display Mr. Alexander's opinions; and those letters of the Bishop, which are copied in the Appendix, will amply testify his Lordship's affectionate attachment to his old master.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Jan.* 8, 1799.

Laudari à laudato viro ea vera laus est. The agitation of the question of Union, will, in all probability, expatriate me. It is severing the families of this kingdom, and men who never differed before now differ. The remote contingencies of political results have never struck me as justifying deviations from private gratitude and private ties. I am sorely pressed upon that subject, and am reduced to one of those practical paradoxes where my gratitude to my uncle, Lord Caledon, and my duty to the country, militate most strongly. Bred a Presbyterian, his loyalty is inflexible; but it is a constitutional rather than personal loyalty; and in the union of the legislatures he sees extinction of the Irish, not a modified existence, according to the imperial interests of both.

I feel his fortune has formed the basis of our influence in Ireland. His unlimited confidence has given me a weight beyond my talents and age; I can assure you I have not been an unprofitable servant to the common interests of my family. Ten years ago, when I entered into public life, we were without a name in Ireland; now he is a Viscount, married his eldest daughter to the third oldest peer in Ireland, Lord Blayney, with his estate clear of debt. He possesses a borough; his two nephews represent Londonderry, and I hope a third will be a Bishop. All these prospects are blasted, and this edifice destroyed by this question of Union. The old man is

also torn with an idea of its removing an only and delightful son to England; and that his life, spent in the service of his country, a family of his creation, and all the imaginary and lengthened honours of his race, must be lost to Ireland, or excluded from the exertion of their political faculties possibly, except gaining the only employment that excludes satiety—I speak not of religion.

I inclose you by to-night's post two pamphlets, the best that have appeared. My uncle's hesitation forbids my taking a part one way or the other. Whether he will yield to me, or I give way to him, depends much upon collateral impressions. Should he persist, I will leave Ireland. I think it disgraceful to hold office under any administration you differ from on a substantial question. I therefore resign my situation, both as representative of Londonderry, and as a member of the Board of Ordnance.

My friends have suggested to me the possibility of going to India, connected as I am in a very advantageous situation; but I fear my want of influence, and doubt my capabilities for the situation, I mean that of a Judge. Dublin and the Midland Counties outrageous on the question, and men, otherwise not dispassionate, threatening destruction to individuals, and rebellion against the state.

The North, like their Scotch ancestors, plodding and calculating the commercial advantages, principally anxious for the continuance of the preferences now given to Irish linens.

If I encouraged instructions from my constituents, I could procure orders to support the Union; but at some other time, when they had fitted the bridle to my mouth, they might use if I once gave up Londonderry, because I consider implicit obedience an unconstitutional and unmanly promise. Cork, and the South generally, from ideas of self-interest, are in favour of the measure.

The women in Dublin, who apprehend the diminished charms of the metropolis, young lawyers, all classes of Dublin, mercantile interests, and all that low ballads, desperate caricatures, tending to every thing ferocious, and a storm of pamphlets can influence, are adverse.

But the real opposition lies in our great law officers, who,

contemptible to their profession, must sink the statesman hereafter (should an Union take place). They give a hollow and treacherous support, whilst their creatures excite public clamour.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, whose mind, unappalled by danger, fixed and determined in his purpose, versatile in his mode of accomplishing that purpose, and who has every quality of the fox, the lion, and the elephant, combined in him, still adheres to his opposition. The cudgel-play does not take place until his arrival.

Lord C——— has been a young Statesman, as I prophesied to him, in taking the Speaker to England. He now returns, endeared to the anti-unionists, a miracle of disinterestedness; whereas, had he been uncourted, unsolicited, the public would have listened to him as a man offended by inattention, an ambitious man struggling for a situation for which no pecuniary income can compensate. He has had time to feed the English oppositionists with a knowledge they did not possess, to take his measures, and, if my fears do not deceive me, to lay the grounds of apprehensions for the Church establishment that will shake England as well as Ireland. I have often chatted with him to day-light, and never upon any subject without conceiving him the first man in detailed knowledge and precise ideas in the universe. You will laugh at an Irishman's logic. Believe me, you are deceived. Proud and glorious as England ought to be of her talents, you have no man in England equal to the Irish Speaker. His varied character as a lawyer, a statesman, an artist, a mechanic, a botanist, the best planter, the best farmer, a memory that retains omne scibile de quolibet ente in Hibernia. Powers, that either in principle oppose, or, when they are defeated in detail, baffle or dwindle away all objects he dislikes, probably never existed more variously in a man. Neglected by Lord Westmoreland's Administration, postponed to the Chancellor, his mind, like the tiger's crouch, is now sprung for the leap. But should he, pray, escape that leap? It will be pursued with all the sagacity of a blood-hound, and the swiftness and the terrifying yells of our wolf-dog.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, your old school-fellow, Parnell, bold artificially, but sagacious, and, as once described,

like the whale in the ocean, lashing a foam around him that secures him from observation, when it augments his apparent dimensions, attaches himself to the Speaker, and acts against Government. But he will desert the Speaker when he sees *reason*, and will not fight longer; but, in his first affray, he has strength enough to injure the country.

I write in a great hurry as to general politics; but I apprehend this pamphlet of Cooke's you must have seen. I send it to you, however. The other is the production of a young lawyer, I believe, of the name of Burke. He published in support of Burke's Reflections; distinguished himself as possibly the most eloquent Speaker we have in Ireland; but his mind does not gather quick, and when he has unloaded himself once of the collection of the vacation, he is useless as a debater in Parliament; but he certainly is a man of talents, connected with the Agar family, I mean Lord Callan. Lord de Clifford is strong for the Union. The great southern interest of Lord Shannon fluctuates; the experience of the father for the Union; the youth of the son adverse. But they have mutually offered concession; and the son is the most valuable of our young Irishmen of rank. I think, however, he will not be outdone by the father in liberality, and force age to lead.

In short, my dear Doctor, the doctrine of probable opinions has a greater influence than we Protestants allow; and men yield to affection and honour when they can attribute no disgraceful or weak motive in their friend, and, in the common intercourse of life, find that friend their superior in wisdom.

I own (although never breaking bread in his house) I feel an obligation to Bennet for giving a living to a distant cousin of mine. I will only observe that we have little intercourse, not likely to increase, and yet, which I do not wish on my side (for my brother's sake) to diminish; for many who will not take any trouble to confer an obligation, will to deserve, and there is an extreme communication between Clerical men as to all Church candidates in the two countries.

I am, yours truly and sincerely, H. A.

P.S. My struggle is over with Lord Caledon: we differ, in all probability, but, with his usual magnanimity, he has told me, until I forfeited my own good opinion by acting contrary

to my own sense of right and wrong, I could not forfeit his. That he would preserve the same right, and felt inclined to oppose the Union to a great risk; but that, however, he would communicate with me, and if I could change his opinion so much the better.

I go off to-morrow for Londonderry, to attempt to raise the North. Dublin has its Heberts, Marats, and Robespierres; but the northerns will not fall as tamely as the Gironde Federalists.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

The question is decided by a majority of 106 to 105 in favour of the measure. The question came on in the shape of an amendment proposed to the address to his Majesty moved by George Ponsonby, whose eloquence in some degree overcame the prejudices created against him by his inaction and presumed connection with rebels during the late rebellion. The King's speech recommends the consolidation of the two kingdoms into one fabric. That was construed a legislative union, and that construction acceded to by the Governor. He moved an amendment, that, by the resolution of the House, approved of by his Majesty in 1782, the residence of the Irish legislature in this kingdom was absolutely necessary. All our zeal and enthusiasm was, I foresaw, successfully directed by the Speaker. Parnell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, your old schoolfellow, a man of great capability to get into office, or when irritated, but in the discharge of his duty negligent, indolent, and overbearing—a great versatility of a rough manner, that either overawes delicate minds by its brutality, or, on minds of a similar mould to his own, assumes the affectation of ostentatious familiarity. The Prime [illegible] contemptible for a low cunning, sordid in avarice, but that superseded by the love of life, that has rendered him to the close eye-witnesses of his conduct in our trying times despicable, and has in this instance produced a sacrifice of his place, which he is attempting to regain by the low artifice of procuring a Bar Round Robin. I need not tell you about forty gentlemen declared rebellion their choice in case the measure passed, that they

would recur to first principles, and that a legislature might abdicate as well as a monarch.

The Speaker is chaired from the house. A young and eloquent lawyer of the name of Plunkett, who distinguished himself by an able and acrimonious strain of invective, was also chaired. Lord Castlereagh spoke in a most manly and bold manner. I bore a considerable share in the debate, but as I never send forward any thing to print, I can only give you my sentiments on the general measure, only assuring you that, as the ἡ δεινότης forms almost the only merit of a very loud and rapid elocution, my manner is more than my matter. You will laugh at me when I tell you (which you will probably doubt) that I possess the τὴν παρρήσιαν as completely as if the waters of the Shannon had never been mingled in the Aganippean stream. You first led me there, and the two last years I was at school have given me a great many first principles from the analysis of words, which leads to an accuracy of guarding against very different propositions conveyed in terms nearly synonymous. I am therefore a debater, no speaker; but useful in our arena. The credit of Government is saved only by one vote. Government have taken until to-morrow to consider. There is a great fund of what is good or evil in our national character. Numbers of gentlemen resigned their parliamentary situations; others broke through all engagements and intentions declared. So far the dulce decus patriæ et fædum servitutis nomen, overpowers all sense of private obligation and personal interest, when both were nearly highly connected with and material to public benefit. Although I write with the elasticity of mind subsequent to a great exertion, for I, with a few others, formed a phalanx round a very gallant fellow from four o'clock yesterday to one this day, and although I am seriously depressed at the licentious and anti-Anglican spirit that displayed itself, I find that, without eating or drinking, I have almost the intoxication of ebriety agitating me, or the flurry of spirits of a returned fox-hunter.

Arguments pro England—guarantee of our loans—military aid—commercial preferences in our linens—our country shaken to its basis by disturbances—continental influence—Irish Jacobism, headed by factious parliamentary interest—jealousies,

to which independent legislatures, however united by alliances, are subject—our impossibility of bearing our own expenses—that national glory was the reputation of strength with foreign powers, and that at home our glory was founded on victories obtained by valour or conduct over our new neighbours' ancestors.

I alluded to the Amphictyonic fine, or the trophy raising in domestic wars on the other side—Irish name and character—abdicated rights of the people—injuries of 700 years standing—commercial jealousies—want of security—all that occurred at the Scotch union—nothing further attainable for Ireland, England having conceded all—British forces in Ireland—corruption—the speaker's character—Lord .....—the disinterestedness of the discharged statesmen—imputed bribery and corruption, &c. &c.

I will certainly call upon you in England. As all ministerial men are gone to bed I send you this without a frank, as possibly the intelligence may be grateful to you. I am not as great an admirer of talents as you are, but if I go to England, although disapproving of their politics, I should like to know Fox and Sheridan, not introduced for the purpose of knowing them insidiously; I wish an introduction to them, subject to the express understanding that I was not an admirer of their principles; and that my own are almost enthusiastically anti-innovatory and monarchical. Yours, truly,

HENRY ALEXANDER.

The disappointment of his hopes of preferment in the year 1789, and the desperate state of the party to which he had attached himself during the whole of the progress of the first part of the French war, made Parr almost entirely dependant on his labours as a schoolmaster. He had followed this irksome occupation upwards of thirty years, and now, being without an assistant, it became oppressive to his spirits, and affected his health. I touch with reluctance on the subject of the annuity ob-

tained for him in the year 1795. Some of those, who, in their visits at Hatton, witnessed the anxious and perturbed state of his mind, arising out of the smallness of his income in the first place, and in the second from his ill-paid labours, thought they might take advantage of the example afforded, and shelter themselves under the precedent of a subscription solicited for a most illustrious man, to reward him for those exertions which his ungrateful country had not rewarded. In the first instance it was pleaded that it was a reproach to the country that such learning and such labours as those of Dr. Parr should remain at any rate unnoticed; that such a man should be suffered to remain dependent and in penury was unpardonable. It was therefore suggested, first by Mr. Kett, of Trinity College, Oxford, to Dr. Maltby and Dr. Routh, and by them to other friends, that Parr should be raised above dependence by an annuity. It was justly thought that he had done enough to be entitled to recompense, and that his accomplishments were too great to suffer him to be the slave of exigencies; that it would be munificent in his friends to give, nor derogatory to his character for him to receive, that remuneration which the dispensers of patronage had not bestowed. The subscription was soon filled to the proposed amount, and Parr, from the year 1795, enjoyed an annuity of £300 a year paid by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford from the products of it. This subscription was the subject of much observation at the time, was sneered at as having made another beggar patriot, and as having

lowered the estimation of him who accepted it to the condition of a dependant and a mendicant. Nor was it approved by some of his warmest and most attached friends. Mr. Henry Alexander thus expressed himself on this occasion:

> I regret extremely what you write of your situation, the more so as I considered you (to your wants comparatively) rich. If the measure of accepting a subscription is not decided upon, I should advise its suspension. If decided upon, I would not, in that instance, state my reasons; but if not entered upon, when I hear from you, I will.

There is generally good reason for objecting to the aid of a public or even private subscription. It is a gift, without the pretence of professional service, and may therefore be pleaded as a charitable donation. But there are services which claim it, and there are oppressions and neglects which make it right and just. Be it observed that Parr had spent two-thirds of his life in uninterrupted drudgery; that he had risen to supereminent rank as a scholar and a divine, and that his only permanent sources of income, besides his small private fortune, were a living of £90, and a prebend of £17 a year. The prebend, it is true, was likely to encrease; but life was uncertain; farther patronage seemed hopeless. It was necessary therefore to redeem him from the pressure of indigence; not that he had ever squandered in profusion the produce of his labours, for he had been rather thrifty than profuse; but still something was due to encreased renown, to enlarged acquaintance, and to the possible conveniences of a longer life. It

was right, therefore, and liberal in his friends to bestow, it was proper in him to receive, the subscription and annuity arising from it; and though we may regret that it did not place him sufficiently at his ease to live without the superintendance and education of pupils for some time, yet it led the way to this desirable end.

In the mean time the political horizon grew blacker and blacker, and more violent and more alarming measures were contemplated; even the suspension * of the most sacred part of the charter of our liberties, the habeas corpus act. This PALLADIUM of the British Constitution had sometimes been removed out of sight in times of invasion or of rebellion; but now, the supposed reason for the suspension was founded, as Mr. Fox affirmed in his place in the House of Commons, "on stale, ridiculous, and contemptible facts, and on pretences on the part of the Government of an alarm which was gross affectation;" and yet such was the spirit of the times, that only twenty-eight members of the House of Commons were found to oppose it. The Act of Suspension passed. A system of rigour was acted upon by the Government, and there is a letter of exultation, written by Mr. Godwin to Dr. Parr, on the acquittal of Hardy, one of the persons arraigned for high treason, dated "this ever-memorable and ever-honoured fifth day of Nov. 1794." There are many letters of statesmen, celebrating in a tone of triumph the acquittal of this obscure in-

* Dr. Parr's constant toast was, at this time, "Qui suspenderunt, suspendantur."

dividual, as saving this country from the horrors of despotism; and Mr. Fox loudly proclaimed, when the Suspension Bill was about to be renewed the following year, "that if there had been a conspiracy, it was a conspiracy without conspirators; for, since the epoch of the French revolution there had been no actual insurrection in the kingdom, save that in which the zeal for Church and King had actually exerted itself in burning the houses of the dissenters in Birmingham." However, the scarcity in the latter part of the year, the extreme profusion of a disastrous war, and the gloomy prospect of future events, which the continuance of that war too clearly furnished, gave occasion to a seditious movement, which dared even to exhibit itself in outrage against the sacred person of Majesty itself. The nation, notwithstanding its distresses, generally demonstrated its loyalty on this occasion; and Dr. Parr, with his own true English spirit, sympathised with his fellow-subjects, and was active in promoting an address of congratulation from the Borough of Warwick to the King on his escape.

At the public meeting convened for this purpose, it was his anxious desire to promote the union of all parties, and therefore did he dissuade his friends from mingling any other question with the present address:

There can be but one heart and one voice (said he) in this assembly, and sure I am that every sincere advocate for the old and fundamental principles of our constitution, every loyal well-wisher to the honour of the crown, and to the safety of the august person whom Providence has appointed to fill it, every real friend to the peace and credit of this county, will

concur with me in thinking that the strongest effect, the brightest lustre, will be given to our present measure by unanimity. Whatever differences of opinion may subsist between us on a variety of political subjects, this I am sure is not a time to discuss such subjects, and it is a time when we ought to let all such differences lie quiet. Our prejudices, and our passions, ought to bow down in obedience to our loyalty, and if we have a real sentiment of respect to our Sovereign, we shall not, upon such an occasion as this, disgrace an act of homage by division or dispute.

To request that his Majesty will be pleased to encourage any alteration in the venerable laws of this country, must at all times be a work of great delicacy, and at this time many well-meaning and well-informed men may shrink from it as big with danger.

After arguing the admission of such topics in an address of congratulation, he concluded thus,

To feel and express detestation of the outrage that has lately been offered to his Majesty, well becomes the sacred profession to which I have the honour to belong, and is well adapted to those principles of attachment which I have ever avowed, and shall ever retain, in favour of limited monarchy, and of our own free and excellent, but mixed form of government. It is therefore my firm resolution, nay, 'tis my bounden duty to convey in some form or other, or through some medium or other, a public and unequivocal tribute of loyalty to my Sovereign. Standing in this place, I confess myself most solicitous to act with those that are present, and to confine the address to an explicit reprobation of the daring indignity offered to his Majesty, and to strong expression of joy and satisfaction we in common feel at the safety of our common protector and Sovereign.

What address was adopted by the meeting I do not now recollect; but the following was written by Dr. Parr:

We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, the under-written inha-

bitants of Warwickshire, beg leave to lay before you our most sincere assurances of attachment to your Majesty's person and illustrious family, and our most unfeigned and solemn congratulations upon your deliverance from the danger by which you were threatened. We feel it a sacred duty to your Majesty, and to all our fellow-subjects, to express our abhorrence of the outrages which have lately been committed in the capital, when going to perform the momentous and constitutional functions of the regal character in the House of Parliament; and confiding, as we do, in the strength and sufficiency of those laws which the wisdom of our ancestors have provided for the safety of your Majesty's august person, and for the dignity of your throne, we anxiously hope that every secret contriver, and every daring abettor of those shocking enormities will be speedily detected, and exemplarily punished. Convinced that your Majesty looks with an eye of compassion on the privations with which your subjects are now afflicted through the dearness and scarcity of provisions, the accumulation of taxes, and the disastrous events of war, we rely upon your Majesty's paternal goodness to employ such measures as may restore to an affectionate and dutiful people the inestimable blessings of plenty and peace.

This outrage furnished a further pretext for encroachments on the British constitution, ushered in by a proclamation, commanding the magistrates to discourage, prevent, and suppress, all unlawful assemblies, and the distribution of all seditious publications; and followed up by the enactment of two bills brought in by Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, one "an Act for the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person and government against treasonable and seditious practices and attempts; the other, "an Act for the more effectually preventing seditious meetings and assemblies." These bills were esteemed by Dr. Parr as aiming a deadly blow at the vitals of the constitution, and nearly establish-

ing a despotism. Boldly did he proclaim his opi nion, that they constituted a treasonable attempt against the liberties of the country; and before a large company assembled to celebrate his birth-day on Jan. 26th, 1796, he stoutly proposed the toast, "Bills for the necks of the authors of the two Bills."

The fatal measure of suspending cash payments by the Bank of England in the following year, gave Ministers an unlimited command over the resources of the country. The practice of borrowing was thus trained into a system, admitting every excess of profusion and prodigality. The future was mortgaged at an easy rate, and ruin thus crept into the estates and concerns of men, without their being aware of the slow-speeding mischief. That mischief, indeed, was foreseen by the prudent, and the ruin likely to flow from it was not left to proceed without the warning voice of the wise. Other fearful events occurred daily; a mutinous and revolted navy—Ireland nearly in arms, together with the menaces of additional calamity, at length roused a part of the people to petition for a removal of Ministers and a change of system. Warwickshire, as a county, had seldom acted on Whig principles. In this emergency it was stirred with difficulty, yet, by the perseverance of Dr. Parr, at last effectually. A requisition, highly respectable, was signed and sent to the High Sheriff, Robert Knight, Esq. of Barrells, who convened the meeting on the 31st of May, 1797. The following letter of Mr. Greatheed, of Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, to Dr. Parr, breathes

a spirit which the awfulness of the times had inspired into many other gentlemen in the county:

MY DEAR SIR,

If Lord Guildford and Sir Francis Burdett have joined us it is very good. I did not know the latter had any property in the county. As to Sir ——— I like not neutralists in such times as these, however politely it may be garbed; it is one thing to think a measure impolitic, and another not to support it when once embraced; and as to his fear of producing disunion in the county, that paltry excuse of paltry and selfish politicians, I am sick of it. God grant that we may produce disunion in the county! The union we have had has nearly proved fatal to England. There is one passage in the address which requires alteration; it is this, "a contest which, having *ceased* to be *necessary*, can *scarcely* be deemed just." We, as well as our friends in Parliament, have constantly and invariably denied that it ever was either necessary or just, which this sense admits it to have been; nay, after this necessity, so granted, has ceased, it hesitates to pronounce it unjust. Adieu, ever yours, BERTIE GREATHEED.

The majority of the aristocracy of the county was against the Petition. It was, however, carried by a majority of those present, though some doubts have been cast upon the propriety of Mr. Knight's determination. All doubts, however, must end, since we have the evidence of that upright and accomplished gentleman, the late Sir John Throckmorton, in the following letter to Dr. Parr:

DEAR SIR, *Curzon-street, June* 13, 1797.

Having been witness of the proper and impartial conduct of Mr. Knight, as Sheriff, at Warwick, on the 31st, I shall seize, with pleasure, the opportunity of signing any paper which will make a public attestation of my sentiments on the subject.

Mr. Knight has just been with me, and shewn me a letter he has received from Lord Warwick, in which he disclaims all per-

sonal reflections, though he adheres to his opinion that they had the majority of numbers. This, I believe, will finish the correspondence, and Mr. Knight will now draw up his statement of what has passed. I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

J. THROCKMORTON.

*** Mr. Fox's opinion of the Petition is contained in the following letters to Dr. Parr:

MY DEAR SIR, *South-street, Nov.* 19, 1795.

I return you many thanks for your two letters, and am very glad things were so properly settled at Warwick. If you think there is a reasonable prospect of success, I own I could wish there were some attempt made to get a petition from your part of the country against the two Bills now pending. It is impossible, even for those who most wish to be blind, not to see that they are a part of a decided system calculated to bring on, as speedily as possible, what Mr. Hume calls the euthanasia of the British Constitution.

I am, very sincerely, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *South-street, May* 12.

I received your letter last Monday upon coming to town, after a few days holidays in the country; and I hope you will think the agitation we have all here been in, on account of the state of things at Portsmouth, a sufficient excuse for my not having till this day found an opportunity of answering it.

I think nothing can be more proper than the draft of the petition you inclose, and shall think it a great triumph if it succeeds in a county so little disposed to Whig modes of thinking as Warwickshire is supposed to be. Sir George Shuckburgh has voted with us pretty steadily this winter; whether this is likely to have any effect among his constituents you can judge better than I.

Affairs at Portsmouth, by this morning's account, seem to have a far better aspect, and, for the *present*, I should hope things will be quiet. The worst news is every day apprehended from Ireland. Yours most faithfully, C. J. Fox.

In preparation for the Warwick meeting, Dr. Parr wrote down a speech, which he intended to deliver in moving the address and petition. That petition went to the removal of Mr. Pitt, and, as Mr. Pitt's financial abilities were the ground of his support by the nation, Parr entered into minute calculation to show his errors and his profusion. He showed that the actual charge for interest of the debt, accumulated in one year of the French war, exceeded, by more than a quarter of a million, the whole charge for eight years of the American war. Again;

Let us compare (said he) the debt as it was found by Mr. Pitt in the year 1782, £6,688,000. per annum, and as he made it up from 1792 to December, 1796, £6,701,000, and we shall find that the debt produced by all the wars in the reigns of William, Queen Anne, George I., II, III., up to the last year of the American, fell short of the annual charge made upon us for four years during Mr. Pitt's war, up to December 1796, by £13,000.

He then enters further into long calculations, and, after detecting some gross errors, ends with the following animated declamation:

Whether this difference is to be imputed to want of penetration, or want of veracity, I shall not determine; but in either case he forfeits his title to the confidence of every man who, with the smallest appearance of consistency or sincerity, can pretend to common sense or common honesty in matters of calculation. I do not deny that the Minister has done his best, I am not eager to convince his prejudiced or venal admirers that other Ministers would have done better; but I contend, in defiance of refutation, that the most negligent blunderer, or the most adventurous spendthrift, or the most dexterous deceiver, could not have done worse. By squandering the public money with such prodigality, he resembled what Montesquieu

says of the tyrant's laying heavy imposts upon his miserable slaves. He is like him who takes his axe, cuts down the tree, eager to gather the fruit.

The Petition itself was conceived in the same spirit, and couched in the same forcible terms; and, for the second time, the great aristocratical influence of Warwickshire was obliged to yield to a renovated spirit of opposition.

These views of politics met with few reciprocations of sentiment from the great majority of those who had power or votes in the nation. The little band of Opposition went on, however, in steady phalanx; they stood like a rock of adamant in the midst of the battle; faithful to freedom and to the true cause of their country; unmoved by the scorn or the menaces of the besotted, or the misguided, or the mistaken. Nor did it require any common degree of fortitude to repel the base attempts, or to withstand the hostile attacks, of the armed majority. From 1793 to 1800, the friends of Mr. Fox were, in fact, the friends of their country. Yet were they despised, and taunted, and almost hissed out of the social intercourse of their countrymen.

After the passing of the two Bills, the hand of power pressed heavily on the lowest classes of opposition, and an example of its ridiculous excess was exhibited at Hatton in the treatment of one of Parr's parishioners. By some foolish frolic of one of Parr's pupils, a tailor at Hatton, of the name of Smallwood, was represented to the Earl of Warwick, Lord Lieutenant of the county, as entertaining revolutionary projects, and concealing arms for the

purpose of overthrowing the government. The Lord Lieutenant, impelled probably by the duty which belonged to his high station, commanded the tailor's house to be searched. His lordship had himself an interview, either at the time, or soon after the search, with the family of Smallwood, and, it is said, excused himself for so rigorous an exercise of his power by the notoriety of the jacobinical principles of the parson of the parish. It is believed that neither arms nor ammunition were found; that the implements of his trade were the only offensive or defensive weapons possessed by the suspected mechanic;* and I can readily conceive that the Lord Lieutenant, who was a very good-natured man, would laugh at the consequences of the frolic when he became undeceived. Dr. Parr was more aggrieved by the term applied to him, and less readily appeased. He wrote a very angry letter to Lord Warwick, who very faintly denied having called him a Jacobin, and, indeed, did not appear to be very anxious about keeping on terms with the Doctor. Dr. Parr must have deeply offended him by his conduct in the election for the borough of Warwick, in 1789. He then pledged himself, by public advertisements, for Mr. Greville, in direct opposition to the interest of the Castle; and there is an interesting correspondence between him, Mr. Ladbroke, and Mr. Greville, on the subject, which,

* The tailor's wife sent the searchers into the garden, after they had looked over the house; intimating that their only arsenal was there.

with the electioneering hand-bills, are now before me. Dr. Parr was so angry with Lord Warwick on this occasion, for what he conceived his encroachments on the independence of the borough, this unkind treatment of his brother, Mr. Greville, that he printed, or rather gave to Mr. Ladbroke to print, an invective against Lord Warwick, which, for poignant satire, and vigorous elegance of style, might be compared with the best or the worst productions of political rancour. This letter is preserved, and was designed to be published without inserting the names; but I think we have consulted the real dignity of our friend's character by omitting it. In a happier moment, and with the best feelings, he commanded the memorials of his angry controversy with two other gentlemen to be buried, as much as they could be, in oblivion. He had vented his rage against Lord Warwick when in the height of his controversial career; and, perhaps, had not fresh bitterness been poured into his soul, there can be little doubt that the resentment itself would have passed away. But when the Lord Lieutenant of the county had almost officially exhibited him as a traitor, he was quite right to demand satisfaction, and by every means to enforce justice. He did demand satisfaction, but justice he did not obtain. He threatened—his menaces were scorned; and Lord Warwick insultingly desired to be one of the subscribers to any work which Dr. Parr might publish against him. Parr did not print his second letter; but he never forgot the wrong he had sustained. Both the letters remain; and when all the

delicacies of personal consideration, and all the ranklings of party jealousy, shall have died away, they may be published as specimens of the enormous power of vigorous and enlightened intellect, when it holds the thunder-bolt in its hand, and darts the lightning of invective.

It is my painful duty so frequently to exhibit Dr. Parr under the influence of the angry passions. No man, however, indulges in them with impunity: they shake the bosom in which they rage, and the moral, no less than the physical man, becomes diseased and deformed when they agitate him unduly and unceasingly. It is our interest, therefore, as much as it is our duty, to put an end to them in time: for an end to them there must be; we cannot live in whirlwinds and in hurricanes.

CHAPTER XII.

Spital Sermon,—Alderman Combe,—Mr. Godwin, — Dr. Samuel Butler, — Dr. Burney, — Dr. Charles Parr Burney, — Amanuenses, — John Bartlam,—Mr. E. H. Barker,—Mr. Shackleton.

Mr. Alderman Combe was chosen Lord Mayor of London in the latter end of the year 1799, and in his official capacity, appointed Dr. Parr to preach the Spital Sermon. Dr. Parr performed this duty with great ability. As a composition, his discourse will not suffer by a comparison with any of his predecessors, and even in length, it, perhaps, exceeded most of them, though in this respect, Dr. Isaac Barrow was longer in delivery by an hour. Dr. Parr was not quite two hours; Dr. Barrow, it is said, was three.* Whatsoever might have been the fondness for long sermons, and it was a fondness certainly not patronised by the Court; a fondness much lessened even from the good old times; certain it is, that our contemporaries shewed some sign of impatience at the additional hour, and that

* "Marshal and Burgess (says Hume), two puritanical clergymen, were chosen to preach before them (Long Parliament), and entertained them with discourses seven hours in length."

even the Court of Aldermen was not quite exempt from some manifestations of restlessness. Barrow's sermon, as it is printed, consists of 39 folio pages: Dr. Parr's of 51 large octavo, with 212 of notes.

This sermon may be considered as the first direct metaphysical effusion of Dr. Parr's pen. Part of it, indeed, was professedly pointed at Mr. Godwin, and we shall soon take occasion to notice Dr. Parr's most vigorous and satisfactory answer to this able writer. The metaphysical part, however, is not that which stamps the highest value on this composition. It was the last public effusion of his sentiments on general education, now matured by the experience and studies of more than fifty years; and closes a series of didactic discourses, unrivalled in our own language, for originality, learning, and eloquence. For, in the intermediate time between the sermons preached at Norwich and the Spital, Parr frequently proclaimed his sentiments on popular education from the pulpit, and four sermons are published in these works, for the first time, on Liberality and Charity, the beneficial effects and right application of labour, and on Benevolence in all its relations to man. The first of them was preached at Coventry; the second at Bewdley; the two others at Birmingham.

In his first discourse at Norwich, Parr had advocated the cause of the poor, in the most simple form of public address. He spoke of no systems, he condemned no theories. As a Christian minister, he pleaded for his kind, and sought instruction for him that had it not.

In the enlarged discourse, he not only advised; he attacked. The systems of the author of the fable of the Bees, and of Emile, were his marks; and he directed the shafts of his learning, his reasoning, his wit, and even his satire, with irresistible force against the theories of those sceptical and eloquent innovators.

His first sermon was practical; his second was polemical and philosophical; the four others were practical and philosophical. The Spital Sermon associated all these qualities together. It, perhaps, may be regretted, that Dr. Parr wasted so much power in overthrowing a neglected dogma in the Spital Sermon. The poet* had already put the philosophy of the question in its proper light; and the gigantic theologian † had made that philosophy accommodate itself to the tenets of orthodoxy. The massive club of his learning was not, therefore, required to crush it.

Universal, or unlimited philanthrophy, as the key-stone of a system of ethics, has neither coherence nor solidity, To feel kindly towards all men, and to wish well to all men, is the natural bent of every undebauched mind; for he who protects his own household, and has no unjust propensities, either in regard to gain, or irregular desire, can have no bad feelings. The high-wrought sensibilities of romantic life indeed, may picture the ideal

* "Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake, &c."

† The sturdy antagonist of Crousaz in "The Republic of Letters," 1742-3, and the author of a "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy," particularly the third letter.

form of entire perfection. Perfectibility thus becomes a part of the philosophy of such heated fancies—and fancy, when it moves only in its peculiar sphere of action, is an useful adjunct to our existence. But if it ever interfere with our sober duties, it is no longer innoxious; by stirring up the more solid qualities into froth, they lose their powers, they cease to invigorate, and end in nothing.

Formed for *particular* offices, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, protectors, all our duties are proximate not remote, social and co-relative. The laws of society, and common humanity, exactly define our duties as citizens; and whensoever we endeavour to expand them into universal philanthrophy, they elude our grasp, and become incontrolable and impracticable. How absurd would it be, to spend our main efforts, and wishes, and fortunes, in making and devising comforts for the Esquimaux. Our estimate of human misery, and our wishes to relieve it, must be formed under our own observation, and made with our own hands, or by our own efforts, to be just and to be beneficial. If we have a superflux, to be sure, we may send it abroad. In general it is better for us to look and work at home; and if we look keenly and honestly, we have business enough to do.

Parr's Spital Sermon is especially valuable, by directing us to this practical view of men and things. "Let us do good unto all men, especially to those that are of the household of faith," was his text. Particular benevolence is our main duty.

Christian benevolence points out the course of performing that duty — the household of faith. Not confining our benevolence within a narrow range, but specifying the household of faith as the chief objects, that the principle might not be left without limitation.

The notes to the Spital Sermon take a compendious view of the systems of ethics of the philosophers of all ages, and the compendium is illustrated copiously from the vast magazine of Parr's learning.

I have ventured to make the notes very copious (says he) because I wish to save my reader the trouble of consulting books, and because I was anxious to place distinctly in his view, the opinions of eminent writers, on the interesting subject of benevolence.

On justice, in which term, "all our social virtues have been resolved, by one writer, and all our duties included by others," he has set forth such premises as will enable the reader to form a judgment of the use to which *all* writers have applied it; and showing

That the ancient writers did not set justice in *opposition* to any other social virtues, such as gratitude, liberality, or parental affection; that they did not erect systems upon the basis of justice, nor employ the colossal weight of the term, in crushing other moral excellencies, which, *together* with justice, were considered as pillars in the temple of virtue.

The great note on benevolence, at page 65; on atheism, at page 91; the defence and praise of the universities, at 107; and the long list of great and

good men which they have produced, admit of no abridgment. The connection of Ethics with Theology, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments, as it is *really* laid down in Scripture, close this extraordinary volume, in which Parr unfolds his metaphysical modes of thinking, and his Ethical code, and some even of his theological opinions more at length, than in any of the works he had hitherto published. I wish there were space enough to include every word he has written in defence of the *old establishments*, the English Universities.

The vulgar opinions, and erroneous judgments, formed by those who are not acquainted with them, shrink to nothing at the touch of Parr's Ithuriel spear, and overwhelmed in prejudice must that intellect be which is not enlightened by his argument, although dazzled by the blaze of illustrious names with which he has adorned his page, and demonstrated his position.

Before I advert to some of these names, the dear friends, or the learned correspondents, of Dr. Parr, it behoves me to take notice of certain criticisms and attacks made on the Spital Sermon and its author.

In the first place, we have seen in reviewing the attack made on Dr. Parr by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, that it was *deemed ridiculous to compare the Birmingham Doctor with Dr. Sam. Johnson*; and yet it was unjustly urged against him that he mimicked Johnson's style.* Wishing to

* See Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 325.

speak with due reverence of so great a man as Johnson, I listen, however, with impatience to such observations. In his early life, indeed, he did not disdain to imitate and applaud that style, and throughout life he was the sincere and the warm admirer of Johnson's great powers, and of the developement of them under such unpropitious circumstances. None, however, but silly worshippers, or zealot partisans, could deem it ridiculous to compare Johnson and Parr. In weight of intellect they were nearly matched; in copiousness of diction Parr was superior, though the indistinctness of his utterance made Johnson's slow and ponderous elocution more impressive. In learning Parr was a thousand strong, where Johnson had only his hundreds; but he had a tenfold superiority in another and a more important quality of a debater. Those who were in the habit of frequenting Johnson's company, however awed they might be by his gigantic strength, could not fail to observe that he too often used it like a giant. The centre of a circulating system of his own, a sort of literary despot, he suffered no rival near the throne, and when he was contradicted he always resented. His conversations of course generally became contests, and in these contests his chief struggle was for victory. In the heat of argumentation I fear it cannot be denied that he was accustomed to use unlawful weapons; and that he voluntarily confounded some of the distinctions, *veri et falsi,* to bewilder his antagonist. I speak this *only* of his verbal disputations, not of his writings.

Parr was as eager for victory as Johnson, but his scymitar was never drawn or wielded against the truth. He would sometimes parry the brave thrusts, and sometimes play with the feeble assaults of his antagonist; but never, never did I hear of his striking at the naked truth. The wily sophist he was sure to expose—the frothy wrangler he was sure to overthrow. But he met with few rivals in disputation, because he had few equals in eloquence or learning; and perhaps there is no instance in the records of learning in which a mighty mind scattered its great stores with such prodigality as did Dr. Parr. What lighted his pipe would have been illumination enough for many an ordinary scholar. Burke was his chief idol—Johnson he worshipped also. His household gods were the sages of all periods of civilization, and of all nations.—His style sprung out of his profound learning, and his intellectual energy and dexterity; and became less perfect only when he chose to select from the stores of others that which he possessed in greater abundance and excellence among his own.

The Spital Sermon brought forth a reply from Mr. Godwin. He had visited Hatton in October 1794, and professed that he recollected with singular satisfaction the happiness he enjoyed in Dr. Parr's company and conversation, and that he never spent a week with higher personal pleasure. He afterwards spent several days at Hatton in 1795, with as much satisfaction. They corresponded, and it does not appear that the correspondence was broken off till December 1799. In that month, a

letter, supposed by Mr. Godwin to be important, remained unanswered, and there is no other letter till April 24th, 1800. In the mean time Dr. Parr preached his Spital Sermon. Mr. Godwin either heard it preached, or somehow became acquainted with the language and sentiments of it, and wrote a complaint to Dr. Parr in consequence. The following is Dr. Parr's reply:

SIR, *Tuesday, April 29th*, 1800.

I have read your letter attentively, and I believe that you know enough of my various and importunate avocations in London, to consider them as a sufficient excuse for the delay of my answer. "You designed (it seems) to ask me whether I had received a letter from you written in December last?" "You meant" also "to have listened to know whether intention, or simple forgetfulness, had caused it to remain unanswered?" You further represent it, "as appearing to yourself not an ordinary letter, but one the author of which was entitled to a reply." If you had seen me, and spoken what you thus wrote, I should not have given you the trouble of *listening* to hear my answer. Without professing to adopt your system about the undistinguishing disclosure of truth, I shall follow my own, which appears to me equally sound and salutary.

A parcel came to my house in December last when I was absent. Upon my return I opened it, and found four volumes, together with a letter, which, from the direction, I knew to be from you; I read only the preface to your novel, and afterwards having heard from Mrs. Parr some account of its contents, I felt no curiosity at the time to look into them. I happened to be then very busy upon subjects which were far more interesting to me, and perhaps if I had been more at leisure, yet I might not have found myself disposed to read your book, till I knew the opinion entertained of it by the very sagacious person whom I had desired to peruse it. Certainly, Sir, I was not for one moment insensible of your civility in sending it to me. But I had determined to return it to you; and the reluctance I felt to do what might seem to you ungracious, made

me put off from day to day the execution of what I intended. I now thank you, Sir, for sending me the book. I apologize to you for not making any acknowledgments sooner; and after my arrival at Hatton I will take the earliest opportunity of conveying back to you the volumes, which, for obvious reasons, I cannot keep without impropriety.

Your letter I laid aside, and as I did not expect to find the contents of it agreeable to me, I left it unopened. With some uncertainty whether I should or should not venture to read it, I afterwards looked for it in my library and could not find it. But my search was not very diligent, and I suppose that some day or other it must fall into my hands. I cannot, however, pledge myself either upon finding to read, or, upon reading, to answer it.

I have told you, Sir, with all possible plainness every circumstance I remember about your letter and the books; and in consequence of what you wrote to me the other day I think myself justified in confessing that I now am not disposed towards you entirely, as I once was.

Your letter of April 24th goes on thus—"This subject dismissed, I should then have mentioned your Sermon of Easter Tuesday. I spoke in the letter above referred to of Mackintosh's lectures, in which that gentleman, without the manliness of mentioning me, takes occasion three times a week to represent me to an audience of an hundred persons as a wretch unworthy to live." Indeed, Sir, I must congratulate myself upon not opening a letter containing a passage so offensive to me as this misrepresentation of Mr. Mackintosh, be it accidental or voluntary. From various quarters I had heard of the ability and success with which Mr. Mackintosh had combated opinions which you are supposed to hold, and of which I am accustomed to disapprove. But I never was told by other men that he had been guilty of any unbecoming personalities towards you; and by Mr. Mackintosh *himself* I have been informed that he never insulted your character, never pronounced your name, never even opposed your tenets as holden by yourself exclusively. You will, therefore, permit me to express my fixed belief, that what you wrote in your former letter, and have repeated in your last, is utterly unwarranted

by the conduct of Mr. Mackintosh in his lectures. Of his genius, his judgment, his erudition, and his taste, I have always thought and spoken with high admiration. From the doubts which I may now and then have entertained of his firmness, I am happily relieved; by experience I am convinced of his sincerity in friendship, and for the important services which he is now rendering to a cause which is most dear to my heart, I gladly give him the tribute of my thanks and my praise.

I return to your letter, in which you say "your Sermon, I learn from all hands, was on the same subject, handled I take it for granted, from what I know of your character, in a very different spirit. I am sorry for this." Be assured, Sir, that you have done no more than justice when you acquit me of describing you as a wretch unworthy to live. I hope, Sir, you are not sorry *for this*.

For the principles which I defend in the pulpit I am conscious of an awful responsibility, not only to society, but to Almighty God, and it is at my own peril that in speaking of my fellow creatures I forget the obligations which lie upon me to preserve the candour of a gentleman, and the charity of a Christian. Let me hope for this also you are not sorry.

In your letter you thus proceed: "Since Mackintosh's lectures it has become a sort of fashion with a large party to join in the cry against me. It is the part, I conceive, of original genius to give the tone to others, rather than to join a pack after it has already become loud and numerous."

So far as the foregoing passage contains a statement of facts relating to other men, it may, or it may not be just; so far as it contains your general opinion upon the duty of men who are endowed with original genius, I am inclined rather to admit than to controvert it. But if it be meant in any degree whatsoever to contain a particular accusation against me, I must lament the want of precision and the want of fairness in the writer. Sir, I lay no claims to that original genius which is to give the tone to others. But I have too delicate a sense of decorum to join a pack because it is loud and numerous, or to act with a party because it is large, or to repeat any cry against you because it is fashionable. I trust, Sir, that upon re-considering what you have thus written, you will be very sorry for

it; and let your motives be what they may when you wrote the passage above mentioned, and let your feelings be what they may when you have re-considered it, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it quite unauthorized either by what you know of my general character, or from what you can have heard from any man of sense about my late sermon at Christ Church.

"These subjects," you proceed to say, "were better adapted for a conversation than a letter; and I much wish they had been so treated. Every difference of judgment is not the proper topic for a grave complaint."

Confessing myself at a loss to find any close connection between the beginning and the conclusion of the foregoing paragraph, I am under the necessity of replying to them separately. If the subjects upon which you meant to speak to me were those upon which you actually have written to me, I think that they may be discussed more temperately and more correctly by letter than by conversation; and, of course, I very much rejoice that they have not been treated in the manner in which you very much wish to treat them. True it is, that every difference of judgment is not the proper topic for grave complaint. But if I had joined a pack against you, there would have been reason for very loud complaint on your part; and if you in conversation had accused me, as you seem to accuse me in writing, of having acted thus unbecomingly, I should have complained of you not for weakness of judgment, but for rashness in reproach, not for differing from me on a point of opinion, but for calumniating me on a point of fact.

I now quote your concluding paragraph: "If, however, both my letter and my visits would have passed unnoticed, I am entitled to conclude that you have altered your mind respecting me. In that case I should be glad if you would answer to your own satisfaction what crime I am chargeable with now in 1800, of which I had not been guilty in 1794, when with so much kindness and zeal you sought my acquaintance?"

The letter you wrote to me on the 24th of April does not pass unnoticed. Your visit entitled you to civility; and yet I am under the painful necessity of acknowledging that I do not wish you in future to give yourself the trouble of writing to me any more letters, or favouring me with any more visits.

Upon the alteration of my mind respecting you, I can speak entirely to my own satisfaction, though not without some doubts upon the degree in which you will be glad to find that I am satisfied.

I never sought your acquaintance, Sir, with any zeal. I received you with kindness when you were introduced to me by Mr. Mackintosh; and in all our subsequent interviews I have treated you with the respect that is due to your talents and attainments. But before the year 1800 I had ceased to think of you so favourably as I thought of you in 1794.

I had not in 1794 read in your Enquirer the passage where you speak so unjustly and so irreverently about the founder of that religion of which you know that I am a teacher, and of which you can have no reasons for doubting but that I am a sincere believer; and in truth, Sir, though I found in that book many judicious observations upon life, and many pleasing instances of your improvement of style, still your misstatement of Christ's meaning, and your insinuations against his benevolence, have recurred to me again and again, and from the resemblance they bear to the impious effusions of M. Voltaire, which I have lately read, they have displeased, and ever will displease me more and more.

I had not, in 1794, been shocked in common with all wise and good men by a work which you entitle "Memoirs of the Author of the Rights of Woman."

I had not discovered the dreadful effects of your opinions upon the conduct, the peace, and the welfare of two or three young men whose talents I esteemed, and whose virtues I loved.

I had not then seen your eagerness and perseverance in employing every kind of vehicle to convey to every class of readers those principles which, so long as they appeared only in the form of a metaphysical treatise, might have done less extensive mischief.

Above all, Sir, I had not considered the dangerous tendency of your tenets, with the seriousness which the situation of the moral and political world has lately produced in my mind, upon subjects most interesting to the happiness of society, and to the preservation of that influence which virtue and religion

ought to have upon the sentiments and the actions of mankind. I am, Sir, very sincerely your well-wisher and obedient humble servant, SAMUEL PARR.

I believe Dr. Parr's acquaintance with Mr. Godwin was not renewed, for I find that he returned St. Leon, one of his works, with the following note.

For reasons which were some time ago communicated to Mr. Godwin, Dr. Parr takes the liberty of returning him a book which has been read by Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Wynne, and Catharine, and he begs leave to unite with them in thanks to the courtesy of the writer. In the sincerity of his soul Dr. Parr wishes Mr. Godwin health, prosperity, and such a state of mind as, united with the possible and proper use of his great talents, may obtain for him a lasting reputation among wise and good men, and secure his happiness both now and hereafter.

Mr. Godwin replied in a pamphlet, after the publication of the Spital Sermon, entitled, "Thoughts occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon; being a Reply to the attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh," &c. In this reply he says (alluding to Dr. Parr),

He is not an apostate, or not an apostate in the sense in which the persons there referred to are such.

Thus, directly asserting, in some sense, he is an apostate. Again,

Though I do not accuse Dr. Parr of tergiversation, or tergiversation of the same sort as theirs whose conduct he is now imitating,

is language accusing him of some sort of tergiversation. Again,

His head and his logic have, I believe, scarcely ever been favourable to experiments, or to speculations which might lead to experiments for meliorating the political condition of mankind. I have always found him the advocate of old establishments, and, what appeared to me, old abuses. But in this respect his heart seemed to my apprehension much better than his logic.

Again,

And, independently of Dr. Parr's sanction, which is too easily gained, and too easily forfeited, for me to be disposed to lay much stress upon it.

This last sentiment has at least been copied by one of Mr. Godwin's friends, and quoted against Dr. Parr; and it is not improbable that the others have been re-echoed by his disciples. Whether Mr. Godwin had any right to complain, or to complain in the way he does, of the desertion of Dr. Parr and Mr. Mackintosh, I decide not.

In the list of those scholars who distinguished themselves in the English Universities, Parr has noticed only those of his own personal friends and pupils who had become eminent by authorship or station, or who had sunk prematurely into the grave. Among the former he has spoken of Richard Porson, τοῦ πάνυ θαυμαστοῦ; Dr. Charles Burney, τοῦ κριτικωτάτου καὶ πολυμαθεστάτου; Dr. Routh, τοῦ ἑταίρου ἐμοῦ φρονιμωτάτου καὶ δικαιοτάτου; Mr. Twining, of Colchester, τοῦ Αττικωτάτου. The late John Tweddell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, he characterised,

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

Among other names are Thomas Maurice, Henry Headley, Thomas Monro, Dr. Martin Davy, and Sir Thomas Rivers, " my worthy and accomplished pupils;" and such was his sense of what was due, even to partial merit, that he did not forget the name of William Beloe. The general enumeration renewed many old acquaintances, and healed some misunderstanding between Parr and his friends.

On the occasion of *his* name being inserted in this list of worthies, Mr. Butler, Head Master of the school at Shrewsbury, wrote to acknowledge his sense of the compliment. In September, 1791, began Dr. Parr's acquaintance with him, then a boy leaving Rugby School, and actually, or about to be, entered at Christ Church, under the tuition of the present Dean. By Parr's interference this plan was changed, and Cambridge was chosen, as more likely to be conducive to the interests of the young scholar, who had been introduced to his notice by the merit of a copy of Latin verses. Mr. Butler was entered at St. John's in 1791, and the following year distinguished himself by gaining two University prizes, and, during his residence, by securing every classical honour of the University, and, at last, a Fellowship of his College. From 1793 to 1801 there appears to have been no intercourse. It was in this interval that Butler established himself as a scholar, was preferred to be Head Master of Shrewsbury School, and was, in 1802, presented to the living of Kenilworth, his native place. In 1806, on the resignation of Dr. Ingles, he was candidate for the place of Head Master of Rugby School. Parr felt the utmost zeal on this occasion;

but his zeal was unavailing, though exerted for the interests, and on the behalf of one whose learning was scarcely surpassed, and whose diligence and skill in the instruction and management of youth were unrivalled, and who appears to have been the only candidate on the day of election who had been educated at the school; a qualification which, independently of the credit he had obtained for the school by gaining more classical prizes at the University than *all* the scholars which had been sent from it, gave him a claim to preference, *cæteris paribus*, above the other candidates, under the Act of Parliament *then* existing for the regulation of the school.

The following letter contains the only testimonial given by Parr, who did not choose to make any personal application or appeal to the trustees, as he himself has stated in the following letter:

DEAR SIR, *Caius Coll. Cambridge, Dec.* 12, 1806.

When the Head Mastership of Harrow was vacant, I pointed out a plan to your learned namesake, which he followed punctually and successfully; and when an appeal to the Archbishop, as visitor, had become necessary, from equality of votes among the electors, I wrote to Sir Samuel Romilly a letter, which found its way to his Grace, and to which he paid the attention due to my experience as a teacher of young men, and to my fidelity in the recommendation of a candidate.

During my residence at Hatton I have not been a careless observer of the events which have occurred at Rugby, and much information has reached me about the choice of Masters, the appointment of trustees, the disposal of scholarships, the process of examination, the general plan of instruction and government, and the constitution of the school, as regulated by Parliament. In regard to the present trustees, I understand them to be men respectable for rank and fortune, and I think

that they must have the advantage of many local circumstances to direct their judgment. But I have the honour to know some of them, I am slightly acquainted with the rest, and for these, as well as other and perhaps weightier reasons, I feel a considerable reluctance to address them in the language of direct and formal recommendation. If I were writing a book, you should find me ready and earnest in doing justice to your meritorious exertions, and your judicious opinions on subjects of literature. On the present occasion I have no hesitation in communicating to you what I have already stated, and shall hereafter state, to the scholars of this kingdom, on the marked and solid pretensions you have for Rugby. You were educated on the spot, and must thoroughly understand the peculiarities of the system which is established there. You stood high in the esteem of Dr. James, to whose erudition, and activity, and integrity, every boy, every parent, every trustee concerned in the school, must owe the most important obligations. You did credit to your Master by the whole course of your academical life, and it will give you pleasure to be told that your literary qualifications are highly valued in this place, and that a great anxiety for your success has, in my presence, been repeatedly expressed by persons whose praise must be animating to you, and whose good wishes are founded on their conviction of your distinguished merit.

To ample, and, I add, more than sufficient store of erudition, you add acknowledged diligence, long experience, and, what I value yet more, a sincere and generous zeal for the improvement of every person entrusted to your care. Mr. Butler, I know the extent and variety of the qualifications upon which you may rest your claims, and therefore, not so much from personal friendship for yourself, as from a well-grounded and well-directed anxiety for the intellectual and moral interests of our youth, I most unfeignedly wish you success.

You have my prompt and full permission to shew this letter to your friends; for I consider myself, not as conferring a favour, but as discharging a duty, when I send you this memorial of my approbation, respect, and confidence.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful well-wisher, and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Dr. Butler did not succeed. It was the good fortune of Shrewsbury not to lose him: for from thence have proceeded, since Dr. Butler's system has been in full work, more prize scholars than from any one other establishment, of similar magnitude, in England. The letter to Mr. Brougham may this year (1828) be enlarged by the addition of 23 public prizes gained in the English Universities,* besides far more numerous ones in their several colleges, and various other academical honours and emoluments gained by his scholars, among whom my affectionate friendship for an eminently learned and distinguished young man irresistibly impels me to insert the name of Benjamin

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* Dr. Butler, I trust, will pardon me for making public a list of honours gained by his pupils to the present time, March 31, 1828, which admits of few parallels.

Browne Medals, *Cambridge*	8
Chancellor's Medals	5
Porson Prizes	4
Members Prizes	7
Bell Scholars	3
Ditto voted equal (one of them his own son)	2
Senior Classic	1
First Class Classics	6
University Scholars	3
Ireland Scholars, *Oxford*	2
Vice Chancellor's Prizes, *Dublin*	7
	48
To these may be added :—	
Seatonian Prize, *Cambridge*	1
Norrisian ditto	1
	50

Hall Kennedy, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Some domestic disturbances having occasioned the removal of Mrs. Wynne (Dr. Parr's eldest daughter) to Shrewsbury, she received the kindest attentions that declining health and unhappy circumstances admitted, from Dr. and Mrs. Butler. Their kindness was of such a nature, and was so bestowed, as to demand more than common gratitude. The two great scholars were united inseparably, and when, in a moment of anguish, Parr, torn from the natural ties of his family, was obliged to look out for heirs to his fortunes in aliens to his blood, he fixed on John Bartlam and Samuel Butler. In happier times, restored to his grand-children, and with increased resources, he finally bequeathed to Dr. Butler £1000, with many smaller tokens of kindness to his family.

In a letter, dated October 7, 1816, Parr's opinion of Dr. Butler is so fully stated in a few words, that, reserving an account of the funeral sermon for the close of this work, I shall quote it, such as it is, a true and affectionate memorial of friendship.

DEAR NAMESAKE,

O namesake, namesake, how affectionate is my regard for you, how deep and sincere is my respect for you. Yesterday I saw ——— for an hour. He is a noble fellow, and his intellect might be parcelled out with advantage among half a dozen Porsonians. Let us meet at Christmas, and meet often. I am bound to silence about the Professorship. It is a chaos of confusion: there is intrigue, and there is artifice, and twenty other vile things, in which you and I should disdain to have any concern. When you come hither my lips will be unsealed.

Maltby is the man who ought to be preferred. I am indignant at the Lambeth interposition. . . . . .

God bless you. Dr. Samuel Butler, you are a real Scholar. You have taste and sense; you have integrity and magnanimity. You are my esteemed, beloved, and respected friend, and therefore I am yours heartily, S. PARR.

And again, in a letter to Dr. Burney, dated Feb. 5, 1818, he says:

In heart, Samuel Butler, of Shrewsbury, is equal to any man in Christendom—in head, he has only two superior through the whole circle of my friends. He has no *envy*—no INSOLENCE—no servility.

With the celebrated Charles Burney, D.D. Dr. Parr became acquainted in 1783, and their correspondence, which commenced at this period, continued till Dr. Burney's death in 1817. The early correspondence is chiefly employed on critical subjects, on reviews written by Dr. Burney, with solicitations that Dr. Parr would undertake certain reviews himself, and give literary assistance to the London Magazine, of which Dr. Burney undertook the editorship, as appears by the following letter:

Chiswick, Aug. 7, 1783.

How ungrateful must I have appeared to you, my dear Sir! How unworthy the kindness I have experienced from you! But while you, in all probability, have been condemning me, I have been praying in the words of Dioscorides:

Αὐτόμαται σοὶ κρῆναι ἀναβλύζοιεν ἄκρητον,
Κ' ἦκ' μακάρων πρόχοαι νέκταρος ἀμβροσίην,
Αὐτόμοται δὲ φέροιεν ἰὸν, τὸ φιλέσπερον ἄνθος,
Κῆποι, καὶ μαλακὴ μύρτα τράφεντα δρόσῳ.

In short, I have never for a moment forgotten your goodness. But you shall hear how I have been engaged, and then I am sure you will relent and forgive me.

Soon after I received your last packet, which contained a treasure of learning and taste, I sent the former part of the article to the Review. I then had the editorship of the London Magazine offered me, with a very handsome salary. I was not in a situation to refuse so tempting an offer; but, as the size of the book was to be doubled, and the price raised, I was obliged to employ every leisure moment in collecting materials for the first number. Towards the end of June, as the papers probably informed you, I *commenced Benedict*, and immediately after the ceremony Mrs. Burney and myself set off for Birmingham, and were absent from Chiswick almost five weeks. On my return I found your kind letter, but my every hour was now employed in getting the Magazine ready for publication by the 1st of August, which was no easy task to achieve, as we began to print on the 15th of July instead of the 1st. I was, however, the printer allowed, indefatigable; and the book was ready in time. I have now a little leisure, and employ it in pleading my defence before one whom I would not, on any consideration, offend. Am I forgiven? Pray let me know, or at least inform me, how I may gain the place I once flattered myself I held in your favour. Will you write?

Αἰεὶ ζητήσω σὲ——σὺ δ'——
Τοῦ Λήθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὴ τι πιῇς πόματος.

or, as Jortin has imitated it:

Tu cave Lethæo continguas ora liquore.

I have sent the conclusion of the article H——d to Griffiths, and have finished with the passage of Cicero about the school of Isocrates, for which I am much obliged to you. It is an excellent *winding up*.

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

The Mag. will, I find, employ much of my leisure time, and half the Greek I was wont to read must content me. This is a circumstance which I most sincerely regret; but the offer was too lucrative in my situation to be rejected.

Might I ask Dr. Parr, do you think, my dear Sir,—Remember, I request *your* advice as a friend; might I ask him if he ever scratched down any critical or miscellaneous morsels on

any subject, no matter what, which he would wish to be published, so that the author's name was unknown? May I trouble you to put this question to him, as I should insert any thing from him with infinite pleasure, and could venture to assure him that no human being should ever know from whom the communication was received.

Adieu, my dearest Sir. Pray favour me soon with a letter, and believe me to be ever, with real respect and the greatest regard, your most obliged friend and servant,

CHARLES BURNEY.

In another letter, which is of great interest on account of a mention of the last days of the critic Toup, he says:

Pray have you heard lately of Toup. I last week received an account from a friend, who lives near Exeter, which grieved me excessively. He says, "You inquire about Toup. He lives (if he may be said to live at all) at Loo in Cornwall, the other side of the Plymouth river. He is reduced to a state of almost total idiotism! Canon Moore of Exeter was lately lamenting him very bitterly to me; and Archdeacon Hole informed me, about two months since, that three of his *colleagues* were nearly in the same state, viz. Dr. Dodwell, Mr. Toup, and Dr. Colwell, a physician of Plymouth. They were all of Exeter College in the Archdeacon's time, and all eminent for their abilities, though in a different way."

I cannot describe the painful feelings to which the perusal of this account gave rise. I know him only from his works. I need not cry out, with the chorus in Œdipus:

Εἴθε σ' εἴθε μήποτ' ἰδόμαν.

But yet,

Φεῦ, φεῦ· δύσταν'. ἀλλ' νὺδ' ἐσιδεῖν
Δύναμαί σ', ἐθέλων πολλ' ἀνερέσθαι,
Πολλὰ πνθέσθαι, πολλὰ δ' ἀθρῆσαι.

In another of his letters he speaks of the declining health of another great man;

I sat with Dr. Johnson for an hour last week; he received your compliments very thankfully, and was very sorry for your misfortune.* I am sure he will be glad to hear that you are so well recovered as to write yourself. He is far from well, and I shall be much afraid for him if the winter be severe. I am rather a favourite with him, and seldom go to town, if I have any time to spare, without calling on him. His faculties were not at all impaired by the paralytic stroke in the spring, though he does not articulate long words so clearly as he used to do.

In another letter, dated Dec. 21, 1784, he says:

Yesterday, my dear Sir, I followed our ever to be lamented friend, Dr. Johnson, to his last mansion—non omnis moriar—multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam—should be engraven on his stone. He died with the same piety with which he lived; and bestowed much pains during his last illness in endeavouring to convince some of his friends, who were in doubt, about the truth of the Christian religion. He has left behind him a collection of small Latin compositions in verse. They are principally translations of Collects and Greek epigrams. He was followed to the Abbey by a large troop of friends. Ten mourning coaches were ordered by the executors for those invited. Besides these, eight of his friends or admirers clubbed for two more carriages, in one of which I had a seat. But the executor, Sir John Hawkins, did not manage things well, for there was no anthem, or choir service performed—no lesson—but merely what is read over every old woman that is buried by the parish. Surely, surely, my dear Sir, this was wrong, very wrong. Dr. Taylor read the service—but, so-so. He lies nearly under Shakspeare's monument, with Garrick at his right hand, just opposite to the monument erected not long ago for Goldsmith by him and some of his friends. His Latin pieces will be published, but when, or how, I have not yet heard. They are principally in the hands of the worthy Mr. Langton. Poor Frank is left £70 a year for his life, and residuary legatee. * * * * * * * * *

* Dr. Parr had hurt himself by a fall from his horse.

You will find Griffiths very glad to see you, though his memory failed him, with regard to White's Sermons, about which I spoke, as soon as I arrived from Norwich; yet he thinks of Dr. Parr as I would wish him to think. He begs his best compliments to you, and if you can return the proof in a very few days, he shall be much obliged to you; but if you cannot, he proposes reserving it till next month. So his note of this morning says. You will, therefore, my dear Sir, act as you think right. The Cicero, at any rate, must wait. The Manilius, you see, makes about ten pages. It is *set up* in this form, in order to enable you to add, or diminish, or alter, as you please, which if it had been *set up* in pages of the review size, could not have been done so conveniently. Believe me, ever truly yours, C. BURNEY.

There is an interesting letter from Dr. Burney, father of Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr, dated Sept. 7, 1783, concerning the last sickness and death of Mr. Bewley of Massingham, the philosopher, who, "for more than twenty years supplied the editor of the Monthly Review with an examination of innumerable works in science, and articles of foreign literature, written with a force, spirit, candour, and, when the subject afforded occasion, humour, not frequently found in critical strictures." In the correspondence, there are several secrets with respect to reviews, and especially the Monthly Review: a few of these, and of Dr. Burney's other letters, containing notices of his classical occupations, and of Dr. Parr's two celebrated publications, will be published in the Appendix. Among the closing correspondence is an official note from Dr. Burney, who is employed by the Princess of Wales to invite Dr. Parr to dine at Montagu-house, Blackheath; and in the other papers are

some classical compositions in Greek and Latin, sent by Dr. Burney to Parr for criticisms and correction. The following is the dedication of Scapula's Lexicon from the manuscript of Dr. Askew, printed, as it was, in the ancient characters, from the correction of Parr; but containing four typographical errata, which are now removed:

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΩΙ · ΑCΚΕΟΥΙΩΙ ·
ΤΩΙ · ΜΑΚΑΡΙΤΗΙ ·
ΤΩΙ · ΤΗΝ · ΙΑΤΡΕΙΑΝ · ΔΕΙΝΩC · ΕΡΓΑCΑΜΕΝΩΙ ·
ΚΑΙ · ΆΠΑCΗC · CΧΕΔΟΝ · ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑC ·
ΜΑΛΙCΤΑ · ΔΕ · ΤΗC · ΈΛΛΗΝΙΚΗC ·
ΑΚΡΙΒΩC · ΤΕ · ΚΑΙ · CΠΟΥΔΑΙΩC ·
ΤΕΤΥΧΗΚΟΤΤ ·
ΤΟ · ΛΕΞΙΚΟΝ · ΤΟΥΤΟ ·
'ΟΙ · ΩΝΗCΑΝΤΕC · ΠΟΤΕ · ΕΚ · ΤΩΝ · ΑΥΤΟΥ : ΚΕΙΜΗΛΙΩΝ ·
ΚΑΙ · ΕC · ΤΟ · ΚΟΙΝΟΝ · ΠΡΩΤΟΝ · ΕΚΔΙΔΟΝΤΕC ·
ΕΥΕΡΓΕCΙΑC · ΚΑΙ · ΠΟΛΥΜΑΘΙΑC · ΧΑΡΙΝ ·
Γ · Λ · ΚΑΙ · Ι · C ·
ΒΙΒΛΙΟΠΩΛΑΙ · ΑΩΝΔΙΝΙΝΟΙ ·
ΑΝΕΓΡΑΨΑΝ ·
ΟΓΔΟΗΙ · ΕΠΙ · ΕΙΚΑΔΙ · ΙΑΝΟΥΑΡΙΟΥ · ΜΗΝΟC ·
Χ · ΡΗΗ · ΡΓΔΔΔ · Π ΙΙΙΙ.

Throughout the whole of Dr. Parr's letters, will be seen his estimation of Dr. Burney's great learning, "the deeply learned," "the very learned," "ὁ κριτικώτατος καὶ πολυμαθέστατος;" but the inscription which he has written for his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and which was erected to his memory, at the expense of his grateful pupils, is a public and lasting memorial, no less of Dr. Parr's exquisite taste and profound learning, than Dr. Burney's merits, as a man, a teacher of youth, a Christian, and a scholar.

The correspondence bears ample testimony, likewise, to the merits of Dr. Charles Parr Burney, of Greenwich, Dr. Parr's godson, the inheritor of many of the best social qualities of his father, and of a large portion of his learning and accomplishments. Vide Appendix.

Parr, perhaps, was unjust to some of his amanuenses, by not including them in the large list of academical worthies noticed in the Spital discourse; at least writing at this day without exact information respecting the ages of those who are now eminent, and of the publicity of their performances at that time, it appears strange that some noted names should have been omitted. Plures aliorum industria facile adjiciet, was his own remark. The best scholars, and the best writers among his pupils, were generally employed by him as his amanuenses, when he was composing. At Norwich, Dr. Maltby was very frequently employed; at Hatton, Dr. Davy, and the present Chancellor of Winchester, the Honourable Augustus Legge; but the lot soon fell on John Bartlam, after his arrival at Hatton, and in after-life, when Parr could get him to Hatton, or catch him any where else. Of this dear friend and companion of my life, I shall say a few words.

He was sent from Rugby, for an offence against discipline, and was received by Parr, with the consent of Dr. James, Master of Rugby school, with almost fatherly kindness. He deserved this protection; he was a boy of the kindliest disposition, of the highest powers, and considerable learn-

ing; but he required such a master as Parr to urge him on; for nothing but force could overcome his natural indecision, and his constitutional idleness. And now he wanted the guardian eye of a father, no less than the restraining hand of a master: for John Bartlam's father, who, through the influence of the late Marquis of Hertford, became an officer in the militia, whilst in attendance on his patron at Sudbourne, was drowned within view of the mansion. His excellent widow did her utmost for three surviving children, thus bereaved; she placed them all at Rugby, and had the satisfaction before she died to see them all in honourable stations. Thomas, the eldest, afterwards became Precentor of the Cathedral Church of Exeter, his father's patron having become his patron also; and John, from the tuition of Parr, became successively Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, Vicar of Tettenhall by the patronage of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart. Minister of Studley by the patronage of Robert Knight, Esq. of Barrels, then Vicar of Beoley by the patronage of Holmes Hunter, Esq. and finally of Ponteland, by the patronage of his College. With every capacity for acquiring the higher degrees of human knowledge, and with the actual acquisition of some very useful and ornamental branches of it, John Bartlam throughout life never pursued any regular system of learning, when the eye and the hand of the master were withdrawn. His love of company, and his convivial qualities, were a snare to him; he loved his friends, who were many, and was beloved by all who knew.

him. No man ever entered so warmly into the interests of others, and none more earnestly expressed their zeal for objects of his humanity, when he was once engaged. Yet had his idleness lucid intervals; he composed his essay on liberty in the midst of gay society, and no one knew that it had been composed, not even Parr himself, till the Chancellor's prize of the University of Oxford was adjudged to him. For his hospitality let me appeal to all those who remember Alcester, and that well-furnished table, long gladdened by the presence of the kind-hearted and generous Robert Bartlam his brother. To his learning, and his taste, and his good heart, the large circle of his friends, both in the University and throughout the country, will bear witness; nor can it be doubted, had his diligence kept pace with his capacity, or if he had taken advantage of the previous instructions of his master, to whom he was the child of his fond affections at first—in after time his bosom friend, and finally destined to be one of the heirs of his fortune, there can be no doubt that he would have been a shining light in his generation. John had suffered often from paroxysms of despondency and melancholy. In one of these fits he came to me, as he was wont, for comfort; he went back with his brother the Precentor, to Exeter, much recovered. At Exeter he was entirely recruited by the brotherly kindness of the Precentor, went to London apparently in good health to visit the Hon. S. Eardley, and died in a moment in the public room of a bookseller. He was buried at Alcester, and was followed to the grave by his mas-

ter (Parr), the head of his College Dr. Peter Vaughan, his dearest friends Mr. Eardley, and the writer of this narrative; besides Mr. Palmer, the Rector of Alcester, the Rev. H. Holyoake, Rev. Mr. Heath, Mr. Jones, and several other clergymen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Of Parr's wants, an amanuensis was the most pressing, next to his pipe. His hand-writing, indistinct at best, became perfectly chaotic, and a scrawl not to be unravelled, when his mind was in the heat of composition.*

Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet often charge him with this defect early in life, and in the correspondence there are innumerable complaints of readers being unable to decypher his letters. Mr. Roderick says, "Parr wrote well, or better when a boy. The earliest copy of his writing, the narrative of the drowning of Thomas Wright, written when he was scarcely thirteen, his early sermons, and his Esther do not prove this assertion; they are truly what he himself termed a chaotic scrawl. When in a hurry, in all parts of his life, it was the same; a sort of hieroglyphic.

The character of men's minds, it has been said, may be discerned in their hand-writing. When the hand is for a long time, and almost solely directed to fine writing, it is certain that the art may be acquired, and that early habit and instruction will tend to perfect

* The editor of these volumes fears that, in transcribing from Dr. Parr's manuscripts, errors may sometimes have been made which are not attributable to the press. In fact, the difficulty of ascertaining some words correctly is inconceivable to those who are unacquainted with Dr. Parr's hand.

it. But in those plans of instruction which make fine writing subordinate to quickness of conception, and the necessity of learning a given quantity of task in a limited time, the hand-writing is sure to be neglected. Haste will at first form characters of writing less distinct than those manufactured at leisure, in repose, and slowly distilled, drop by drop, from a cold and wary intellect.* Parr always regretted the defects of his hand-writing as mainly diminishing his capability of usefulness, and his means of independence; for dependent he was whensoever he had any important work to execute, on the assistance of his pupils, or his friends. It is infinitely to be regretted, therefore, that he had not employed from the beginning of his literary career some one regularly in this capacity. Had such a secretary been constantly at his command—had he not depended on casual services, it is more than probable that he would have been induced to prosecute some great work to its termination. Two or three such works were conceived by him, but never completed.

Mr. E. H. Barker was the amanuensis who remained the longest with him of those who had not been his pupils at Hatton. During his stay with Dr. Parr he was employed to copy multitudes of letters, to take note of an infinity of classical and

* Yet the author of those books will not be envied, of whom it can be said, "Quos non minori in meditando quam *scribendo* cura et industria edidit, Καλλιγραφίας pariter et Καλογραφίας *æque* studiosus."—Bajerus de elegantia manuum erudit. Regiomont. 1719. Surely the mechanical cannot be put on an equality with the intellectual part of writing.

theological remarks, to transcribe some sermons, and to catalogue a part of his library. The longest composition undertaken by Parr in his time was a treatise on the Sublime, intended for the use of Mr. Dugald Stewart; but I fear that this learned treatise cannot now be published with the other works. Of Mr. Barker, in the capacity of Dr. Parr's amanuensis, I shall not take a final leave. His great learning and unwearied diligence have since been employed on more than one literary labour of importance, and Dr. Parr has inserted him among the Pleiad of English Greek scholars, which are named in another place.

Mr. Shackleton was another young scholar who served Dr. Parr in the capacity of amanuensis, and was protected by him, for a time, with parental kindness.

To all these individuals, and to all young men of letters, however irksome the task of an amanuensis, the benefit and instruction derived from the labour was inestimable. To be the instrument of recording the thoughts of such a man as Parr—to see the workings of his rich mind, and to be the dispenser of the stores which it poured out, could not fail to be a source of lasting advantage to any one capable of receiving instruction. Something must have adhered while the young intellect was plastic, and something must have been impressed from a stamp of such force. Perhaps most of Parr's pupils received an indelible impression of the master from this exercise, for there were very few of the more competent who were not employed by him at some time or other.

In 1805, Parr was called, by his friend and pupil, the Rev. Martin Davy, D.D. Master of Caius College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, to preach the Commencement Sermon. The name of this learned and excellent man was introduced among the worthies of the Spital Sermon, for he had risen to great and deserved eminence in his Profession, in his College, and in the University. Nor could even the fastidiousness of Porson withhold from him the just meed of praise in characterizing him

Amicum.....acerrimum Græcarum litterarum cultorem, patronum, vindicem, Cantabrigiæ nostræ decus, et delicias, ac Collegii Gonvilli et Caii Magistrum, MARTINUM DAVY, S.T.P. Τὰ ἱερὰ ἔοντα πρήγματα ἱεροῖσιν ἀνθρώποισι δείκνυται.—Kidd, p. 321.

And on his election to the Mastership of his College he thus congratulates him:

DEAR DOCTOR,

I heartily congratulate you, and your friends, and the College, and the University, on your well-deserved promotion. Ζηλῶ σε σοῦ μὲν Ἑλλάδ', Ἑλλάδος δέ σε. I shall not trespass upon your time with a long letter, occupied, as I take it for granted you must be, with the circumstances attendant on your elevation, and with the swarm of addresses that invade you from all quarters. Neither shall I amuse myself with foretelling the future glories of your reign. I never but once ventured on a similar prediction, and then my success was such as completely discouraged me from setting up for a prophet again. But a passage from Cicero had long lain rusting in my mind, which passage I had almost despaired of introducing, when lo! the occasion, which the gods hardly durst have promised to my wishes, revolving time threw in my way. Est tibi gravis adversatio constituta et parata incredibilis quædam expectatio: quam tu una re facillimè vinces, si hoc statueris, Quarum laudum gloriam adamaris, quibus artibus ex laudes comparantur, in iis esse laborandum.

I venture to copy one public document with which Dr. Davy is supposed to have aided the cause of a friend, as an example of the JUNIAN properties of his style and composition.

Extract from The SUN of 27th of March.

To Dr. ———

SIR, *St. John's College, Cambridge.*

That I may, in no instance, appear to imitate your example by committing an offence which I am too obstinate to retract and too weak to defend, I must bespeak your indulgence for a deviation from justice, into which the nature of the present subject has unavoidably led me; I mean the impossibility of addressing you in terms at once appropriate to your conduct and becoming my own character. Suffer me, however, to remind you that a week has now passed away in silence since the publication of my letter; and give me leave to inform you that, after an imputation upon their honour and morality, men susceptible of those sentiments but ill brook such an irksome delay. You must excuse me then, if, for a moment, I disturb the solemnity of your repose, by telling you that your substituting sullenness for dignity, and obstinacy for firmness, is an artifice which can impose only on yourself; and your enemies will but be too apt to recollect and apply, as expressive of the present state of your mind, a much admired passage of a celebrated historian: "Non tumultus, non quies, sed quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium est." Do not apprehend that it is my intention to require of you to come forward and prove your charge, or apologize for your accusation, for this would be a measure at once manly, spirited, and open, and therefore such as, under the present circumstances, I will not insult you by expecting; but I mean merely to caution you against mistaking impunity for success, and to assure you that there are few, even of your own friends, who can look without strong marks of disgust upon a conduct which so grossly violates the best established laws of polished society.

I cannot, however, conclude without adding this consoling

circumstance (which, to a mind like yours, must be productive of the greatest happiness and exultation), that at the bar of truth to have been *at once* the convict and the accuser, to have been insolent without power, and daring without spirit, will hereafter mark you out only for contempt, and screen you from resentment. I am, Sir, &c. M. D.

The altercation which gave rise to this, and to the former letter to Dr. Pennington, happened in consequence of Dr. Harwood's having had occasion to observe that

He believed it to have been pretty generally understood that Dr. P. had for some time past deputed his practice at the Hospital to another person; and Dr. H. is both ready and able to prove his assertion incontestibly when called upon.

Of the estimation in which Dr. Davy was held by his Master there are many notices in the book, of "Vir optimus," the "very learned," the "singularly acute," and a variety of other epithets which his intimate knowledge, his confidence, and his friendship, enabled him to employ. Dr. Davy has published very few of the learned effusions of his pen, compared with the stores which he is known to possess. He re-published at the Cambridge University press, by Parr's desire, "Cattieri Gazophylacium Græcorum:" an elegant brochure on the note of the nightingale; and some mention is made of other compositions in his own and Dr. Burney's letters. I lament that I have no letters of Dr. Parr to Dr. Davy. Some of Dr. Davy's will appear in the Appendix.

Parr's Commencement Sermon, preached when Dr. Davy was Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, is

not published in the collection of his works. From an University pulpit, perhaps, it may be useful or ornamental to pour forth Greek quotations on a solemn occasion, when the most learned Members assemble together. That which is unusual requires, however, more than common dexterity to recommend it; nor can all the learning of the deepest scholar command attention, if the enunciation of the scholar be imperfect, and his sentences are not understood. With the utmost emphasis and ardour did Parr declaim pages of Greek quotation to illustrate his subject. The audience listened, but they smiled, and I fear they comprehended too little heartily to approve.

Dr. Parr unfolded a portion of his metaphysical system in the notes to the Spital Sermon, but that system was greatly enlarged, when he became acquainted with the work of Collier, and corresponded with Dugald Stewart. Besides the ancient philosophers, Tucker's Light of Nature, Adam Smith's Moral Sentiments, Bishop Butler's Sermons, Hutcheson's Inquiry, Hume, Lord Kaimes, Reid, Mr. Godwin, and Mr. Jeremy Bentham, afforded him his chief authorities, and the chief topics of disquisition.

The criticisms on Mr. Jeremy Bentham's Discourse on Legislation began their friendship, and Mr. Bentham * addresses Dr. Parr, in the second

* The following memorandum of Dr. Parr, is historical of Mr. Bentham's early life: "Mr. Lind, vicar of Wivenhoe, was father of the celebrated Mr. Lind, tutor to the late King of Poland, the friend of Jeremiah Bentham, A. B. of Baliol College, a deacon of the Church of England, and afterwards, by Lord Mansfield's management, admitted as a barrister."

letter he wrote to him, that I find in the collection, thus:

MOST HIGHLY VALUED,
THOUGH SO LATE FOUND FRIEND, *Sept.* 16, 1803.

Reason in abundance, in that vocative, besides the capacity for rhyme. Whereabouts and what doing will this find you, I cannot so much as conjecture, without a degree of anxiety, which I hope an answer from you will put an end to. It was a long, long while ago, it is scarce worth while to hunt after your letter to see how long, that you alarmed me with hints about severe shocks, and but inchoate and even precarious convalescence. One thing is still certain. Parr is still in the land of the living, or all the living (besides the living-hunters) would have known of it.

I have two calls for the remnant of the travelling season; one to Birmingham, the other to Essex, not very far from Cambridge. Between Cambridge and Birmingham I hear there is a coach; ergo, a road. The coach may travel to Old Nick for me, for I am sick in the stewing boxes they call coaches, but the road may possibly be of use to me. Which visit to pay first, I cannot decide. My Essex friend pleads, I wish I could say *shams*, as you did. But once more I hope to find the plea withdrawn on your part. As for Hatton, should the parson be as lively as a turtle, I have for the present only time to reconnoitre.

About the 20th of last month, called here your friend Mr. Symmons, and left the philippic. I am glad my name is not Antony. A few weeks ago I head from Romilly that Antony had an execution in his house, and was, for the hundredth time, ruined; but more completely and irretrievably than in any of the ninety-nine. A few days after, what should I see in the newspaper, but his free will offering of £10,000. Mr. Symmons I had not the pleasure of seeing; the servant announced a name that was unknown to me; I sent H. K.* to speak to him, and before I understood where he came from, the bird was flown. A few weeks, or rather months ago, I was at

* Herbert Koe, Mr. Bentham's amanuensis.

length honoured with a long expected letter from Mrs. Wynne. A pretty trick you served me. You dressed up an old scare crow in a cast off wig of your own or Dr. Price, with a *ban yan* under it, and then said to her, Molly, or Jenny, or whatever else is her name, *this is the man* you are to write to, and so the poor dear lady sat down to write with the fear of the rod before her eyes, frightened out of her pretty wits, forsooth, for terror of having offended me. Well and true it was that a rod was already between us on the carpet; but the proposed wielder of it was the lady; whereupon my business with it, as I well remember, was, not to wield it but to kiss it. Whereas, bating a few grey hairs of so, &c. &c. &c. of which the less is said the better; the man you took upon yourself to bedizen, is a gay Lothario. Action B. against P. in the Court of Gallantry; damages equal, at least, to the amount of your noble neighbour's patriotic gift; evidence, certificates of *dangerousness*, from ladies, more in number than the bishops, from whom defendant could have obtained certificates of orthodoxy. On that very day on which we fought upon the question debeam and debeo; and on which, on pretence of defiance, you sought to palm off a bad shilling on me, I can produce evidence of kisses imprinted on two pair of fair hands; the only fair hands in my way. One of them the same that the doctor irrefragabilis forced wine into. I thought it but fair to mention this, as you might get your padlocks in order, and Mrs. Parr take care of herself, should it ever be my felicity to come across her. To fill up my *bavardage*, Romilly has received within these three months, three letters from Dumont, at Petersburgh. Legislation book in the highest odour there. More copies sold than in London. Translation going on by authority. Men at the head of things delighted with it, and impatient for a continuation of it. Empress Dowager the only one of the family who sees anybody, hearing the editor was there, desired to see him, and saw him accordingly. A man who has a commission from the Emperor to put the laws in order, shut himself up with it for a fortnight; moreover, one of the last acts of the miserable troop of slaves called, in France, the Legislative Body, was to hear a panegyric on it, copy of which has been sent me. So much for my existence, now let me hear of yours.

In the latter end of October 1803, Mr. Bentham visited Dr. Parr, at Hatton, and his notification of the intended visit, is so characteristically curious, that this, and the other letters I have copied, and shall copy, will furnish a good portraiture of this light-hearted, but deep-thinking, and celebrated political economist.

Q. S. P. Oct. 17, 1803, *Monday.*

March. — Route of Queen's-square-place Volunteers. Set off on Tuesday; reach Birmingham Wednesday evening; on Thursday evening, or Friday morning, retreat to Hatton; then storm the vicarage, giving no quarter; after committing ravages indescribable, evacuate the place on Sunday morning early, continuing the retreat to Oxford. In quarters there on Monday, and possibly Tuesday.

None of your Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytaminque, under the notion of helping to disennui the travellers. For what is it that you go forth for to see? Answer: Parr, and Parr only (a reed lately shaken by the wind, but now, we hope, stout and strong again). Time, according to our estimation, not by a great deal enough for that—but more at present cannot be found.

Stay the hand of the Vicar's wife, and say unto her—Slay no fatted calves; the elder boy hath outlived that branch of the lusts of the flesh (not to speak of others): the younger, he hath never known it.

Step not, nay although it be but a span's breadth, out of the path to which thou art accustomed, and remember we are Rechabites. Is it not written

Οὐκὶ τρυφῆς παρὰ σοι χρήζομαι, ἀλλὰ μόνης.

Not improbably, a boy, sent to me by Mr. Strutt, of Derby, from a place of his brother's, called *Belpar*, six miles from thence, boy's name unknown; age about twelve; may inquire for me, either on Friday or Saturday, at the Parsonage. Should death have disposed of me in the meantime, pay the boy his expenses thither and back again I pray you, and bring your action against my executors and administrators.

At Queen's College, Oxon, men keep the Devil's hand-writing with due care. Whose is it, yours or mine?

"The system of Mr. Bentham measures benevolence by utility," (says Parr) and he makes very few critical observations or objections, and even adopts some of his language in the Spital Sermon. In the note on words, at page 56, he looks over Mr. Bentham's discussion on the imperfection of language, and in exposing the selfish system, takes occasion to criticise the way in which he speaks of Rochefoucault, Mandeville, and Helvetius. I wish I could spare room for the character of the writings of Helvetius. Dr. Parr, at the end of this character, bavards a little in Mr. Bentham's own manner, when he says,

Mr. Bentham may smile at my want of discernment, but he will not impute to me want of probity.

When examining the opinions of such an able writer again (says Parr), I thought it necessary to go into detail, and no place, surely, can be more proper for the vindication of those who have defended the benevolent system, than in the notes upon a sermon which is intended to explain and enforce benevolence.

In the Philopatris Varvicensis, the works of Jeremy Bentham are more frequently quoted. He is there called, at p. 320, "a great writer;" at p. 332, "superior to Dagge in depth of research and precision of reasoning." "His peculiar precision," at p. 387. He quotes largely from Bentham's observations on the judicial establishments proposed in France; and in the reformers of our penal code,

I shall ever deplore the causes (says Parr) which prevented Mr. Fox from having any opportunity to direct the whole force

of his mind to the redress of what appeared to me our most indisputable and intolerable grievances. Keener, too, must be our mortification, because in this arduous, but glorious achievement, he might have called in the aid of Lord Erskine, Earl Grey, Lord Grenville, Lord Auckland, Lord Holland, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Wyndham, the Hon. Mr. Ward, of three Judges, whom I forbear to name, of Sir Arthur Pigott, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Macintosh, Mr. Serjeant Lens, Mr. Robert Smith, Dr. Colquhoun, Mr. Francis Hargrave, and, above all, Jeremiah Bentham.

One of the persons Dr. Parr was accustomed to meet at Mr. Bentham's, Queen-square-place, was the late Sir Samuel Romilly, who had visited him when he attended the Circuit. Sir Samuel's name is much coupled with that of Monsieur Dumont, the Editor of one of Bentham's works, and it may be presumed that he had enlarged his views on the subjects of jurisprudence, of morals, and legislation, by frequent discussions with these celebrated men. Whatsoever had been the sources of his information, so deeply had he drawn from them, with unwearied diligence, keen discernment, and sober judgment, that his knowledge at last was refined by wisdom into applicability for the most salutary practical purposes. He devoted himself with too much ardour, alas, to the cause of his country and her laws. By giving himself too little relaxation from these hallowed, but toilsome pursuits, the mortal frame was too soon worn out. But he has left a name consecrated by his aim to ameliorate the penal code of his country, and to improve the condition of his countrymen, which will never die. His correspondence with Dr. Parr

is voluminous. I regret that I have not succeeded in finding any of the Doctor's letters to him. Of their friendship both gave or left memorials. Parr gave Romilly, during his life, a valuable service of inscribed plate: Sir Samuel bequeathed the plate back again, with the princeps edition of Aristophanes, and an inscription in his own hand. The name of Romilly is never mentioned by Parr without praise; indeed, who would ever dare to subject himself to the reproach of attacking it with blame. He was his beloved friend, and his faithful adviser; nor had he more confidence in any one man in the whole circle of human society than in Sir Samuel Romilly. Could the letters be collected which he wrote to several friends on his death they would combine almost every topic, and every phrase of eulogy. In the Philopatris he thus writes:

As to Sir Samuel Romilly, who has more sense, as well as more tenderness, I honour him for his noble effort, I anticipate the happiest effects from the example of his success, and I suppose that his reputation will not descend to posterity with much less advantage than that of other contemporary sages.

The letters of this great and good man, which are copied in the Appendix, will speak for themselves.

The following letters of Sir Samuel Romilly to Dr. Parr declare his opinions of Mr Bentham's works:

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, August* 19.

I am longing for the country as much as your kindness prompts you to wish that I was enjoying it. For some time past the Chancellor has been sitting an unreasonable length of time every day. He publicly announced, about a fortnight

ago, that he should not sit after next Saturday, and I have therefore thought myself justified in making arrangements to go out of town immediately after that day, and if he should not keep his word, yet I shall. I agree with you entirely in the opinion you have formed on Bentham's book on Reform. Notwithstanding all the merit of it, it is scarcely readable; to be of any use, it ought, as you observe, to be re-written, and to be shortened. I must confess, however, that I am not sorry that it is not likely to be read, for I doubt greatly its being likely to do much good. In his admiration of the Americans he hardly, I think, conceals that he prefers a Republican to all other forms of government; but surely the worst service that can be rendered the cause of reform, is for its advocates to profess that their real object is to establish a republic. It was with great concern, too, that I observed him acting upon the system of Cobbett and Hunt, and endeavouring to destroy all confidence in all public men, and therefore representing the Whigs as more unprincipled and profligate politicians than even the Tories were.

I hope you do not give any credit to the accounts published in the Morning Chronicle of what passes in the Court of Chancery; much of what is there stated is the pure invention of the Reporter. He has lately made Sir Arthur Piggott and me pay high compliments to the Chancellor, of which not a single word was uttered; and he has made me express myself with a degree of incivility towards Basil Montagu, which I never shewed to any man at the bar, much less to one whom I esteem so highly as I do him.

With great respect and sincere attachment, your affectionate friend and servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, May* 18, 1818.

I hope you have received Bentham's Church of Englandism examined. I sent it by the Crown Prince coach to Warwick, which set out yesterday morning, directed to you at Mr. Parkes's. The copy is entirely at your service, if you think it worth keeping. I have no doubt that you will agree with me that it is a book which ought not to be published. Indepen-

dently of the danger to which the author and publisher would expose themselves, there appears to me to be very strong objections to its publication. The irreverent manner in which opinions and ceremonies, which most men in this country regard as sacred, are spoken of, is quite unjustifiable, and is likely to prejudice what is good in the work, and I really think that there is a great deal which is extremely good. It appears to me too, to be much better written than most of our friend's late publications. I shall be very anxious to hear what you think of it. I have communicated to Brougham what you say respecting the Warwick school. I remain ever, my dear Sir, with great respect and sincere attachment your faithful and affectionate friend and servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

There is only one short letter from Sir Samuel after Lady Romilly's illness was declared alarming, of which Mr. Whishaw had given Dr. Parr an account. But Mr. Basil Montagu and his accomplished lady warned him of her hopeless state, and entreated him to be with Sir Samuel at the close of the scene: unfortunately this humane foresight had not its intended effect; for although Parr declared his opinion to me that Sir Samuel would not survive Lady Romilly long, he either thought himself incapable of doing the good desired, or some impediment lay in the way.

The following letter of Mr. Whishaw, Sir Samuel's executor and friend, inclosed a prayer and a critique; the prayer was written in the year 1812, the critique was published in the Edinburgh Review, 1817:

MY DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, May* 31, 1819.

In looking through the prodigious mass of papers left by our invaluable friend, I have found a few more of your letters, which I now transmit; and I cannot forbear sending you, at

the same time, the copy of a prayer which I find in one of his journals.

I do not know whether you are aware that he wrote one article in the Edinburgh Review, on a pamphlet of Mr. Bentham, which appeared in that journal in November 1817. It excited a good deal of curiosity at the time. But the secret was well kept, and the author was not suspected. Who, indeed, could have supposed that a person overwhelmed by such important and constant occupations, could find time for writing an article in a review? I send you the original MS. of this article, of which I request your acceptance, in the name of his family, as being a curious literary relique of one of the best of men, with whom you were united during a long series of years in public principles, and by the strictest ties of friendship.

In closing the accounts of the executorship, I may perhaps have occasion to trouble you for your signature to a receipt for the plate which you have so handsomely presented to William Romilly. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, J. WHISHAW.

"Almighty God! creator of all things! the source of all wisdom, and goodness, and virtue, and happiness! I bow down before thee, not to offer up prayers, for I dare not presume to think, or hope that thy most just, unerring, and supreme will can be in any degree influenced by any supplications of mine, nor to pour forth praises and adorations, for I feel that I am unworthy to offer them, but, in all humility, and with a deep sense of my own insignificance, to express the thanks of a contented and happy being for the innumerable benefits which he enjoys. I cannot reflect that I am a human being, living in civilized society, born the member of a free state, the son of virtuous and tender parents, blest with an ample fortune, endowed with faculties which have enabled me to acquire that fortune myself, enjoying a fair reputation, beloved by my relations, esteemed by my friends, thought well of by most of my countrymen to whom my name is known, united to a kind, virtuous, enlightened, and most affectionate wife, the father of

seven children, all in perfect health, and all giving, by the goodness of their dispositions, a promise of future excellence; and though myself far advanced in life, yet still possessed of health and strength, which seem to afford me the prospect of future years of enjoyment; I cannot reflect on all these things and not express my gratitude to thee, O God! from whom all this good has flowed. I am sincerely grateful for all this happiness. I am sincerely grateful for the happiness of all those who are most dear to me, of my beloved wife, of my sweet children, of my relations, and of my friends.

"I prostrate myself, O Almighty and Omniscient God! before thee. In endeavouring to contemplate thy divine attributes, I seek to elevate my soul towards thee. I seek to improve and ennoble my faculties, and to strengthen and quicken my ardour for the public good; and I appear to myself to rise above my earthly existence whilst I am indulging the hope that I may at some time prove a humble instrument in the divine work of enlarging the sphere of human happiness."

Dr. Parr was for many years intimately acquainted with Mr. Basil Montagu, and visited him in Newman-street. Mr. and Mrs. Montagu were, as Mr. Bentham significantly relates, his almoners; and I see in the correspondence, that Mr. Montagu often consulted him on his publications, and especially on his wise and merciful project of taking away the punishment of death from all crimes unaccompanied in their commission with violence.

The mention of John Baines, who is also one of the worthies of the Spital Sermon, induces me to add the note made by Parr on the only two letters in the collection relating to his family, and a copy of Greek verses. It appears from the inscription that Mr. Baines died at the early age of twenty-nine.

He had few equals in learning and genius, and yet fewer in virtue and genuine piety. He was the intimate friend of Sir Samuel Romilly; he and John Tweddell were the brightest ornaments of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Parr sent him the following verses inscribed in some book:

Τίς δὴ νομίζοι βαῦν' ἂν ὧδ' ἐπώνυμον
Ἀλλοτρίοις σοῦ ὄνομα συμφέρειν κακοῖς·
Οὐ γὰρ βάνανσος οὐδ' ἄχαρις ὢν τυγχάνεις,
Ἀλλ' ἐν νέοις νέος τε κἂν γνωμῇ γέρων,
(Ὡς Πίνδαρός ποτ' εἶπε) τ' ἄριστει' ἔχεις
Ἐν τοῖς Πλάτωνος ὑπέροχος θρυλλουμένοις.
Πρὸς τὰ καλὰ κ' ἀγαθ' οὖν ἀκούεις εὐφυῶς,
Μνήμων, φιλομαθὴς, φιλόπονος, φιλήκοος,
Ζητητικὸς, φιλότιμος, ἐστι θαῦμ' ὅσον.
Ὡς πάνσοφόν τι χρῆμα σ' ὄντ' ἰδίᾳ βλέπω.
Πρὸς δ' αὖ τὰ κοῖνα νὴ Δία κἂν ὑπερβολῇ.
Φιλόδημος ἦ δὲ Φιλόπολις εἶ, σάφ' οἶδ' ὅτι·
Οὐ γὰρ τι νῦν τε κἀχοὲς ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε
Ἐλευθεροπρεπῶς ἐλευθεροστομῶν,
Μύρια τὰ τῆς πανωλέθρου τυραννίδος
Πάντων μέγιστον ἔχθος ἐχθαίρεις κακά.
Τῶν δ' ὧδ' ἐχόντων, τοῦτο μοῦ δῶρον λάβε
Τὸ βίβλιον πολυμαθὲς ἀνδρὶ πολυμαθεῖ,
Ἀρετῆς τε τῆς σῆς τῆς τε ἐμῆς Φιλίας χάριν.
Ὑγίαινε, χαῖρ', εὖ πράττε πάντα πανταχοῦ.

Hæc ἐν παρέργῳ lusit, qui te juvenem optimarum artium, optimarum partium, summo amore σπουδαίως atque ex animo complectitur, S. PARR.

Dabam Norvici, 15 *Cal. Jan.* 1783.

Thomas Monro, his pupil at Colchester, is the last of the names I shall take from the Spital Sermon. There are several letters from him, and it appears from them that Parr was not only his kind friend and instructor, but his protector also and guide in some dangerous passages of his early life.

He was Demy of Magdalen College Oxford, and one of the authors of the Ollapodrida. He afterwards took pupils and was respected throughout life for his sterling worth and considerable learning by Parr and all who knew him. He was related to the eminent physician, Dr. Parr's pupil at Stanmore.

CHAPTER XII.

Graffham,—Sir Francis Burdett,—Fast Sermon, — Change of Ministry,—Mr. Robert Adair, — Mr. Fox's Death.

It cannot be supposed that Parr's mind was at rest on the subject of politics while so many dread events were in progress, among which, scarcity, at the close of 1800, added all its miseries to the horrors of war. On this subject he was particularly sensitive; his efforts were not confined to the relief of the poor of his own neighbourhood; in higher quarters he strove to stir up more effectual exertion, and the following is the answer of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox to him on that occasion.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Nov.* 18, 1800.

On my return home yesterday I found yours of the 10th, and am always obliged to you for communicating to me your sentiments. With respect to the business of the scarcity, if I had any notion that I thought could be useful to the poor, I would certainly attend Parliament for the purpose of suggesting it; but I confess myself to be wholly without resource upon the subject.

That part of the evil which arises from bad harvests, may in some degree be lessened by importation, and the consumption of rice and other substitutes for bread; that part which arises from the depreciation of money, and the consequent increase in the price of all articles of every denomination, seems to be chiefly imputable to the enormous debt and revenue, and

is therefore remediless, except by measures which I am sure I shall never propose. Even peace, in my view of the subject, would not so much tend to diminish the evil, but it would undoubtedly prevent its increase, and therefore is the only measure I have to advise. I am afraid your alarm is well grounded, especially in the midland counties, but what would you do? Surely the general principles in the Duke of Portland's letter are right, though there are some very improper expressions in it. I am most truly, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

On all public occasions he religiously obeyed the letter of the law in reading proclamations and state papers in his church; but at several times he marked his sense of these state papers by the particular emphasis with which he read them, or the annotations with which he accompanied the reading. The proclamation on the scarcity afforded a fine field for his scorn, and he did not fail to observe, that the poor would be more effectually served in relinquishing the enormous expense of a ruinous war, than by any recommendation "*to save flour in pastry.*"*

The friends of peace were buoyed up with some hope at the beginning of the following year, by the resignation of Mr. Pitt and some of his colleagues, and perhaps Parr began to entertain expectations that his own friends might be called into power, and that he himself might not be forgotten in the distribution of preferment. But, whatsoever might have been the change of opinion in the country with respect to the war, we have Mr. Fox's authority that he did not see any approach to any good general principles.

* The words of a proclamation issued Dec. 3, 1800.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday, April* 15, 1801.

I shall be much obliged to you for your Sermon and the notes upon it. If you will direct the bookseller either to leave it for me at Gen. Fitzpatrick's, Arlington-street, or to send it to me in a packet by the Chertsey coach to this place, it will reach me safe. If I should be in town in Whitsun week it will give me great satisfaction to meet you.

I have heard a great deal of the country's being materially turned with respect to the war, and I believe it in a great measure; but I do not see any approach to what I consider as good general principles. I am very sincerely, my dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

But the year following realised the hopes of peace, and secured Parr competence, if it did not endow him with affluence. In Sept. 1802 Sir Francis Burdett presented him to the rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire in the following handsome terms:

SIR, *Wimbledon, Tuesday, Sept.* 21, 1802.

I am sorry it is not in my power to place you in a situation which would well become you, I mean, in the episcopal palace at Bugden; but I can bring you very near to it, for I have the presentation to a rectory, now vacant, within a mile and a half of it, which is very much at Dr. Parr's service. It is the rectory of Graffham, at present worth two hundred pounds a year, and, as I am informed, may soon be worth two hundred and seventy, and I this moment learn that the incumbent died last Tuesday. Dr. Parr's talents and character might well entitle him to better patronage than this from those who know how to estimate his merits; but I acknowledge that a great additional motive with me to the offer I now make him, is, that I believe I cannot do anything more pleasing to his friends, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Knight; and I desire you, Sir, to consider yourself obliged to them only. I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant, FRANCIS BURDETT.

The history of this presentation was curious. Horne Tooke, who was particularly disliked by Dr. Parr, had declared to Mr. Knight, of Barrels, that it would probably fall to his lot to have the presentation of a living, and, if it did, that he would certainly give it to Parr, as, though he differed from him in sentiment, he thought him too learned and too much neglected to remain unpreferred. It is understood that Sir Francis Burdett thought Tooke not rich enough to be so great a patron, and therefore bought the presentation, and bestowed it as he wished. In every part of the transaction the generosity of Sir Francis's mind is strongly displayed, and in none more than in the mention of the names of Fox, Sheridan, and Mr. Knight of Barrels, and thus making the preferment the gratuity of Parr's own personal friends. The intimacy of Parr with Sir Francis, thus began, continued for some years, but on one of those occasions in which Sir Francis's political zeal was supposed by his friend to transcend the bounds of prudence, and even of constitutional privilege, Parr wrote him a letter which gave offence, and was the occasion of a discontinuance of acquaintance for some years. It was, however, renewed at length. Sir Francis and Dr. Parr met in Gloucestershire, at Mr. Hanbury Tracy's, peace was renewed, and continued to the end. The following is the letter alluded to:

DEAR SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, *Oct.* 31, 1806.

My heart aches for you.

I cannot assent to the principles, or approve of the spirit, which appear in your advertisement. I do not forget that you

were in the most disinterested manner my patron. I shall never cease to keep in view the nobler qualities of your mind. Much I lament your errors, and I tremble at the prospect of their consequences. I think it my private duty to tell you so, and my public duty to support the administration, which you, to my surprise and sorrow, have determined to oppose. From the bottom of my soul, dear Sir Francis, I wish you health and every worldly blessing, and I pray God Almighty to deliver you from counsellors who mean little good to you, and will do less to their country. I shall strive to give my vote for you and Mr. Byng on Monday. Farewell! Heaven is witness to my sincerity when I subscribe myself, with great respect, your well wisher, S. PARR.

In the year 1803, war again was declared by acclamation, against France, during the ministry of Mr. Addington; and two sets of opposition, comprising the greatest statesmen of the empire, were embodied against this administration, but in different parties. The awful crisis to which the empire was brought by renewed hostilities had nearly united them. But coalition was still an odious name to the English nation, and though, perhaps, both Pitt and Fox equally disliked an union with the Minister of the Crown, yet was the influence of the Crown sufficient to baffle, and outweigh all the power of their talents: and the Administration was still upheld by the persevering exertion of Prerogative. A sort of Revolution had superseded the ancient authority or controul of a majority of the House of Commons over the opinions and actions of the Executive, at that time, when Mr. Pitt had retained his seat as a member of the Cabinet, and as the minister in spite of such a majority. Mr. Addington's Cabinet, without Mr.

Pitt, Mr. Dundas, Lord Harrowby, or Lord Camden, had rushed into a tremendous war; but these persons were soon associated in a new administration to support it, and Lord Grenville's hope of uniting in the public service "as large a proportion as possible of the weight, talents, and character to be found in public men of all descriptions, and without any exception," was baffled. Mr. Fox and his party were excluded for the present. A Fast had, however, been ordained to propitiate heaven, and obtain deliverance from the might of our foes. Invasion was threatened; the means of invasion were certainly preparing. A number of flat-bottomed boats were collected in the inner basin of Boulogne, an army was encamped in its neighbourhood, and Napoleon inhabited the chateau de pont du Brique, near that town, for some time.

On the occasion of this Fast, Parr preached October 19, 1803, in the parish church of Hatton. Most serious was he in his exhortations to his parishioners to be patriotic. He calls upon them, as the patriots of old called upon their children to defend their country:

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε,
Ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
Παῖδας, γυναίκας, θεῶν τε πατρώων ἕδη,
Θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

Æschyli Persæ.

From the text "we fight for our lives and our laws," in this Fast Sermon, Parr examined whether the spirit of patriotism be warranted or not by the Gospel, and thence whether it ought to be recom-

mended as a duty. He reasons that it is a gross affront to religion, to suppose that it was intended to thwart the suggestions of common sense, to cramp the efforts of common justice, and to throw down every security for that national independence, without which society would resemble a state of nature. He then criticises the doctrines of Lord Shaftesbury and Soame Jenyns, both of whom assert that Christianity is silent about patriotism, which one mentions as a defect, the other as a singularity. But the Gospel, he asserts, "has recognized and approved a genuine, a salutary patriotism, whilst it neither directly or indirectly favours that which is spurious and dangerous."

Harsh, indeed, as I have often thought, when communing with my own heart, and often lamented, when I have been instructing you, my brethren, who are committed to my charge, very harsh, and very unfair is the treatment which Revelation has experienced in the doctrines which it propounds for our belief, and in the rules which it prescribes for our conduct. Those doctrines, though few and simple, have been multiplied by the misguided zeal of its followers, and encumbered with dark and mystical interpretations, which, under the venerable, the usurped, the prostituted name of orthodoxy, have confounded the judgment, and inflamed the passions of the Christian world. Those rules, however agreeable to the common sense, and however conducive to the common interests of mankind, have been distorted by ingenious sophistry, by monastic gloominess, or by frantic enthusiasm, and instead of making us "wise unto salvation," they have sometimes degenerated into frivolous and unprofitable austerities, and sometimes been pleaded in vindication of the most desperate outrages. For purposes of superstition or fanaticism; for the support of metaphysical reveries, or the disguise of spiritual domination, the believer appeals to the authority of Christ and his Apostles for

the truth of dogmas, which they, in reality, never taught, or the necessity of observances which they never imposed. The unbeliever craftily admits the propriety of the appeal, and then charges upon the Christian law those absurdities which exist only in the extravagant conceits, or arbitrary practises, of Christian interpreters. But "the wisdom which is from above, will ever be justified of her children," and this, too, effectually and eminently, in the question which we are now discussing.

Universal good, as an immediate object, is perhaps far too extensive for the efforts, and even the comprehension of one moral agent. But patriotism is implied in the duty of universal benevolence, and to far the greater part of mankind, the country in which they live is the noblest object upon which their benevolence can be expended.

Patriotism, thus understood, is a deduction from the principle of general benevolence. Had it been broadly inculcated as a duty, by the weakness and caprice of man's nature, it would have soon been employed as an implement of fanaticism. There are various other doctrines, delivered in splendid diction, in various other parts of the sermon. On false interpretation of the Scriptures; on fanaticism; on political discussion in the pulpit; on false and true patriotism; on the duty of repelling invasion; on Popery, and the Catholic question; on the French Revolution, and liberty; and on our own country.

On former occasions, he had seldom found room to praise the conduct of our rulers, to add "approbation to obedience," or to give the sanction of his eloquence to the dictates of their authority. But now that invasion was threatened by "mighty and

unprecedented armaments," he felt it his duty to summon the whole force of his mind, to rouse his hearers to patriotic exertion,—to make every heart inaccessible to fear,—to put into every hand, to defend their liberties, their laws, and their religion,—and so well has he done it in this noble discourse, that I have no doubt it will be quoted in after ages, as one of the "best arguments of the wise, and exhortations of the good," for the love of our country.

The following letters of Mr. Fox are inserted, the first, as noticing the sermon; the second, as leading to a review of certain political occurrences connected with the war:

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Ann's-hill, Saturday, Jan.* 29, 1804.

I have at last had the Sermon, and have read it with the greatest satisfaction; it is both spirited and moderate. Though I think the present war, at least, as unjust as any that was ever undertaken on our part, yet the duty of defence against invasion is clear in all cases. Perhaps I think you *puff* us a little as to constitution and liberty; but that may be right in such a case. The negative merit of abstaining from abuse, is, with me, a very great one. The unspeakable wickedness of making the pulpit the vehicle for calumnies against our fellow-creatures, is most odious to me; and, surely it is not pushing this sentiment too far, when I say, that no ill ought to said there, even of an enemy, without the preacher's *knowing* it to be true; believing it is not sufficient. Besides, in a political point of view, what is the use of resorting to such base means? If Henry the Fourth were now King of France, and Henry the Eighth, of England, would that be any reason for submitting to invasion.

I am very happy to find your prebendal estate turns out so well. I am, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's-hill, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1803.*

Nothing could give me greater pleasure, than to be of service to Mr. Greatheed, but I have been forced to refuse so many applications of the kind, that I cannot comply with that of Mr. Parkes, upon this occasion, to whom I should be happy to shew any mark of attention.

I did, at first, write in favour of one or two friends, but as they are not returned, I conclude that (as I foresaw) my application was fruitless. Neither Mr. Hare nor Lord Duncannon obtained their permission through me; though with respect to the former, his connection with me, may have helped. The minister of war, who is a friend of Lord Besborough's, got the leave for Lord Duncannon with a facility that surprised every one, and which was owing (as I believe) to Lord D.'s being in a remote province.

I feel as bold as you about repelling the invasion, if it is attempted, but yet all that mismanagement can do in favour of the enemy, is doing, and will continue every day to be done; and peace further off than ever. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

From R. P. Knight, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Friday.*

I have read your excellent discourse, with all those sentiments of interest and approbation, which your compositions have never failed to inspire. The force and spirit of your style and arguments must be felt by all; but the justice, temper, and moderation of them peculiarly delight me, and I only lament that you cannot convince other public teachers, that asperity is not energy, and that railing may make enemies, but can neither weaken, disarm, or destroy them. Government is about to bring forward a most momentous (I fear I might say portentious) question relative to the Volunteers. I shall go to it with a mind wholly free from all party favour or affection; for the subject is in itself, too awful to admit of any such considerations; and whatever measures Parliament may adopt, I see, but too plainly, that the very discussion of them must excite discord and distrust, and consequently lead to danger. The

system adopted, may be, in some respects, defective, and in others, erroneous; but to make any fundamental alterations in it after it has been so extensively acted upon, will, I fear, destroy all the good, without correcting any of the evil arising from it.

Mr. Addington, driven from power, was succeeded by Mr. Pitt, who was opposed by his old colleague Lord Grenville, and had to defend another old colleague against the charge of high crimes and misdemeanors. It was honourable to Lord Grenville to resist becoming a party "to a system of government which was to be formed at such a moment on a principle of exclusion." But it was fatal to the Minister in this second administration, and at this awful crisis of public affairs, to be deprived of his assistance. Instead of receiving the wonted and powerful voice of Lord Melville in his favour, he had to defend him against a public crimination; and though he was certain of his council in the closet, yet his open delinquency had compelled Parliament to drive him out of the cabinet, and to bring him to the bar of public justice.

To these defalcations of domestic support, the war with Spain added its political embarrassment. The Minister was forced into a coalition to support his tottering power, which, like all other weak expedients, proved frail, and tended in the end only to embarrass him the more, and he began to lose his health. Till the fatal surrender of the Austrian troops at Ulm, an event, too, probably occasioned by his precipitating the German campaign, he had held up his head with prouder confidence than ever.

He was alone the Minister. The other Ministers were the messengers of his will, and the executors of his commands. He had no rival on the throne, but he was watched by men of higher mind than himself, and of equal experience in public affairs, and who warned him in vain of his errors and his rashness. The battle of Austerlitz crushed his hopes, and he fled to Bath as the last resource of a sick heart and a broken constitution. But though Mr. Pitt was destroyed, England was not. A Spanish war had inspirited her mariners; and her wooden walls, her bulwark and her pride, now became her salvation. At Trafalgar, England found that every man DID his duty, and though our hero died like another Epaminondas, leaving two immortal victories behind him, it was not till he had secured the glory and safety of his country.

The Pittite administration was virtually dissolved by the death of its leader in January 1806, Lord Liverpool not chosing to retain the reins of government in his hands. In this state of defeasance Lord Grenville was sent for by the King to consult about the formation of a new ministry. In the first instance Lord Grenville included Mr. Fox in the consultation. The King consented, and at length after many discussions, and it is said many doubts about the admission of Lord Sidmouth into the cabinet, Lord Grenville was appointed first Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State, and the administration of "the Talents" was seated in power.

Here then for the first time in Parr's life his ex-

pectations of preferment may be supposed on the eve of being realized. At the period of the Regency the cup was dashed from his lips just as it approached them. The Regency was not established, and his friends did not come into power. But now they were actually seated; Mr. Fox was one of the ministers, but unhappily, even at last, he was a minister of coalition.

The following letters tell part of the story, and are introductory to another fatal event, which though less sensibly felt by the nation, was in fact its greatest loss. The most able counsellor which England, or any other country could possess, was soon to follow his great rival to the grave:

From Mr. Adair, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Jan. 20th*, 1806.

. . . . . Of the Continental peace the newspapers will have already informed you; but the conditions of it are not certainly known. As far as any future balance of power against France may be concerned in it, I should suppose that one condition of the peace with Russia, as well as with Austria, would be the perpetual exclusion of Russian troops from the territory of Germany, Moravia, and Bohemia. Italy of course Bonaparte takes entirely to himself, and it will remain to be seen whether we can maintain the King of Naples in Sicily, after having so childishly provoked him to break his neutrality, and so ignominiously deserted him afterwards. In the North of Germany it appears, that we are about to undergo a disgrace ten thousand times more humiliating than any capitulation we could be forced to sign, namely, the *permission* to our troops, obtained for them by the very King of Prussia who had invited them over to take possession of Hanover, to retire back again to England! What further conditions are to be imposed upon that Monarch do not seem to be known, but it

would not be surprising, at least to those who have attended to Bonaparte's particular policy with respect to this country, if he made the exclusion of British commerce from the Elbe, the Weser, and the whole of the North of Germany, a *sine quâ non* of peace. In this state of affairs on the Continent, I should not be very much surprised if Bonaparte were to make us another offer of peace, and if he were *now* to propose to give us our choice of two principles of negociation in which Austria must be considered as our ally, and equivalents would be demanded from us for what should be restored to her. A difficult question would then occur. Ought we to take the treaty of Amiens, and exclude ourselves from the Continent for ever, or ought we to negociate jointly with Austria, and for the sake of re-establishing her political existence, admit France to share with us in "ships, colonies, and commerce."

So much for foreign affairs. At home, the first thing I have to say is, *that we are all firmly united.* An amendment will be moved in both Houses, and divided upon; nothing will be said in it about peace; it is to be strictly confined—*Inquiry* into the causes of our failure upon the Continent, and the obtaining some *security* against the misapplication of those means which it may be right still to employ towards reducing the power of France. No disunion *can* arise from the discussion of any of the topics connected with this amendment, which in the Commons is to be moved by Lord Henry Petty.

Of the state of parties I know nothing beyond what relates to our own; but it is stated with great confidence by many persons, that Addington is to join us in condemning the conduct of the war. Lord Wellesley has not declared himself.

Mr. Pitt is very ill; in no immediate danger; but in such a state as to preclude the possibility of his attending to public business. Lord Castlereagh is to be his substitute until he recovers; but I have some hopes, though not in my nature much given to hope, that the House of Commons will not bear this trifling.

You see that every thing promises an interesting Session; and indeed I hope it will not be long before you come among us . . . . . Believe me, dear Sir, ever most truly yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Tuesday, Jan. 28th*, 1806.

I have only time to say, that nothing is as yet finally arranged, but that every thing is going on well. Ever yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb. 1st*, 1806.

Had any thing been concluded in the interview at Buckingham-house yesterday, I should undoubtedly have sent you a line, but to all appearance it will *yet* take some time to settle affairs. Yours ever truly, R. A.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb. 5th*, 1806.

Do not make yourself uneasy at not seeing my name among those who form the new arrangement, as you may rely upon it every thing will be as I could wish it. Ever yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Saturday, 8th Feb.* 1806.

My station is certainly a foreign one, but whither I am to be sent Mr. Fox does not yet know. It will be where I can be of the most service to him.

I have already spoken to Erskine, and to Fox likewise, about so many people, that I cannot venture to add Mr. Hargrave to the list, but there would not be the smallest objection to your writing to either, or to both. I lament greatly your not being able to join us. Ever truly yours, R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *March 11th*, 1806.

I write you these few lines in answer to your last, merely to join my regret to yours upon the subject of inferior appointments. We never can be a strong administration without a thorough *excision*. It must go to the bone, or we, the Whig part of it at least, are sure to be counteracted in every thing. The complaints I hear upon this subject are numerous, and

many of them, I assure you, are connected with circumstances most painful to me to know. I can do nothing in it, neither can Mr. Fox.

I should have much to say to you if we were together. Is there no chance of your coming to town soon? I know nothing concerning myself, but that I am to go abroad somewhere. By Bonaparte's proceedings, however, there will soon be scarcely a place where I can venture to show myself.

I do not hear of the Duke of Norfolk's dissatisfaction, further than that he never is quite satisfied. Erskine is said to do his business admirably well. I am, dear Sir, ever truly yours,

R. A.

MY DEAR SIR, *May 3d*, 1806.

I see so little of Mr. Fox, except when he is in the House of Commons, that I have no opportunity of pressing any subject upon his attention. He certainly is far from well, although his complaints are much exaggerated; indeed I may say that he has no *complaint*, properly so called, but merely a tendency to inflammation in his bowels. Vexation, too, has greatly affected him. The state in which he found public affairs, and in which they still continue, is beyond imagination distressing, and our difficulties seem increasing every day. The other day Prussia, now Austria, surrenders to Bonaparte; and from what I can collect, his proposals for negociation are such as cannot admit of any discussion. All this together has affected Mr. Fox's health, but I really am not alarmed, especially as the summer is advancing, and his fondness for the country increased by his difficulty of enjoying it.

I wish Parliament would let him get there soon, but we shall have a severe Session. I am afraid there is some mischief brewing against our military plans. The Castlereaghs, as a *faction*, are mischievous, and supported, as I hear they are on this point, by no means contemptible. I am not daunted at their numbers on Wednesday last, nor at their threats for next Tuesday, but in the progress of our great measure I am afraid of a difficulty arising of a nature to draw around it, and embody all the other floating materials of discontent to which

taxation, and the prospect of extended and endless warfare has given birth. I believe Mr. Fox to be greatly gaining with the people; they would be sorry to part with him, but he has not got them into that state of discipline in which Mr. Pitt had them, and in which by receding from an unpopular measure he would gain nearly as much credit as he would by proposing a popular one. I am truly sorry to hear you still continue unwell. Ever yours, R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, May 10th*, 1806.

My fate is now definitively fixed, and I go on Thursday to Vienna. An Ambassador will soon be sent thither, but in the mean time it is necessary that Mr. Fox should have a person upon the spot acquainted with his views, and on whose fidelity he may rely. I am afraid there will be but little opportunity of doing good, but we must try.

The shortness of the time between this and my departure, leaves me in great doubt whether I can write to you again. If I do not, receive I pray you my most sincere and affectionate good wishes. I have ever felt the highest respect for you, and a confidence without bounds in your judgment and honour.

Employ me without scruple if I can be of any use to you at Vienna. It is not likely that you should have any literary correspondent there; but if there should be any subject of criticism, or philology which occupies you at present, and my aid could be of any avail in procuring you materials, I will with pleasure contribute all in my power. Your letters will come safely to me through Mr. Fox's office.

I leave you all with great anxiety of mind as to the event of many matters now pending of serious domestic import. We have been too much used to think alike to make it necessary that I should speak plainer.

God send you health, my dear Sir, and trust me that I am faithfully yours, R. ADAIR.

We have seen with what coldness, and almost insolence, Mr. Windham conducted himself towards Dr. Parr whilst he was in office, on application being made to him in the affair of Gerrald. They met, however, at Cambridge in 1803, and Parr in a letter to Mr. Coke of Holkham, shows himself reconciled; and from this time they were reconciled, as appears from many letters in the Appendix.

The agitated state of Ireland, and the political station of Dr. Bennet in the administration of the government of that unhappy country, had separated Parr from all communication with his friend. The blessings of returning peace, and the abatement of the storm of factious and angry passions, brought about a correspondence again with all the wonted ardour of friendship, and with the usual flow of confidence. From 1802 the Bishop of Cloyne renewed his public communications with Dr. Parr, and there are many letters which will testify how anxiously he desired his promotion. The exaltation of Parr's friends to power naturally led to the expectation of his own preferment, and accordingly we find Bishop Bennet looking forward with considerable pleasure to his advancement, and his increase of comfort:

MY DEAR PARR, *Dublin, April* 16, 1806.

I hope your change of air and scene has contributed to amuse your mind, and perhaps that of the Ministry may not be without the same effect. I am not displeased with the public conduct of your friends since they have been in office, but I think they were unwise in making so general a proscription of Pitt's friends, and if they had retained two of them, at least,

Hawkesbury, for instance, on account of his ability, and Lord Chatham, from his connection with the deceased minister, it would have given England more weight with foreign powers, and some foundation for the boast of their addressers and party writers, that it is an union of all the knowledge, wisdom, respectability, &c. &c. of the country; and this strikes me as more ungracious, because Pitt had declared himself ready to take in Fox to his ministry, as the latter has honourably confessed in the House of Commons. I look, however, on Mr. Fox, from his talents and character as worth fifty Lord Sidmouths to take the lead in our national councils, and I feel considerable pleasure in the consideration that he cannot avoid putting you into some comfortable deanery, or other respectable station.

I agree in all your emendations of the epitaph, which is now perfectly to my satisfaction. I inclose the only word I cannot make out. In reading Boswell's Life of Johnson, the other day, I found an observation of your friend Samuel's, that much puzzles me. He says that there is a quotation from Homer in Thucydides not to be found in any copy we now have of Homer's works. I have no doubt, as Johnson asserts the fact so positively, that it is true; but I was once a great reader of Thucydides, though not so accurate or diligent as you were, and if I ever took notice of the passage in question, it has entirely gone from my mind. If you can recur to it, pray point it out to me. My edition is Duker's. I have another literary, though not classical enquiry to make. You know the dispute there was about the manuscript history of Lord Clarendon, whether the Christ Church Tories, had or had not interpolated the celebrated passage of Hampden, having "a head to contrive, &c. &c. any mischief;" the original was given a few years ago to the University of Oxford, and I am very much mistaken if Archbishop Newcome did not tell me, he had written to one of his friends to examine the passage, and the whole was an interpolation; if so, what are we to think of Atterbury's solemn appeal to heaven?

We seem to like our new Lord Lieutenant very well. He is extremely civil, and lives in great state: two things which always delight and flatter the Irish. The Catholics are quarrel-

ling among themselves whether to press what is called their emancipation, now, or delay it. They will give your Ministry a great deal of trouble; for at least half of them do not care about the emancipation itself, but only make it a handle to abuse the English connection, which is the real, and, honestly speaking, the sole grievance at present. You know I look upon the few disabilities they are under now, as of no great weight, and I am well inclined to remove them, but if you ask me whether they will be satisfied with the removal of them, I answer, without hesitation, No. I have seen a very serious and intolerable yoke removed from their shoulders without any gratitude, and though I do not go so far as the Bishop of Elphin, who says every where, they must be conquered over again, I have no hesitation to say, you will find them some of your worst enemies.

Adieu! my dear Parr, believe me to be, yours very sincerely, WM. CLOYNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

General Fitzpatrick,—Death of Mr. Fox,—Lord Holland and Lord Grenville,—Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt,—Mr. Coke,—Living of Buckingham,—Lord Chedworth,—Rev. Mr. Eyre.

On the establishment of the Fox and Grenville administration, although Dr. Parr made no application for his own promotion, he pointed out Mr. Hargrave to the patronage of the Government; and I insert the following letter, as it will prove that he did the same for Mr. Lefanu, who married Mr. Sheridan's sister, and also that he himself was not indifferent to some of the ruling powers, although he had not been forward in obtruding himself upon their notice:

From the Right Honourable Richard Fitzpatrick, Secretary of War, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *War Office, May* 30, 1806.

I owe you many apologies for having so long delayed answering your letter, inclosing that of Mrs. Lefanu, which I trust you will have ascribed to its true cause, the great pressure of public business, which has, for some days past, both in and out of Parliament, wholly occupied my time. With respect to the lady's application, I can with truth assure you,

that your taking an interest in her behalf, would be, independently of all other circumstances, a sufficient reason to insure my giving it every attention in my power. I have already given Mr. Lefanu repeated assurances that whenever an opportunity should offer itself, which would enable me to remove him from his present to a more eligible and healthful situation, it should not be neglected. I am not sorry, however, that he does not appear to place much reliance on these assurances, since his want of confidence in them has procured me the pleasure of a letter from a person for whom I entertain so high and unfeigned an esteem and respect; and of expressing the regret which I, in common with many of his friends, feel, in not having yet had the satisfaction of seeing amongst them, since the late political change, a person, the value of whose attachment and support all the well-wishers of the present Administration must highly appreciate.

You will be glad to hear that your friend Mr. Fox left town last Saturday, in good health, to enjoy, for a few days, some relaxation from the very laborious duties of his official and parliamentary occupations. It is very unnecessary for me to add, that I reckon him in the list of persons to whom I before alluded, as one who will have the greatest pleasure in seeing you, whenever your avocations may occasion your travelling to this part of the world. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the greatest esteem, your very obedient humble servant,

RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

This letter, written the latter end of May, was well calculated to encourage Parr's hopes of preferment; General Fitzpatrick was the confidential friend and relation of the minister, and knew, not only the secrets of government, but the private sentiments of his mind. Of course, he would not have invited him to join friends who did not like his company, and thus to have raised expectations not intended to be gratified. Had Mr. Fox lived, there can be no doubt that he would have advanced him.

For great as he was, the amiable qualities of his heart, and the firmness of his friendships, at least equalled his intellectual accomplishments.

But at the moment General Fitzpatrick wrote, the seeds of mortal disease were concealed within Mr. Fox's bosom; "and the fatal 13th of February (as Mr. O'Bryen terms it in his letter to Mr. Alderman Combe), with the aid of some kind friends, sent him, within a few months to the tomb." There can be no doubt that the fatigues of office, which began in that fatal February, connected with his anxieties about public affairs, and the bad hours, and harrassing debates of Parliament, hastened on, and at last ripened the mischief. During the whole summer, Mr. Fox was incapable of attending to public business, and it is very remarkable, had he been in the utmost vigour of health, and plenitude of power, that no occasion presented itself of endowing Dr. Parr with high ecclesiastical preferment. I believe that no deanery or canonry in the gift of the Crown became vacant during that time; and certainly the first English bishopric was that of St. Asaph, which became vacant, on the death of Dr. Horsley, early in October, and which was given to Dr. Cleaver, formerly tutor in the Grenville family, while the bishopric of Bangor, from which he was translated, was given to Dr. Randolph, of Christ Church. There was one Irish bishopric vacated also by death during this period. Dr. Parr was deeply affected by the loss he was about to sustain, and with the eager solicitude of friendship, unmixed, as much as it is possible for

the human mind to be, with any sordid views, sought and obtained intelligence from his political friends of the declining health of the great Statesman. In the beginning of August some hope was entertained.

From Lord Holland, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *August 5*, 1806.

In hopes this letter may yet reach you at Oxford, I write to thank you for your kind expressions towards me, but more particularly to convey to you the agreeable intelligence that Mr. Fox is sensibly better, and that we have every day more ground to hope and expect that he will be finally restored to his health. It must, however, be the work of time.

I have here a volume (which, superficial as it is, I have been induced to publish) directed to you, and if you will do me the honour of accepting it, and let me know where to send it, I will lose no time in forwarding it to you: in doing so, I must deprecate your criticism, or at least *lenis incedas*, and not in your Gorgon terrors clad, for I assure you it is ill prepared to meet you or any body else in that character. I am, sincerely, your obliged humble servant, HOLLAND.

After Mr. Fox's removal to Chiswick, early in September, when the prospect of speedy dissolution was announced to him, Parr wrote to Lord Holland requesting that he might be permitted to perform the last offices of religion. The following is General Fitzpatrick's reply:

DEAR SIR, *Chiswick House, Sept.* 13, 1806.

I am sorry to announce to you that our excellent and dear friend has, in all probability, few hours to live. Happily, he appears to suffer no pain, and it seems likely that he will close his days without suffering. I mentioned the subject of your letter to Lord Holland: he concurs with me in feeling that your wish should be complied with, upon every consideration,

both public and private; but, at the same time, in the present melancholy moment, when it is impossible to speak upon such a subject to Mrs. Fox and others of his nearest connection, he can say no more than that he feels all the propriety of your performing the last sad and solemn duty upon this grievous and distressing occasion.

I am, Sir, with most sincere respect, your very humble servant, R. FITZPATRICK.

Dr. Parr was invited to attend the funeral of his illustrious friend, but did not read the service. Upon that occasion, rendered infinitely more solemn by the unaffected, and affectionate, and voluntary homage of sympathy of a train of mourners of the first consideration for rank, and genius, and learning, in the empire, the interest was redoubled by the accident, or the design, which placed the bodies of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt within a span of each other. Well might the moralist exclaim, who had witnessed the contention of the orators in parliament, and the eager grasp with which they clung to power:

> Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

Of Mr. Fox's public life, the simple greatness of his mind, his political wisdom, and the transcendent qualities of his oratory, the history of our country cannot be silent, and future ages will judge better of him than we his contemporaries, who see him through the mist of our partialities and our prejudices. Of his private life, I insert an affecting account from the pen of his widow, the Honourable Mrs. Fox, in a letter to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Feb. 26, 1807.*

I do, indeed, feel ashamed at having so long delayed thanking you for your very kind and friendly letter; but you, who have met with affliction, can judge how little those so deeply wounded can command themselves even to write a few lines, and many have been the days that I have been quite unable even to hold my pen. Ah! my dear Sir, you say very true, "Resignation to the will of Heaven is the duty of us both." I do try to be resigned, God knows; but the magnitude of my loss is so weighty, that it is, indeed, very, very difficult for me to bear up at all. The way in which my angel husband lived with me was so different to that of most men, it makes my loss so much the greater, as he was so much the kindest lover, husband, and friend, that woman ever had, that I now feel alone in the world. For years he had not a thought of which I was not a partaker: can I, then, feel comfort here without him? Alas! I think not. Time may soften my present agonizing sufferings, but it can never make me forget how happy I have been, and that he who was the source of all my happiness is gone, for ever gone from me in this world. Alas! alas! why was I *so* happy? You, my dear Sir, have lost a friend, a sincere one: the world has also lost a friend; for all his dear and noble mind was ever at work to try to be of benefit to his fellow-creatures, and he has, thanks to the Almighty, at length succeeded in relieving half the world from misery; and though he was not allowed to stay with us to enjoy the glorious triumph of last Monday's majority, he is, I am sure he is enjoying it near the throne of his Heavenly Father, in a far higher degree of perfection than he could have done here. Yes, he was as good as he was great, and innocent as a child. Nobody could know but myself what an angelic mind his was; and the greatest consolation I have is in reflecting how good he was, and how happy he must now be. His friends are all very kind to me, and the attention of many of them is certainly very soothing, and will always be the highest satisfaction I can enjoy in this world. I am rejoiced to hear that Lord Holland has behaved to you so as to give you any gratification; he is a good young man, and his dear uncle loved and thought very highly of him. It will give me real pleasure to see you here, where you have

often been expected in happier days. Adieu! my dear Sir. Harriett is greatly flattered by your kind remembrance, and joins in best regards with your ever obliged and sincere

ELIZABETH FOX.

The following letter of the Bishop of Cloyne is too declaratory of the truth, and, alas! too prophetic of the fact of Parr's chance of preferment after Mr. Fox's death, to allow me to omit it:

MY DEAR PARR, *Dublin, Jan.* 13, 1807.

My fatiguing winter journey being now over, I sit down to inquire after your health, your studies, and your prospects. I found your statement of the ministerial changes at my return from my progress through the western part of my diocese, and it gave me much information at a time when we were particularly anxious for it. How far the death of your respected friend may impede you in the way to church preferment I know not. Lord Grenville is providing fast for his own friends, I hope not without some consideration for those of Mr. Fox; but my hopes are blended with a certain degree of apprehension, and a wish which I once never thought I should have entertained, that so great a man had lived longer. In fact, it is disgraceful to the church and the nation, that such a man as YOU should not pass the evening of his days in one of those highly comfortable, if not one of those splendid situations which our profession holds out to so many of us.

I am afraid your friends here find themselves in a very unpleasant state. The peasants are associating every where against tithes and rents; and in the usual blundering spirit of the country have risen in the greatest numbers in the precise part of Ireland (the north-west) where tithes are compounded for on the easy terms of eighteen pence and two shillings an acre, and where there is no tithe at all on potatoes, the great food of the poor, or on grazing cattle, the principal support of the farmers. It will creep on southward, and we shall have our share. Now as your friends have declared so loudly against the strong measures of their predecessors, they are ashamed to have recourse to them; and lenient ones are never

effectual here. The Duke of Bedford, with the humane spirit and generous prejudices of an Englishman, sends down a special commission to try the offenders. What is the consequence? The principal leaders have uniformly been acquitted, and the persons who dared to give evidence against them as uniformly murdered on returning home. The spirit is checked, the newspapers tell us, but every private letter, and every public fact, declare the contrary. I assure you I am very fearful of the consequences, for after sixteen years I know the people well; at the same time I commend the Ministry for sending a strong reinforcement to the army here as they have lately done, sincerely wishing, however, that Lord Cathcart had been left in command of it, for it is provoking when a man has, by personal inspection and activity, made himself master of all the difficult passes of a country, knows the army and is known, and trusted by it, that he should be sent to be Commander in Chief in Scotland, and a stranger succeed him here, gouty and inactive, and whose name appears in no military transaction of consequence. Will the English never learn that this is the really vulnerable part of the empire, and that whatever enemy lands, he will be joined by thousands. The mass of people here hate you all, and indulge them as much as you can, they will not hate you less.

I differ extremely from Opposition on the subject of the negociation for peace. Your friends acted a most honourable part towards their allies, and for which I admire their good sense and spirit, and lament their efforts were unavailable. What can have induced your pupil, Henry Alexander, with his fullness of habit, to trust himself to the East or West Indies? Will he, istis faucibus atque lateribus, ista prodigiosa totius corporis rotunditate (I am not certain that my emendation is Ciceronian Latin), encounter the rage of the yellow fever with any hope of safety? Yet he tells me Lord Caledon's appointment is still undetermined, whether to the Cape or Jamaica.

I inclose this letter to Alderman Combe, as the best chance of finding you out. I hope you are in London convincing your friends you are in existence. I shall never forgive them if I do not soon hear you have a Deanery *at least*. Adieu. I am, my dear Parr, your sincere friend, WILLIAM CLOYNE.

I have not asked Lord Holland's leave to insert the two following letters, but have ventured to do it, as they prove the steady purpose of that illustrious nobleman, and his good will towards Dr. Parr. They are documents, indeed, owed to the public, as clearing up all doubts about the intentions of Lord Holland and the real Foxite party, both in regard to their estimation of Dr. Parr, and their attachment to him.

MY DEAR SIR,

Of my anxiety to serve you I am sure you can have no doubt, and of your claims upon all that were connected with my uncle, and are attached to his principles, I have as little. I have written to Lord Grenville. The bishopric is promised, and I know his engagements are so deep, unless my poor uncle may have mentioned your name to him (which if ever they had spoken of ecclesiastical preferment he most certainly would have done), I fear the chief use of my letter will be laying the ground for a future occasion, which cannot be long now before it occurs. Yours very sincerely, HOLLAND.

I send you a copy of my letter to Lord G.

MY DEAR LORD, *Holland-House, Oct. 7.*

After the obliging manner in which you received my mention of Mr. Neve, and your account of your promises of church preferment, I hope you do me the justice to believe that nothing would induce me to trouble you so soon with another application connected with ecclesiastical patronage, if it arose solely, or even chiefly, from personal friendship and interest for the individual. But as it is possible from the very circumstance of no vacancies having occurred in the church since last January, that my uncle may never have spoken to you of the situation in which he and his political friends stood with respect to Dr. Parr, and consequently that his name may not be included in the list of applications to which you allude; in justice to him and many common friends, I think I am bound to

state to you at a time when ecclesiastical arrangements are making, and there is a prospect of yet more to be made, that it was the sincere desire of my uncle, and would be, I am sure, a real gratification to many of his friends, to see Dr. Parr in some high situation in the church, suitable to his great reputation for learning, and due from my uncle and his political supporters to his long and unalterable attachment to him and them.

If I am officious in sending you this statement, it is from an apprehension that what many would be inclined to do, they might neglect from the probability of its being done by others, and I am sure no promotion in the church would give more general satisfaction to some of the steadiest and most powerful supporters of government than that of Dr. Parr. I am, my dear Lord, your sincere and obliged friend and servant,

Right Hon. Lord Grenville. HOLLAND.

I know not whether any other effort was made to advance him during the remainder of the short administration of the Talents. If such effort were made it did not succeed; yet a whisper has gone forth that he was not to be passed by altogether; and the Deanery of Lincoln was said to be allotted to him in case of its becoming vacant. And some have even *dared* to say, that in the last reign there were insuperable obstacles to his being promoted to the episcopal bench, and Lord Grenville is said to have apologized for not raising to the bench the greatest scholar of his age, who was also a man of the most unblemished character, on the plea that this Divine was not popular among his brethren. Whatsoever his Lordship's expressions or opinions might have been, it is probable that in a much higher quarter there were no insuperable obstacles to Dr. Parr's promotion, and that the Prince justly appreciated his talents, and the manner in which

they had been politically employed. The following letter of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt is evidence of the assertion. And it is known that on the unfortunate affair of the Queen's return, his present Majesty expressed his surprise and regret that Dr. Parr, *for whom he had great regard*, should fatigue himself by a journey to London to interfere in a quarrel between man and wife:

From Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, to Dr. Parr, dated

SIR, *Truro, Jan. 8th*, 1804.

Though at a great distance from the Prince, I am persuaded I should not do him justice, if I did not in his name give his most ready assent to the request contained in your letter of the 3d instant. I write to his Royal Highness by this post, and I will trouble you to convey your sermon* to Brighton, addressed immediately to the Prince. I know no gentleman of whom I have heard his Royal Highness speak with more veneration than of Dr. Parr. He justly appreciates your great talents, and feels they have ever been most constitutionally employed.

You will permit me to express a sanguine hope, that a rumour I heard by accident at our friend Mr. Knight's, respecting your health is unfounded; it will be a great pleasure to me to prove it to be so, by meeting you there on my return to town at the meeting of Parliament. In the mean time I remain, Sir, with the highest esteem, your faithful and obedient servant, THOS. TYRWHITT.

Whether it were the fault of any administration, his own imprudence, or his misfortune, that he was not promoted, would lead to a discussion, if discussed at all, productive only of angry feeling, and destitute of solid utility. It was a subject of jocularity rather than of anger, when he himself convers-

* The Fast Sermon.

ed about it with his intimate acquaintance. Still he could not but be conscious of his own right to advancement, a right springing out of his great acquirements, his unsullied purity of life, his long continued labours, and the general homage that was paid to his learning. When his friends were asking him why so many ecclesiastics were made bishops and he was not? He would reply sarcastically, "If it did not bear the appearance of pride, I should be almost tempted to apply to my case what is recorded of Cato, when it was asked why other men had statues and he had not? Πολλῶν δὲ ὁρων ἀνισταμένους ἀνδριάντας, ἐμοῦ δὲ, (ἔφη) ἐρωτᾶν βούλομαι μᾶλλον τοὺς ἀνθρωπους διὰ τί ἀνδριὰς οὐ κεῖται Κάτωνος, ἢ διὰ τί κεῖται. Plutarchi Apophthegmata Regum, vol. II. p. 198, edit. Xyland.

I know that some men indulge a latitude of expression not warranted by the fact, that Parr was unfitted by his habits and his manners for the episcopal station; that he wanted the reserve, the discretion, and the delicacy requisite to the prelacy. I have already quoted the authority of Mr. Burke for Parr's superior fitness for a seat in the House of Lords. For his *superior* knowledge of theology I appeal to those Bishops who were wont to consult him on sacred subjects. For his *supreme* acquirements as a scholar, I appeal to all scholars—for his paternal and religious care of his flock I appeal to his parish—for his generosity I appeal to the poor—for his kindness, openness, and dignity of demeanor, I appeal to the rich—for the purity and sincerity of his heart, I might with reverence appeal to

that Being to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; and if such a man was not fit to be a Christian Bishop, I will no longer insist on the claim of Dr. Parr to preferment. Yet I must assert, that he would not have been more arrogant than Warburton—that he would not have been less orthodox than Law—and that with the eloquence of Bossuet, he would have carried the merciful spirit of Fenelon into the chair. His pipe might be deemed in these fantastic days a degradation at the table of the palace or the castle; but his noble hospitality, combined with his habits of sobriety, whether tobacco fumigated his table or not, would have filled his hall with the learned and the good; and his love of state, perhaps of pomp, would have done all besides, that general usage demanded from the episcopal character.

He was not cast down, however, because he was not advanced in ecclesiastical dignity; nor amidst the changes of most eventful times did he ever renounce or dissemble his opinions upon measures or men.

Some men will ask (he said), was I not personally interested in the continuance of their power? For aught I know I might be, and for aught I know I might not be. But thus much I do know, and to those who would insult me with the question I should confidently say thus much, that from my youth upward to the present moment, I never deserted a private friend, nor violated a public principle; that I have been the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party; that I formed my political opinions without the smallest regard, and have acted upon them with an utter disregard, to personal emoluments and professional honours; that for many, and the best years of my existence, I endured very irksome toil, and suffered very gal-

ling need; that measuring my resources by my wants, I now so abound as to unite a competent income with an independent spirit; and above all, that looking back to this life, and onward to another, I possess that inward "peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away." Philopatris Varvicensis, vol. I. pp. 306, 7.

Nor did Parr's mind cherish either chagrin or resentment against the enlightened Minister who, whether he intended it no, did not remain long time enough in office to promote him. On the occasion of the contest for the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, he exerted all his efforts in favour of Lord Grenville; and those efforts called forth the letter of his Lordship, and the answer to it here inserted:

Lord Grenville, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Dropmore, Nov. 26th*, 1809.

A letter which Lord Holland inclosed to me two days ago, reminds me that in the inevitable hurry of so extensive a canvas as that in which I have been engaged, I have omitted to thank you for the flattering expressions which he has before conveyed to me of your interest in my success, and for the exertions which you have made to promote that object. These testimonies of good opinion on your part have been the more gratifying to me, because I flatter myself that they have in part been called forth by your known attachment to, and eminence in those literary pursuits, to which, in the midst of an active life, so much of my time has been devoted.

You will be pleased to hear that the result of the canvas is very favourable to me; and although I do not allow myself to form too sanguine expectations as to the final issue of a contest in which I have had to encounter both powerful opponents, and prejudices still more powerful, yet I really believe my chance of success is at this time better than that of either of the other

two candidates I am, Sir, with great esteem and regard, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

GRENVILLE.

From Dr. Parr, to Lord Grenville.

MY LORD,

Permit me to make my very respectful and very thankful acknowledgments for the letter, which I yesterday had the honour of receiving from your Lordship. I consider the cause in which you are now engaged as connected more immediately with the credit of a learned University and remotely with the best interests of the Church and the State. I cannot, therefore, look back without the purest satisfaction upon the share which I have taken in the contest, and most seriously do I lament that it was not in my power to do more in favour of a candidate, whose pretensions to success are so numerous, solid, and I must beg leave to add, unusual.

As your Lordship has adverted to the motives which chiefly influenced my conduct, I trust that without any violation of propriety, I may venture to open to you what has passed in my mind.

Of your Lordship's great proficiency in literature, and your great zeal to promote it I am convinced, not only from the representations of learned and observant men, but from proofs more direct, and to me at least decisive.

Some years ago, when I was visiting the President of Magdalen, who is a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, I met with that splendid edition of Homer which had been published under your auspices; I read with the utmost attention the new and valuable matter it contains, and I made some useful extracts from the various sections, and from the Criticisms of Professor Porson. It so happens, that my own reading, either in ancient or modern books is not very confined, and the result of my observation is, that classical learning enables men to lay the strongest and broadest foundation for zeal and knowledge—that it qualifies them in the best manner for the duties of public as well as private life; that it prepares them to advance with a sure and steady step; from the refinements of taste to the re-

searches of philosophy; and above all, that in well-stored and well disciplined minds it forms a most effectual barrier against the encroachments of those delusive and pernicious principles which have disturbed the repose, and obstructed, I am sure, both the intellectual and moral improvement of the civilized world. With opinions thus rooted upon the extensive and diversified utility of those studies which are begun in our public schools and continued in our Universities, I felt, my Lord, a kind of honest and proud triumph in bearing testimony to the services which you had rendered to a cause which had engaged so large a share of my own attentions as an instructor of youth, as a man of letters, and as a serious and vigilant observer of causes and effects in these most eventful times.

Pardon me, my Lord, for stating yet farther to yourself, as I have done more than once to other men, who possess and deserve your esteem, that I read with the greatest delight a preface which is published with the correspondence between the late Lord Camelford and Lord Chatham, and which is ascribed to your Lordship. The firm tone of the style, the justness of the remarks, and the rational and dignified spirit of morality which pervaded the whole composition charmed me, and never will be effaced from my memory. Permit me to add, that I saw, with no common degree of pleasure, the use you had made of Plutarch, who is one of my favourite authors, and whose language teems with beauties, though it is not adorned with the peculiar and exquisite graces of those earlier *writers*, who have left us such inestimable, *but* I believe, inimitable models of diction purely attic. You now see, my Lord, the sources of that unfeigned respect which I feel for your erudition; and surely, in my humble but well-meant endeavours to promote your success as a candidate for the Chancellorship of Oxford, I have performed an act not only of gratitude to a friend of learning, but of unequivocal propriety and substantial use to a learned society.

I was aware of the formidable difficulties which you must have to encounter from the prejudices of academical men upon a subject which is of the highest moment to the civil and religious concerns of this empire, and upon which I with great

wariness, but great sincerity, have lately communicated to the public some opinions, in the soundness of which I have increased confidence because they have the sanction of your approbation.

I rejoice at the account with which you have condescended to favour me of the situation in which matters now stand; but I well know how uncertain must be the termination of the present conflict at such a juncture.

My anxiety till the day of election is past will therefore be incessant and painful. But for the sake of your Lordship, of the University, and of our national credit; for the advancement of learning, and the extension of toleration, I shall be most happy indeed, to congratulate you upon the prosperous issue of your various and pre-eminent claims to be elected to the Chancellorship of Oxford. I have the honour to be, my Lord, with the most sincere and profound respect, your Lordship's very faithful and obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

Being thus left by those who dispensed the favours of the Crown without preferment, he was not, however, deserted by his personal friends. Under limitations he might have held one of the Duke of Norfolk's livings in Herefordshire. In 1801 and 1802 he also might have had two livings of Lord Chedworth in Wiltshire.

In 1807 (says Parr) Mr. Coke of Norfolk obtained from his mother permission to give me the living of Buckingham. I found the house ruinous, and the situation inconvenient, and therefore I declined the offer of my inestimable friend Mr. Coke.

We have already seen that the heads of the house of Holkham were patrons and admirers of Dr. Parr. Even in the year 1788 it will appear from the following letter that Mr. Coke was interested for his advancement:

DEAR SIR, *Holkham, Oct.* 30, 1788.

Though my time is much engaged at present, I cannot reconcile to my feelings the delay even of a few days in answering your most flattering letter, or to express Mrs. Coke's and my concern that the illustrious author of the Preface to Bellendenus should not be able to attend our secular commemoration of an event which preserved to us our religious and civil liberty. As a friend to my country I must lament that your talents should be buried in the obscure corner where you now reside, not but that you must be sensible your writings are far better calculated to secure fame than to obtain preferment. The approbation of such men as yourself I shall ever esteem as the highest gratification I can derive from being in Parliament, and affords me ample consolation in my private station. I inclose you a small bill for the distressed family you mention; and remain, dear Sir, with sincere regard and esteem, your obliged and faithful humble servant, THOS. W. COKE.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, April* 11, 1808.

I am particularly gratified by this opportunity of testifying my very sincere regard for you. My mother having allowed me to present to the living of Buckingham, I wish you may think it worth your acceptance. Its value is about £300 per annum. The church is lately built, and *very handsome*. I cannot say so much for the parsonage, which is but indifferent at present. I am going down to Holkham to-morrow and shall stay there a fortnight. I hope I shall hear from you that your health is improved, and that the holding of Buckingham is not incompatible with your other church preferments.

Believe me at all times with much esteem, yours, my dear Sir, most faithfully, THOS. W. COKE.

From Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

April 13, 1808.

MY MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND AND PATRON,

This morning, as I was setting out on my return to Hatton, I had the happiness and honour to receive the letter in which

you most obligingly offer me the living of Buckingham. The gracious and friendly manner in which you expressed your intention to do me this important service, pierced my very soul. Accept, dear Sir, my most unfeigned and most cordial thanks, and be assured that I shall live with more cheerfulness, and die with more comfort, if possessed of such a mark of regard from such a patron as Mr. Coke.

I am not only desirous, but most solicitous, to avail myself of your kindness. I am very imperfectly acquainted with matters of ecclesiastical preferment, and therefore I have written to the Bishop of Lincoln to request that his lordship would inform me whether Wadenhoe or Graffham be tenable with Buckingham. I shall jump for joy to give up one, for the sake of receiving Buckingham from you. I wish I were knowing enough to decide this question myself. But the Bishop of Lincoln is the most intelligent of all our prelates, and will, I dare say, favour me with the earliest and best advice. The very moment I hear from the Bishop I will send you a definitive answer; and I entreat you, in your candour and well-tried friendship, to pardon me for waiting to receive the Bishop's answer in a point so interesting. I shall immediately write to the President of Magdalen, and with my usual, or more than my usual activity, I shall explain to him my earnest wishes in favour of the gentleman whom you recommend. Yesterday I sent a letter directed to you *in London*, and I hope it will reach you. Your heart will be gladdened to see the effect produced by your generous offer on Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne. I am afflicted with a dreadful cold. I hope you have escaped all bad effects from this fickle and harsh weather. Once more, dear Sir, let me beg of you to accept my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments, and to present my blessing to your accomplished and beloved daughter, Miss Coke. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful friend, and very thankful, obedient servant, S. PARR.

Parr did apply to the Bishop of Lincoln, and his own observation on the result of that application is this:

When Mr. Coke offered me the living of Buckingham, in the diocese of Lincoln, I gave Dr. Pretyman to understand that I should, perhaps, resign one of my livings and retain the other. He told me if I took Buckingham I must reside. The living was given to Mr. Crowe, who never did reside, and at whose non-residence the Bishop connived. His rigour with me arose from his dislike of my supposed religious, and my avowed political tenets.

But there were other impediments. The house was in an extremely dilapidated state, and was incapable of being made comfortable. Parr notices this circumstance on resigning the appointment.

From Dr. Parr, to T. W. Coke, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday, May* 25.

Yesterday I received your letter, and being at a distance from the Post Office, I could not answer it before to-day.

On Friday last I wrote to you, my most kind friend and ever honoured patron, for the purpose of communicating to you the judgment I had ultimately, and with much deliberation, and great regret, formed about the vicarage of Buckingham. I sent also several papers, which I trust have reached you, and from which you may, as a man of business, discover the wretched state of the Parsonage, and the very unusual want of capability, as Browne called it, for convenience.

I rejoice that you think of visiting the spot. I am sure that, somehow or other, great injury has been done to the Patron. I have no confidence in surveyors, stewards, and especially in attornies, who are at a distance from their employers, and also have views of their own, for the benefit of clients who are nearer to them. Your agent, from his account of the premises, seems disposed to do justice; but if it be possible, dear Sir, look yourself to them.....

You are well employed for the public, and my hope is that the country gentlemen will at last see it to be for their interest, and their honour, to resume that importance which was filched from them during the reign of Mr. Pitt, and which they have

tamely resigned on many great questions of legislation and politics.....

I have the honour to be, with deep and unfeigned respect and gratitude, &c. &c. S. PARR.

In 1801 (says Dr. Parr) my old acquaintance, Lord Chedworth, offered me the living of Winterbourne Stoke, in the diocese of Salisbury, in the county of Wilts. I declined taking it, and recommended my friend, James Eyre, who had neither preferment nor patron. His lordship kindly granted my request. Afterwards, Lord Chedworth spontaneously offered Mr. Eyre the living of Nettleton; and at the time it might have been convenient for me to get Nettleton, and exchange it for a living which the Duke of Norfolk wished to give me. I wrote to Mr. Eyre, who was perfectly satisfied with my intention not to let him be loser if he gave up Nettleton. But Lord Chedworth would not consent, because he thought, whimsically, that it was the transfer of patronage from himself to the Duke of Norfolk. I thought it not worth while to explain, and the business ended amicably, honourably, and with delight to me, that James Eyre had a second living. Lord Chedworth never saw him, but promoted him in consequence of my statement of his merits.

Lord Chedworth's acquaintance with Dr. Parr began when his lordship was a boy at Harrow-school, and continued, with frequent interruption both of correspondence and personal intercourse, till the summer of 1804, when he saw him for the last time in London. Lord Chedworth died at Ipswich, Oct. 29, 1804; and Parr pourtrayed him in the following character, when he was called to give evidence in the Court of Chancery on the question of his insanity:

That with great talents, attainments, and virtues, his lordship united an understanding not completely sound, and liable to be much affected by that propensity to insanity, to which, perhaps,

his lordship was subject from his birth, and which, in the judgment of this deponent, was increased by some unfortunate events in his lordship's life.

The letters of Lord Chedworth to Dr. Parr, begin in 1782, and end July 1804. They are full of respect and complaisance. I shall copy a few to show his manner, and to prove the falsehood of what has been asserted about the present of a piece of plate, on which Parr has been so often vilified by anonymous writers. The simple fact was this: Lord Chedworth offered his old schoolfellow, Dr. Parr, a living in Wiltshire. Parr could not accept it, as it was beyond legal ecclesiastical distance of his other livings; but requested his lordship to give the preferment to his friend, the Rev. James Eyre, who had no provision for a very large family. Lord Chedworth acceded to the proposal, made an honourable and virtuous man happy in a small independence, and filled his friend's breast with joy and gratitude. To commemorate this kindness, Parr begged of Lord Chedworth a μνημόσυνον. His lordship willingly granted the request. Mr. Eyre wrote the inscription: and, to the last hour of his life, Lord Chedworth neither changed his style nor his sentiments towards Dr. Parr. It has been asserted that Lord Chedworth had, at one time, left him £10,000, but expunged his name from the will when asked for the plate. I question the fact. The whole of the calumny, and the officiousness with which it was circulated, arose out of Parr's incautiousness in talking of Lord Chedworth's tendency to mental derangement, on which

he was called to make affidavit by Colonel Wright, Lord Chedworth's nearest kinsman, and to disavow which he was subpœnaed by Mr. Wilson, to whom Lord Chedworth bequeathed a considerable part of his fortune. Mr. Eyre published a statement of the matter of the plate in the Gent. Mag. vol. LXXVII. p. 120. There are many letters of explanation to and from Mr. Fonblanque, Sir Samuel Romilly, &c. &c., for the business went through the regular investigation of a court of law. Parr was rendered extremely uncomfortable by being publicly dragged forth to give evidence, and there are some letters which explain how unavoidably on his part.

Lord Chedworth, to Dr. Parr.

No, 31, King-street, Covent-Garden,
Thursday, Sept. 3, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

I am aware that the liberty I am about to take demands an apology; but as I have experienced your indulgence too frequently to doubt of your pardon now, I will not waste your time with any farther preface, but proceed at once to the business which occasions my troubling you with this letter.

The vicarage of Winterbourne Stoke, in Wiltshire, which is in my gift, is lately become vacant by death. Its value is very small; the late incumbent (who was presented in 1762) did not, as I am informed, make more of it than between £60 and £70 a year: I think it possible that it may be improvable, but for this I cannot answer. It is rated in the King's books at upwards of £11 a year. I am conscious that there may seem something ridiculous in offering so trifling a piece of preferment to a man who is unquestionably entitled to fill the highest dignities in the church; but I have nothing better to offer, and I persuade myself that you will do me the justice to believe that I am not actuated by the vanity of wishing to have it in my power to say that you have condescended to accept a

living from me. If you do not accept it, I particularly request that you will not make the offer known. How far this vicarage may be tenable with your present preferment, I know not; but if it should suit you to take it, you may resign it whenever your convenience may require it. The place is situated about nine miles to the north-west of Salisbury. I really feel greatly alarmed when I consider my presumption, and shall be anxious to be assured of your forgiveness. I have the honour to remain, with the most profound respect, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, CHEDWORTH.

DEAR SIR, *June* 1, 1802.

I cannot adequately express my thanks for the signal mark of your kindness with which you intend honouring me. You will, however, I trust, believe that I feel most strongly the value and importance of your favour, and that I shall carefully attend to your injunction. I am sure Mr. Green will be highly gratified by your obliging message; he has left Ipswich on a tour westward, and intended being absent three or four months.

Had I not received your letter it was my intention to write to you by this post, to inform you that the little rectory of Nettleton, in Wiltshire, which is in my gift, is on the point of becoming vacant by the promotion of the present incumbent to a living not tenable with it. I am afraid it will be impossible to bring Nettleton within forty-five miles of your living in Warwickshire; but it is considerably within that distance of Winterbourne Stoke; and I should have the greatest pleasure in presenting Mr. Eyre to it, provided he can qualify to hold it with his vicarage by becoming a Master of Arts in time to prevent any risk of my incurring a lapse. I have a chaplainship at Mr. Eyre's service, in order to entitle him to a dispensation, but he must, you know, be also a Master of Arts. As I would on no account raise hopes which are not likely to be realized, I must request that you would not mention this matter to Mr. Eyre at present, but do me the favour to inform me how soon he can obtain a Master's degree. I would most gladly advance him £50 for his expences on that occasion.

Nettleton is situated in the N. W. part of Wiltshire, near Chippenham, and (as I believe) about twelve miles from Bath. The gross receipt of the present incumbent is somewhere about £190 a year, but I suppose it may be improvable, though perhaps not very much; but of this I speak from a very loose conjecture. It is rated in the King's books at £18. 12*s.* 1*d.* The parsonage house I have understood to be small and incommodious. As I am desirous of learning as soon as possible whether Mr. Eyre can obtain a degree in time, I shall address this to Hatton, with a direction to be forwarded to you if from home, and shall esteem myself particularly obliged to you if you will favour me with as early an answer as you can, directing to me at No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden. I feel much interest about Mr. Eyre, and shall consider myself as particularly fortunate if I can be the instrument of rendering him comfortable. I will not intrude longer on your time than while I assure you that I am, with the deepest sentiments of respect and gratitude, dear Sir, your very faithful and much obliged friend and servant, CHEDWORTH.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will believe that I am fully sensible of the honour you confer on me, and that I shall have great pleasure in obeying your commands. I am sure your candour will not interpret delay as neglect.

I believe I shall hardly be in town before May, and I shall, with your permission, defer the execution of my design till I get thither. One difficulty which you have brought on me, and which distresses me a little, I will not conceal from you. The plate must have an inscription, and though, as the ingenious Governor Malcolm once said to you at Yarmouth, "I know a little of Latin," no consideration could induce me to put two Latin words together if I knew they were likely to meet your eye. I would not have the plate blemished by barbarism; and were I to attempt to write an inscription myself, it would be much in the manner of an honest gentleman of this county, who, intending to build a mausoleum for himself and his family, gave out that he had fixed on a motto for it, which

nothing could induce him to alter: "Pro sibi et suis;" but the mausoleum was not built, and the gentleman lost the opportunity of recording his skill in Latinity.

I received a letter from Mr. Eyre on Friday last, in which he informs me that his neighbour, Mr. Lewis, the High Sheriff of the county, had appointed him his chaplain; he lamented your absence, as he had much wished for your advice and assistance respecting his Assize Sermon. Ludicrous as it will appear to you, he asked my opinion, and I presumed to tell him, that I thought in an Assize Sermon it was by no means necessary that he should advert to what you have somewhere called "the fleeting politics of the day;" that to avoid offence was extremely desirable; that though an honest man would never say what he did not think, a prudent man would not always say what he thought; that general recommendations of mutual forbearance and charity were never unseasonable; and I took the liberty of recalling to his memory the following passage, which is towards the end of Archdeacon Balguy's first charge: "In obedience to law, and submission to lawful authority, all reasonable men will unite; in other matters let us be content to differ. It is scarce probable that the points for which we contend are of more importance than the reciprocal good offices of private friendship, and the preservation of the public peace; neither of which can be long maintained among men whose affections are mutually alienated by the rage and violence of party spirit."

I regret very much that I have missed the pleasure of meeting you in town, and am very sorry to learn that you have been oppressed by the prevalent disorder. I have for some time been much indisposed. I remain, with all possible respect, dear Sir, your very faithful friend and much obliged humble servant,

CHEDWORTH.

The Rev. James Eyre, to whom Lord Chedworth gave the livings in Wiltshire, was one of those friends in whom Dr. Parr placed his greatest confidence. He became acquainted with him soon after his abode in Warwickshire, and it appears by the

Sequel that in the year 1791 there was confidential intimacy. In many places he has praised the uprightness and the learning of Mr. Eyre. He calls him, "My sensible, honest, clear-headed, and well-informed friend;" and there are letters in which he asks preferment for him: for Mr. Eyre was burdened with a large family, without any provision except that which depended on his own exertions as a schoolmaster and a curate. Mr. Eyre published no regular work: but his interleaved copy of Johnson's Dictionary, containing some corrections and additions, after his death was given up to the booksellers who published Todd's edition, and procured from them the sum of £50 for his family. He also printed in the Gentleman's Magazine a statement concerning the plate given to Dr. Parr by Lord Chedworth. Dr. Parr's patronage of Mr. Eyre's family continued long after his death; he might be styled their second father, and in the year 1817 became more closely connected to them by his union with the amiable sister of his old friend. Moreover, his benevolence lasted beyond the grave. He left handsome legacies to the excellent and accomplished eldest daughter, and other children of Mr. Eyre.

CHAPTER XIV.

Philopatris Varvicensis—Letters from Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke—Letters from Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr.

From the time of Mr. Fox's death, Dr. Parr meditated some composition in honour of the statesman, his personal friend and his intended patron. He had praised him in the Preface to Bellendenus, and now acknowledged himself to be the author of that panegyric. He collected materials for biography, but found that politics were so mixed with any composition of the kind, that it would be impossible for him to write historically without writing voluminously; it was therefore his choice rather to publish the compilations of other men than a discourse of his own. Perhaps the demise of Mr. Fox was too recent for his life or his character to be the subject of history: perhaps he who would have collected materials for his biography, was too much implicated in the matter, and his own fortunes were too much interested, to permit him to write impartially. Whatever were the causes, Dr. Parr did not fulfil his original intention, but has collected a series of accounts, all of them

bearing strong marks of authenticity, many of them composed with a high spirit of eloquence, and all of them fitted for furnishing the future biographer with good materials. From these accounts it is satisfactory to the friends of liberty to believe that only one inference can be drawn; that Mr. Fox, whatsoever were the follies of his youth, was, in mature age, a good and a wise man, a lover of his country, and a benefactor of his kind; a man amiable in his domestic relations, so steady and so warm in his friendship, that he never even lost a *personal* friend, except him who became an apostate; a man who retained the same simplicity of manners, whether in the first office of a free state, or in the station of a private gentleman, and whose demise might truly be said to put, not only his friends and his countrymen, but the whole of the civilized race of mankind, in mourning—Be it remembered that the abolition of the slave trade was not the speculation, but the deed of Mr. Fox's administration.

Philopatris Varvicensis is not a life of Mr. Fox; it is the homage of learning to political wisdom; an eulogy, as well as a disquisition, on several important topics of jurisprudence and history, and is full of the best sentiments in the best language of the age. The discourses that have been drawn together from other sources and from other authors, will not be republished in these volumes, but the letter which portrays the mind and the principles of Mr. Fox, will. It is written in characters of light, and as long as letters shall be read, will be copied with those memorials of great men which have

been transmitted from the past to the present age, and which will doubtless be passed on to the future. The kinsman of Agricola has not painted his hero in brighter colours, nor will posterity read with less interest the short and affecting narrative of the interment of Fox, than of the death of the persecuted general of Domitian. The Preface to the Philopatris is another of Parr's little cabinet, sketches beautiful in its drawing and its colouring, and particularly valuable as guarding against the dangerous, pestilent practice of writing indistinctly, under the pretence of writing quickly and learnedly. The Notes on Jurisprudence and history, especially the great note, abound in right reason and learned investigation. This note alone would have been the foundation of the fame of any common author, and though the microscopic observer may discover one little spot, it is only one, and that, perhaps, may be ascribed to the purity of mind of the composer; at least it is an effusion of bonhommie which every man of taste and of candour would be glad not to observe, or comment upon.

The Philopatris is dedicated to Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and the two following letters gave notice to him of the publication.

From Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 3, 1808.

You will have the goodness to consider this letter quite *confidential.* I have collected, and shall re-publish, some of the best written accounts of Mr. Fox which appeared after his death, and I have given my own opinion of him in that fair and full way of which you and many of his friends are likely to approve. I have written also some copious and even learned

notes, and the important subjects discussed in them must be my apology for their length. Now, dear Sir, you will gratify me very highly by permitting me to dedicate the work to yourself. I have, in truth, written the dedication, and you will believe me when I tell you that it contains, not fulsome flattery, but well-founded and well-earned praise; such, my friend, as will be most acceptable to yourself, and such as is most worthy of the plainness and sincerity which distinguished Mr. Fox. I beg the favour of you to let me know by what conveyance my picture may be best forwarded to you at Holkham. Pray give my best respects and best wishes to all your family there, and more especially to your accomplished and much beloved daughter, Miss Coke. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with respect and gratitude unfeigned, your sincere friend, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 12, 1808.

. . . . . I thank you for the kind inquiries after my health. This is a dismal season to me, from the remembrance of a domestic and irreparable loss. But I bear my affliction pretty well, and, dividing my time between study and society, I go on quite as comfortably as I can expect.

I have not written the life of Mr. Fox. I say nothing of his parentage, education, or connections; nor do I enter into any detail of his measures. But I have laid open *his mind*. I have selected the best characters written of him after his death, and then comes my own view of him, which, as you will readily believe, is copious, discriminating, and animated. I have thrown some of the matter into the more convenient form of notes. I have added two notes, which are not sufficient to make a pamphlet. One is upon a subject most important in itself, and which becomes more pertinent on this occasion, as it is the last upon which I had any serious conversation with Mr. Fox. The other contains an elaborate and grave vindication of his memory from a malicious insinuation that he was an advocate for the assassination of European sovereigns, and an open charge that he was a relentless bigot in the cause of infidelity.

I leave them to their own opinions upon the politics of our friend; but, while I have a pen at my command, or breath in my body, no human being shall with impunity slander his integrity or his benevolence.

As to the Dedication, be assured, dear Sir, that it will not offend your delicacy. You are too magnanimous to endure adulation, and I am too proud, or too honest to offer it. No, no, it is contained in one sentence. Your well-wishers will acknowledge the truth of what I say. Your worst enemies will not attempt to convict me of falsehood, or even exaggeration. It was impossible for me not to state your attachment to Mr. Fox. It is the very first article, and prepares the mind for what follows.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with much respect, your most faithful friend, and obedient and much obliged servant,

S. PARR.

In the foregoing correspondence, the turn of Mr. Fox's mind to classical literature must have been noticed. In most of the letters, there is some allusions to classics, or classical lore, and I have heard from Parr, that when he has met the great senator in parties, in London, after wearisome debate in parliament, he would generally turn to such topics as his relaxation, preferring and substituting them to politics, or political economy, as they now term it.—Sometimes playfully entering on lighter subjects, and sometimes on graver, according to the tone of his mind, or that of the company. The discussion, whether the song of the nightingale was merry, or melancholy, took place at one of these parties, and afterwards was pursued by certain of the company, as a question of learned inquiry, and finally appeared in the public prints. Of such a mind as Mr. Fox's, every notice is precious,

and the reader will not fail to remark his preference of Euripides to the other Greek tragedians; his enthusiastic admiration of Homer; and his distinction between the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes—That the former are more agreeable to the reader, but that the latter must have been much more impressive on the hearer.

The letter of Mr. Fox, containing the verbal criticisms, I believe refers to his speech on the death of Francis Duke of Bedford. That on the epitaph refers to Mrs. Coke's.

From Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's-hill, April* 26, 1802.

Though the melancholy event which gave occasion to the inclosed, disturbed our correspondence for the time, I have not been unmindful of your obliging answers to my questions, or of your communication of the epitaph, upon which subjects, I will shortly again trouble you. If there be anything in the language of the inclosed, which you think faulty, or even doubtful, I shall be extremely obliged to you for your observations on such parts. I do not promise to submit, but it is of great consequence to me, in my present pursuits, to have questions of language discussed by those who are competent to such discussions. In some instances I may not be quite orthodox, and perhaps, even an obstinate schismatic; but it is likewise possible that, in many I may err from inadvertence and ignorance of what is the true Catholic doctrine. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr, without date.

MY DEAR SIR,

I did not get your letter till my return from London, Saturday, or I should sooner have thanked you for it; for I am really more obliged to you for your observations, than I can express, not on account of the composition itself (you will not suspect me of such ridiculous vanity) which is the subject of them, but because discussions of this sort, which were always delightful to me, are now, I conceive, exceedingly useful. I had read the passage of Vicentius Lipsinensis, before quoted, I believe, by Dr. Geddes in some tract of his, and was very much struck with it at the time, and if it were applied in the following manner, it would be an excellent definition indeed. "Let no man be *angry* with another for disbelieving any thing except *quod ubique, quod semper*," &c. I have never read Aristotle's topics, but, though I conceive it is a difficult book, if you fairly tell me that you think my labour will be paid, I will read it. One of the extravagant admirers of Aristotle (D. Hensius) says, "neminem tam studiosum compositionis in oratione fuisse quam hunc divinum virum; qui, cum aures consuleret suas, malebat obscure loqui quam illis non satisfacere." This is not encouraging, and one would be almost tempted to say, if he suited his style to his own ears, rather than to my understanding, he may listen to himself without my puzzling my head about him. Now to the criticisms; and first, let me tell you, that Lord J. Townshend had mentioned his objections to several of the passages you notice, and they were generally the same as yours. Both his and yours came too late to enable me to make any alterations in the last edition, though in conformity with one of them (I cannot take the merit of compliance, for it was before I had your letters) I had put out *exit*, which I think a vile word on such an occasion. First, *however heavy*, I admit to be, strictly speaking, an inaccuracy, but I confess at the same time that it is one of those *carelessnesses* which in anything that purports to be a speech, is to my taste. There are dulcia vitia, besides those of that particular kind, to which Quintilian alludes, and those of the class and order (as a naturalist would say) of negligence, are great favourites with me, and most es-

pecially in a speech. *Postponed* was found fault with, by Lord John, though upon a ground somewhat different from yours. He thinks it does not imply so long a postponement as is necessary to my sense, and in truth I do not like the word there at all. However, to your objection it might be answered, that it does not imply exclusively, or even particularly *human* volition, and that as it is used here, it may mean if God had postponed; but I repeat it, I dislike the word in this place, and would alter it if I were to republish. *Can or ought to conciliate,* is no doubt liable to some objection, but whether it be, strictly speaking, ungrammatical, may be doubted, *can, or ought to, conciliate,* so divided is harsh or uncouth, but not wrong. It is not a mode which I approve, but if one were to make it a rule to avoid it, the circumlocutions would be infinite. There is another part, *compassionate and condole with his friends,* &c. which appears to me to be ejusdem generis, for there is a close analogy between the *cases* of nouns following verbs, and the manner in which one verb of one description follows that of another. With respect, to *in so far considerable,* &c. Lord J. objects just as you do, and, as you suspect, I am here inclined to obstinacy. I presume it is not the peculiar use of the word *considerable* in its original sense to which you object. You allow the sentence to be English, and if it is mere matter of taste, or of ear, it is difficult to argue upon it. My reason, such as it is, for insisting on *in so far,* or at least some qualifying expression, preceding *considerable* is, that without it, the first impression in reading would be, that *considerable* is to be understood in its more usual sense, *great, weighty,* &c. and I, who am much in the habit of reading aloud, cannot bear to have to conceal my first conception, in the middle of a sentence. There is not much in this I grant; but I think there is not much either in the cluster of particles, especially as *in so far* is, in this passage, naturally read like a trisyllable with an accent on the second, and thus there is nothing inharmonious. To *contribute,* &c. has, I fear, some awkwardness; I feel that it has, and yet, I cannot for my life find wherein it consists; an *and* would not, I think, mend the matter. *To do this was his object;* then comes the explanation, *by such and such means.* I am clear, bad as it may be now, that with

an *and* it would be worse. I do not know that I was ever puzzled to find out in a matter of this sort, the cause of a feeling which, however, I acknowledge of dissatisfaction. *Susceptible* is, as you say, without an adjunct, a very unsatisfactory expression, and I would endeavour to alter it, if I were to republish, though I own no good word for that place occurs. I did not mean to connect it with virtue, I meant rather what is called a *feeling heart*. *In his friendship, not only*, &c.; *but in him*, may be an irregularity, if you refer to general and abstracted grammar, but I think it a true English idiom; and where our ancestors have fairly gained a conquest over the natural enemy of writers, which I consider strict grammar to be, I do not see why we should give it up, especially when we have enjoyed it long enough to have a prescriptive right to it, much less, if the acquisition has been so cultivated as to render it valuable. *In this case*, &c. the grand question of repetitions is one upon which I have thought not a little, and I remember to have read what you quote, and, as I suspect, in Quintilian. If I were to lay down a general rule, it would be *in writing* to avoid them where they can be avoided, without using a weaker expression, and above all, without discovering to the reader that your object has been to avoid them. In *speaking*, I would never bestow a thought upon them, for while you are speaking, you ought to have your mind intent upon your matter, and any consideration which diverts your mind from your matter would really injure your argument, or whatever other part of oratory you are employing. Now this would be a great evil, even if you were not detected by your audience, in your attention to words; but this will seldom happen, and nothing can indispose an audience to listen so much as when it is perceived that you are not speaking from the fulness of your mind, and that your words are not the immediate, instantaneous expression of your thoughts. In writing, the case is wholly different. A man may have written with all the energy of his mind, nay, with warmth and passion, and afterwards sit down coolly and correct his style without employing himself any further upon the matter. Even here he must do it judiciously, and take care that by a high finish, he do not destroy the spirit of his performance. The chief objection in my mind to repetitions is a sort

of heavy effect they have upon the ear, but this effect in many instances is much lessened in speaking. "I will in my present *situation act* as you acted in a similar *situation*," is a very heavy sentence to read; but a speaker, by laying, as he naturally would do, a great stress upon *you* and *similar*, the repetition would be in a manner sunk. It is certain, as you say, that neither Demosthenes or Cicero, though they reviewed their speeches with great care, were nice in this point. Of all authors Homer is the least so. In the short but divine speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus, Λυκίοισι μετὰ πρώτοισι occurs twice, besides ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην just after, Λ. μ. π. μάχονται. Virgil is perhaps more nice than most of the ancients upon this point, but I believe "loca nocte silentia late umbræque *silentes*," is the right reading, and not *tacentes*. There is a passage in the eighth Æneid where (whether it be chance or design) there is a most remarkable successive change from singular to plural, which, from its regularity, has the effect of uniformity instead of variety:

"Omnis eo terrore Ægyptus, et *Indi*,
Omnis Arabs, *omnes* vertebant terga *Sabæi*."

Of your next objection, *doubt without throughout*, I acknowledge all the force, and think it as ill sounding a sentence as ever was put together, but I had not attended to it till you pointed it out. *Obligations* in the plural I likewise admit would be better. *Exit* has already been given up. *A man's every feeling*, &c. to tell you the truth I do not quite understand your objection, nor to what affected use of such expressions by Mason (whom however I can very well suspect of any affectation) you allude. Surely *every feeling of a man* may be converted, both rationally and grammatically, to *a man's every feeling*, and in like manner with the pronouns *his every*, &c. With regard to *that calmness and serenity*, the only question with me is whether there be not a *subauditur* of *that* before serenity, otherwise the singular verb, though a little hard, would be preferable. To *savour of the views*, is, I am afraid, liable to the censure you pass upon it, but besides that I am not among the over scrupulous upon this point, here again there may be a sort of ellipsis, *to savour of that warmth, or what you*

will, which causes the views of youth to be sanguine, but the best way would be to alter the expression altogether.

I am exceedingly concerned to hear you have been so much indisposed, but I hope from what you say that you have nothing remaining of your illness except that weakness which must attend convalescence. I do not know your four physicians, but if they have been serviceable in restoring you to health I am sure I shall always feel grateful to them for it.

I have just been reading Dr. Vincent's Letter to the Bishop of Meath, and am much pleased with it. I suspect his two adversaries to be two as vile hypocrites as any in the country. I am very truly, my dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 23, 1801.

I received a few days since your letter of the 18th, with its inclosure. I do assure you, without any compliment, we admire the epitaph to the greatest degree. Words could not have been more happily chosen to describe a pious and domestic woman, with a cultivated understanding and an affectionate heart. *Win* is certainly a much better word in that place than *command,* but I doubt whether *court* was not full as proper as *seek,* in a case where the *courting* or *seeking* is a subject rather of reprobation. However, it does very well either way. I suppose there is to be something of a *hic jacet* prefixed. But I know many who think that these words of form ought to be connected with and make a part of the body of the epitaph. Dr. Johnson rather seems to have been of this opinion. Whether, in another emendation, *sincere is the testimony,* be not durusculum, I am not quite sure; perhaps my general taste leads me rather to feel faults of this side too nicely, and to overlook proportionately those of negligence and carelessness. You see I criticise freely, and always expect my friends to do the same by me. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

DEAR SIR, *April* 4, 1804.

I have this day received yours of the 2nd, with its inclosure, which I have sent to the person who has the care of transmitting

Lord Holland's letters to him. I acquainted my nephew three weeks since with the likelihood of a vacancy happening immediately at Winterslow, but did not make any suggestion to him on the subject, and he will of course decide among his own friends. My wife desires to be remembered to you, and expects the sermon from Mawman every day.

I have been looking into some of Euripides's plays again, and am as usual delighted, but I do not know whether you will support me in my opinion that he is far, very far, superior to the other two Greek tragedians. I dare say you will agree in feeling the truth of what Quintilian says of his utility to orators. If I had a boy whom I wished to make a figure in public speaking, I would recommend Euripides to him morning, noon, and night, perhaps preferably to Homer and Virgil themselves.
Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

Of Mr. Fox's playful compositions the correspondence between Parr and his friends enables me to furnish a specimen. One of the following letters from Sir Uvedale Price, Bart. who was Fox's schoolfellow at Eton, and afterwards fellow-collegian, enclosed the Faddle; the others give a history of it.

SIR, *Foxley, June 5, 1799.*

During the course of the last winter some of your friends and acquaintances have been amusing themselves with writing epitaphs on a dog, or rather two dogs, of Gen. Fitzpatrick's. They are become so numerous, that, in order to preserve what has occasioned so much pleasant correspondence and criticism between me and my friends, I have some thoughts of printing (not publishing) them all together, in which case you shall certainly have a copy, should you think them worth your acceptance. In the meantime I send you some specimens of the English, and, if you encourage me, will send you those in Latin and Greek, in hopes that you will honour them with your criticisms, and possibly condescend to strew a few flowers yourself over the graves of these two celebrated dogs. The present authors are Fitzpatrick, Charles Fox, Knight, Sir Edward Winnington, and myself. Besides the English, the Latin,

and the Greek, there are some in French, Italian, and one in Spanish. If you are not more acquainted with this last language than I am, you will not be particularly desirous of seeing any poetry in it; and as little in French, if you have as great a contempt for French poetry as our friend Knight. I will go on, however, giving you a specimen or two of each kind, as far as the bounds of my paper will allow me.

I am, Sir, with great regard, your very faithful humble servant, UVEDALE PRICE.

SIR, *June* 12, 1799.

I thought it so unlikely that you should have no curiosity to see any thing that Charles Fox had written, (not to mention any other friend's composition) on whatever subject, or in whatever language, that I had copied out the Latin and Greek *Fadleiana*, meaning to send them as soon as I had the pleasure of hearing from you. I have now taken the opportunity of getting a frank from Lord Oxford, and of sending them to you at once. I shall be very glad if they afford you any amusement, and I hope we shall all receive some instruction in return. The Greek, I fear, is very inaccurately written; I trust, however, you will be able to make it out. I am, Sir, with great regard, most sincerely yours, U. PRICE.

SIR, *Foxley, August* 18, 1799.

Though you have not honoured the Faddle with any verses of your own, you have given a most gracious reception to those I took the liberty of sending you; the defects in many of the Latin and Greek ones I knew could not escape you, but you really have touched upon them with so light a hand, and have made so pleasant and flattering an apology for them, as almost to convert the criticism into a compliment. I was aware of the licentious use that had been made of Homeric Greek, principally, I believe, by myself, and perhaps also by Fox; indeed, he said in one of his letters to me upon Knight's objecting to Homer's authority for some expression, "if they take Homer from us they will leave us little else," an acknowledgment that

is perfectly true as far as it regards me. Knight told me the other day that he had written to you to desire your opinion of his two Epigrams. I should imagine they are more free from Archaisms, as well as from other defects, than either Fox's or Winnington's. Mine are out of the question, and I must own it is a very imprudent thing in any one to attempt to write poetry in a language in which he can hardly construe the easiest prose. I send you the French verses, as you desired: the first is mine, the others are Fox's, and as you may have some curiosity to know the respective authors of those I sent you before, I shall mention them.

I do not exactly recollect all the English ones I sent you; but among those you took notice of, "The Bachelor in Faddle's fate," is Fitzpatrick's. "In beauty's arms," Fox's. "Fatal alike," mine; the Sonnet, Fox's. Lady Oxford's favourite among the English ones (I think it is among those I sent you) begins "A garden's bounds;" it is on the idea that Venus prefers the full expanded rose to the bud, as well as to the fading flower. We laugh at her, and tell her that she thinks herself the full expanded rose, in the exact medium between crude and stale, and that she will be less fond of the Epitaph in ten or fifteen years.

The Latin Elegy (if it may be so called), "Flora venusta vale," is mine; the three in Horatian metre are Fox's; and the Epigram, whose sting disarmed your criticism, Fitzpatrick's. The Greek are as follows:

Fox.	Sir Edward Winnington.
Ζην αγαμον.	Ω Ξειν' ουκ ανδρος.
Ηδυ μεν.	Δαιμων τις φθονερος.
Τις δε βιος.	Ξυνος Αρης ανδρεσσ'.
Ενθαδε κοιμασθον.	
Mine (Price).	**Knight.**
Ναι χαλεπον.	Εν λεχεεσσι κυνος.
Εως τηλεθαει.	Κειται Ερωτι δαμεις.

I am, Sir, with great regard, your most obedient servant,

U. PRICE.

Mr. Payne Knight, who was another of the party, writes thus concerning his share of the Faddle:

DEAR SIR, *Downton, July* 19, 1799.

When, to amuse our friend Fox, I ventured, for the first time (anno ætat. 49), to write in Greek, I did not imagine that my hasty and imperfect productions were to appear before so learned a judge as yourself; but, nevertheless, as I know your candour to be in proportion to your learning, I cannot regret that the zeal of my friend Price has induced him to submit them to your inspection. I need not, I believe, inform you that only two of the collection sent you are mine, the one of four lines, beginning with εν λεχεεσσι κυνος, &c., and the other of six, beginning with κειται ερωτι δαμεις, and I shall be obliged to you to inform me whether or not they are *real Greek;* for I do not flatter myself with their possessing the χνους αρχαιοπινης και χαρις αβιαστα, which constitute the merit of such light compositions. As I ventured to criticise some of Mr. Fox's verses, I thought it right to produce some of my own that he might retaliate; but he rather chose to wage defensive war (charitably, perhaps, against so unequal an opponent), and we had consequently some very stout controversy. I have the satisfaction, however, to find, from your letter to Price, that you would probably have been my ally in the dispute, since my attack was principally directed against the use of Homeric phrases, and antiquated words and flexions in these lighter compositions, or, indeed, in any compositions that are not written wholly in the ancient language. The authority of Homer ought not to be admitted at all, or admitted solely; otherwise there ensues a sort of mixt jargon, or Babylonish dialect, which was never the colloquial speech of any age or nation, and which must therefore always have a certain degree of unnatural stiffness and harshness. Such, however, was the language of the Alexandrine poets, with whose authority Fox overruled, though he did not convince me; for I cannot reconcile myself to such expressions as ηγοι γαρ, to the terminations of the genitives in οιο, or to such verbs as πελω, &c. in Epigrams; or, indeed, in any compositions where atticisms are allowed; except, perhaps, in the tragic lyric, the very exalted

character of which may, perhaps, admit of a little artificial stiffening.

I shall be extremely happy to hear your opinion at large upon this subject, and shall, on every account, be very happy to see you whenever you find it convenient.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours, R. P. KNIGHT.

Faddle, (says Sir U. Price) the subject of as much poetry as any hero of the Trojan war, was an old dog belonging to General Fitzpatrick, at Sunning Hill. A fair lady in the neighbourhood, who had a favourite female of the same species, called Flora, wished that a marriage should take place. Faddle did not long survive it, but his race is preserved, and his name immortalized.

The whole of the Faddle would fill a small volume. I shall copy only one of Mr. Fox's parts.

Ο Κυων δεομενος λαλει.
Μη με δεης σειρησιν ελευθερον ημαρ απουρας·
Ου φωρ ειμι εγω, ου φυγας, ουδε φονευς,
Δεσποτη αλλα φιλος, πιστος τε, και αιεν οπηδος·
Ος νυν εινεκ' εμου πενθος απληστον εχει.
Και ταφον ιδρυνει κενεον τινι εν περιωπη,
Πολλα και αιαζων δειλ' ελεγεια χεει,
Λυσον μ' ουν ακακον, και ειπερ λυτρον απαιτης,
Τον περι δειρειαν χαλκον απαντα λαβε.

Several of Mr. Adair's letters have been cited before, and I now revert to his correspondence with Dr. Parr to prove the reliance he had on his counsel and advice on literary subjects, composition, and matters of taste. It is agreeable to observe that polite letters were the recreation of almost all the personal friends of Mr. Fox. The Faddle is, indeed, a trifle, but it is an elegant trifle; and happy

would it be for mankind if the leisure of those who rule the destiny of nations was often employed in the same innocent manner. It is more than probable that Mr. Fox gave a fashion and a currency to classical discussions; for we see him in the letters which I have inserted in the Appendix, referred to as an arbitrator on the meaning of the most celebrated of all Greek Odes.

The name of Lord Holland, connected by the ties of blood with that of Mr. Fox, naturally coheres to it also, from many kindred qualities of the heart and understanding, and from a like course of political sentiment and conduct. Dr. Parr became acquainted with this illustrious nobleman when he was pursuing his studies at Christ Church,* and they occasionally corresponded ever after. Their more intimate acquaintance displayed itself, however, during the latter days of Mr. Fox, and after his death their friendship was cemented by their mutual reverence for the departed statesman. It would be a useless task to enumerate those high qualities which peculiarly attached Dr. Parr to Lord Holland—his large views of foreign and domestic policy—his patronage of unlimited toleration—his love of liberty—his supereminent accomplishments as a scholar, both in ancient and modern lore—his correct taste—his unswerving attach-

* About the same time he became acquainted with the late Mr. Canning, having been introduced to him by Mr. Sheridan; but his acquaintance with him was not continued after Mr. C. had a seat in Parliament.

ments—all, and more than all could be proved from the correspondence which has been placed in my hands. I shall publish only a portion of it, regretting that the space will not allow the insertion of every word written by such men as Lord Holland and Dr. Parr, when their minds were in free communion one with the other.

To Mr. Coke, his patron, Parr dedicated Philopatris Varvic., in which his character is so justly delineated, that it is superfluous to add the language of any other feeble testimony; a few letters, however, will at once gratify the reader, and bear witness to the fact, that the friendship of Mr. Coke and Dr. Parr was continued to the last hour of Dr. Parr's life, and that it survives in the breast of Mr. Coke, and still sheds a lustre over the character of our friend.—Vide Appendix.

CHAPTER XV.

Persons protected.

THE Philopatris Varvicensis was read throughout with unusual interest; but the note on the revisal of the laws met with general approbation. The Appendix contains all that encomium can utter on these profound inquiries, and the spirit of mercy in which they are conceived and composed. To love mercy was a part of Parr's nature, and his abhorrence of capital punishment was always expressed when justice was too rigorously exercised, especially on juvenile offenders. This happened to be the case, in his estimation, in one of the sentences of Mr. Burton, a Welsh Judge, and he stated it erroneously, according to the following letter of Mr. Leycester, in the notes to Philopatris:

SIR, *Cheltenham, July* 18, 1809.

In a dissertation upon the criminal law, understood to be written by you, which I was turning over a few days ago, you quote part of a speech of Mr. Burton upon a motion made by Sir S. Romilly on the 15th June, 1808, in which Mr. Burton is supposed to say, that two boys were capitally convicted and suffered judgment (meaning a judgment of death) for privately stealing; this you state on the authority of a newspaper, and though you say you set it forth without venturing to answer for

the correctness of a newspaper, yet, without inquiring whether it was correct or not, you do venture upon assumption of its correctness, to publish several sarcastic remarks, much to the prejudice of the supposed speaker, a gentleman as respectable, and of as much rational humanity, and sound discretion in the administration of the criminal law as any man intrusted with it. As a particular friend of Mr. Burton, I think it proper to inform you that no such punishment was inflicted upon the boys alluded to, and that Mr. Burton never said so; but that "of four boys convicted of that offence, two were transported for seven years and two for life." Whatever concern you may feel for the reflection of your having given publicity, duration, and credit to the misrepresentation of a newspaper, and still more for the unmerited imputation you have thought fit to found upon it, I have no doubt you will be glad to be set right, and to have an opportunity of showing your regard to truth and justice, which I am most ready to believe nobody feels more than you do, by correcting the mistake in such manner as you may judge most expedient for that purpose. I must also take the liberty of observing, that if in the proclamation of impunity, p. 401, you refer, as I presume you do, to the expression of Mr. Burton in the same speech, and if by the *blockhead, however stupid,* you meant to refer to Mr. Burton, or to associate him with that idea, you will find the expression was applied by him to a transportation for years, I think for seven years, and certainly *not for life;* and that it clearly appears so from the very words of the speech as you yourself have quoted them. I cannot help adding that your information, mentioned in p. 777, that a Scotch lawyer, high in station, had moved for leave to bring in a bill to extend the English punishment of child murder to Scotland, is still less founded, the motion alluded to being for a purpose directly opposite to your representation of it. I trust you will think the occasion justifies the liberty I have taken in giving you this trouble. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. LEYCESTER."

This letter produced an answer, for which see Appendix, dated July 26.

Against general philanthropy and benevolence,

unsupported by particular acts of kindness and undirected to private and to local circumstances, all those who can read, must have read with pleasure the theological and moral discussions of Dr. Parr, in all his discourses, and especially in the Spital Sermon and the notes attached to it. A kind feeling towards his fellow-creatures, and above all towards his kindred and his friends, we have seen, was an early part of his nature. I trust the affecting narrative of the declining health and the death of his cousin, Mr. Francis Parr, cannot have failed to impart some impression of his benevolent feelings and munificent actions, and more than all of his holy-mindedness and piety. The short abode at Stanmore and Colchester witnessed examples of the same character: and at Norwich they were emblazoned in charity and mercy to many of those who were sick, and needy, and in prison. The case of Matthew Barker, the protection of Mr. Bourn, a learned man of sentiments directly contrary to his own, were specimens of his active and personal benevolence at Norwich. I have hinted at some of the cases which might be adduced to illustrate it in Warwickshire, particularly those of Mr. Oliver and Mr. Brooke, both persons labouring under mental derangement; and perhaps there was no Assize at Warwick in which his humanity was not appealed to, and in which he did not endeavour to mitigate the harsh penalties of law to one or other of the prisoners. Nor did his endeavours and personal exertions stop there. I will appeal to a competent witness, and to a person exemplary and

above common excellence in her situation, to Mrs. Tatnell, wife of the keeper of the prison for the county of Warwick, whether he did not frequently administer to the wants of him who had no other friend, and who was in prison?*

Small is the power, and few are the opportunities of private men to do good; but I cannot resist the impulse of my mind to record his entire agreement in opinion with some enlightened men in regard to the operation of a paternal jurisdiction over juvenile offenders, rather than committing them to the doubtful operation of penal severity. Parum est improbos coercere pœnâ, nisi probos efficias disciplinâ, was a maxim to which he gave unqualified assent. From an education of debauchery, and from the haunts of impurity, which manufacturing towns too often afford, the great body of such offenders is engendered. They proceed from the corruption of the mass—they are its natural swarm. Let us hive them if we can then, ere they are capable of imparting their venom; and neutralize if we can by education, those bad propensities which are sure to be hatched into the worst and most pernicious moral disorders, when they are concentrated and fomented by the associations of bad companions. The separation of juvenile offenders in prisons from the company of the hardened and the guilty, is hardly a question of mere prudence—it is a moral obligation. Shallow is the intellect, and cloudy the optics of him who

* He left a donation to the prisoners in his will.

does not see the difference between the wily and calculating spoiler, and the inexperienced instrument of his temptation; and I shall welcome it as foremost in the amendments of jurisprudence, when, according to the system of my honourable and enlightened friend Sir John Eardley Wilmot, the juvenile offender shall be placed under a sort of paternal jurisdiction—when he shall not be compelled to mingle with ruffian companions in a prison, who will harden the follies of inexperience into the callosity of guilt —but be placed where he shall receive punishment according to his crime and his age, without abandoning him to the horrors of unredeemed, unmitigated, unedifying general condemnation.

There are some words on this subject in the Philopatris. But the whole of the great note on jurisprudence in that work is a body of light—it is a blaze of mercy; and if we may venture to contemplate the progress of opinion, slowly creeping on, yet certainly advancing in all matters of truth, from the darkness of midnight to the dawn, and at length bursting out in full illumination, such opinions as Dr. Parr's must be considered as those occasional lights which break upon our minds, when the clouds are withdrawing. I have alluded before to the particular cases; it will not therefore be necessary for me to pass over this ground again. But benevolence being the topic, we pass by a natural transition to the other ways by which offices of kindness were performed by him.

In various places he had almoners o his bounty; but in his own parish almost every individual was

considered as a member of his family, and the necessitous were generally relieved from his table:

I rarely (says Parr) sent from my door a beggar unrelieved; for, to a great extent, I felt and I reasoned like Dryden's parson:

> "True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
> Were only stewards of their Sov'reign Lord;
> Nothing was theirs,—but all the public store
> Intrusted riches to relieve the poor;
> Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
> He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief."

The fear that a poor man unrelieved might steal, laid deep in my heart; it occurred to me continually, and I acted upon it accordingly. I was much pleased with Montesquieu's answer to Bayle's Paradox, book ii. chap. 24.

For the relief of beggars, money was daily placed in the hands of his servants, and he never suffered the general abuse of charity to counteract the possible use. "Some were rogues, probably most of them. But others were pressed with grievous necessities: and it was better, he thought, that twenty should cheat him rather than one should perish for want of small relief." That unmeasurable desire of accumulating wealth was not his. He had a soul enlarged above the mean appetite of loving money, and in his bounteous giving, he sometimes embarrassed himself.

In other directions too, in the education of young men, of whose capacities he thought highly, his bounty was bestowed largely. Some of his allowances extended to thirty or forty pounds a year—in other directions, some of his annuities to ten and to twenty: and when he was not himself perfectly

at ease in his circumstances, *I know* that to one family, in one year, his largess amounted to more than eighty pounds. I dwell upon these little circumstances, because, as was the case in the gift of Lord Chedworth's tureen, and afterwards, when he was restored to his grand-children, in his asking back certain pieces of plate, he was accused of littleness. These were false accusations. His mind was large and liberal, but his *manner* of bestowing exposed him to misrepresentation and censure. The generous and the just never doubted him, and it was impossible that they should malign him.

The enlightened teachers of our public seminaries are called upon daily to exercise a sort of public charity in either granting education, on a smaller allowance, to the sons of the needy and the learned, or sometimes in remitting altogether their fees for instruction. Johnson says of Addison, that it was his rule never to remit his fees of office even to a personal friend, when he was the Irish Secretary. Morals, which are permitted to extend their scale of action almost beyond the boundary of strict Christian principle in politics, were not associated in Addison's code with generosity. Proudly may all the professions boast that in this regard they surpass the politician. What Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, ever thought of taking his professional dues from a needy friend? But the Teachers of youth beat us out of the field in munificence. I could record acts of kindness and liberality in this way which honour our nature; and, though I am not permitted to mention what has fallen under

my own notice—" Verily they will have their reward."

Dr. Parr's heart was enlarged, especially towards unprotected, intelligent youth. At Stanmore, Colchester, Norwich, and at Hatton, he received many boys for smaller stipends, and some he educated for nothing. Some he rescued from the infamy of expulsion from public schools by receiving them into his own, after a due and cautious ceremonial with the angry master; and the vigour with which he exacted submission from the scholar, and the politeness with which he yielded to the representation, and the views and authority of the master might be displayed in several instances. The correspondence of Dr. James, of Rugby, and Mr. Henry Homer, on two special cases, are strongly illustrative of his kindness and his caution, and with many other memorials of his benevolence, will probably appear hereafter, when delicacy and personal feelings are no longer an obstacle.

I could here insert names of others who, not received into his house, were yet relieved by his bounty, and protected by his patronage, and enlightened by his advice. The gratitude of these persons, in various instances, reveals their benefactor's praise, and the secret of his liberality in the course of the correspondence.

CHAPTER XVI.

Family Affairs.

Dr. Parr lost one of his children at Norwich. Of his two other children, Catharine died of a consumption at Teignmouth, in the winter of 1805. It was too clear during the summer that she was sinking under pulmonary consumption, and the following letter of condolence, after her death, is too descriptive of her indisposition at that period. Various were the experiments tried to relieve her, and a thousand projects were entertained. It was in the progress to put one of these in execution, viz. sailing, that she stayed at Shrewsbury, and came under the observation of Dr. Butler:

From the Rev. Dr. Butler, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Shrewsbury, Dec. 10th, 1805.*

I learnt yesterday from the public papers the calamitous event which has taken place in your family, and, though to a great and capacious mind like your own, it would be in vain for me to offer topics of consolation, allow me at least to express how much myself, my wife, and all your friends at Shrewsbury, participate in your affliction. I may now confess to you that the perfect pleasure we should otherwise have experienced in your company last summer, was clouded by the prospect of

an event which any eyes but those of fond parents, eager to hope even against hope, must have foreseen; I read them but too clearly in the looks of Dr. Dugard, what he confirmed to me the next day, and, indeed, I saw myself that the intellect was too quick, and the mind too active for the feeble frame in which it dwelt. Of this be assured, my dear Sir, that we shall often revert to the amiable and interesting subject of our regret, whom even a short acquaintance sufficed greatly to endear to us. I shall be in Warwickshire in a short time, and shall take an early opportunity of personally inquiring for yourself, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Wynne, and my little Mary's rival. Mrs. Butler charges me to say, that she unites in every sentiment of genuine concern, and of unfeigned respect for yourself and your family, with, dear Sir, your obliged and affectionate servant,

S. BUTLER.

Of Parr's feelings under this affliction, his own letters will speak in the truest and strongest terms.

From Dr. Parr, to Mrs. Wynne.

DEAR SARAH, *Teignmouth, Nov. 21st.*

After many provoking disappointments and obstacles, I got from Bristol to Bath, and from Bath to Exeter, on Tuesday morning between one and two. I slept four hours, and reached Teignmouth on Wednesday, at half an hour after two. I am most happy in having come so rapidly. My determination was to take my dear Catharine back to Hatton, by slow stages, if she could bear the journey, but she cannot. Mr. Cartwright assures me she will die on the road; she is carried up and down stairs—she cannot read a book—she has no appetite, no sleep, no mitigation of pain by day or night. Death, my dear Sarah, is the only deliverance now to be wished for from insuperable anguish. Mr. Cartwright will assist me in making arrangements to carry the breathless corpse from Teignmouth to Hatton. I shall return and attend the funeral, so must you. Now, I will send particulars in a day or two, if I am able. You must exert yourself to see part of them executed. Think if you can of four unmarried persons to support the pall; the rest I will manage. The grave must be so contrived as to let her lie between

your mother and myself. Your letters came to day. They were glad to see me so much sooner than they expected. I am dying a thousand deaths.

Tell Mr. Marshall, if he and the parishoners approve, the bell should be tolled all day, with one side muffled as on the day of Lord Nelson's funeral. My heart aches—I will write again soon, be prepared for the worst. My love to the children. God bless you. I am, your affectionate and afflicted father,

S. PARR.

The next day he wrote as follows:

DEAR SARAH, *Friday, 2 o'clock, Nov. 22.*

My beloved child is dying.

Ten minutes before five—She is no more. She died easily. I shall stay a day or two to manage matters, and then we come home. The body will be brought in a hearse. Your mother and I will come in a mourning coach behind the hearse. The body to lie in the library. Think of pall-bearers. She shall be buried as Catherine the daughter of Samuel Parr. Yes, yes. We shall be with you on Monday, or Sunday sen'night. God bless you, my only child, my Sarah. Your affectionate and afflicted father, S. PARR.

Catherine was buried at Hatton; Dr. and Mrs. Parr followed the body from Teignmouth into Warwickshire in funeral procession, and this trait serves to exemplify both his paternal fondness and his love of ceremony. When Mrs. Parr, some years afterwards, died in Devonshire, he exacted the same attention from Mrs. Wynne, who was then in the last stage of consumption. She followed her mother's corpse in the same manner; nor could she fail to contemplate, during the long and sad procession, the near approach of her own fate, and thus to drink some of the bitterest dregs of sorrow.—Not quite the bitterest, though of these she partook to

loathing, and from which the grave was to her a resting place, as it is a refuge to all those who suffer from the incurable disorders of the wounded heart.

I have said that Parr's character was strongly exemplified in the funerals of his family, and this is strictly true. For in them he displayed not only his fondness for his children, but his love of pomp and ceremony, and his attention to minute circumstances. On these occasions expense was never spared. The illness of Catherine was very burdensome to him, yet he did not repine, or study economy, and even borrowed money to supply the expense. Far remote, indeed, was the anguish that preyed on his soul, during her sickness, from any sordid calculations. He was doatingly fond of her. And so undiminished was her cheerfulness, and so brilliant were the faculties of this charming female, during her too manifest, but protracted consumption, that we were all, perhaps, led on by an unjustifiable hope of recovering her, never to be realized.

The loss of his daughter Catherine, though it became an affliction mellowed by time in the latter years of Dr. Parr, was always sanctified to him by religious hope, and the expressions which I shall now quote, written on the anniversary of her decease, by her mother, will be re-echoed from the bosom of every Christian parent who has lost a worthy child. Extract of a letter from Mrs. Parr to Dr. Parr:

Nov. 22, 1806, Southampton.

But, alas! what can relieve a sorely-wounded heart, God alone: and we can only reach him by the grave. You will

receive this on the day which bereaved us of our greatest worldly comfort. She is now rejoicing in the presence of her God, for the pure in heart shall see his face. Oh! how my heart rises with gratitude to the Throne of Mercy, for his blessings to her, and for ordaining me the parent of such a child. But I will not revive your sorrows, and my mind is in such a state, that I cannot think or write on any other subject, so adieu.

I shall insert only the following letter of condolence from the Bishop of Cloyne. There is a character of Catherine Parr in the Gentleman's Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Cloyne, Dec.* 7, 1805.

Since Mrs. Wynne's letter to me, which conveyed a most melancholy account of her sister's health, I have not dared to trouble your family with letters of inquiry, but I did not cease to cast many anxious wishes towards Hatton, and augured every thing that was bad from your long silence. Severe, however, as the calamity is, there is some little room for comfort in the reflection of her being removed from all further suffering, and in the consciousness how much, what she did suffer, was alleviated by your paternal and exemplary kindness. Numbers in the late bloody victory of Trafalgar have been, like you, deprived of their children; and of children strong in health, and likely, unless cut off by this sudden stroke, to have added for many years to the comforts of their parents; but how few have, like you, been warned to expect the evil long before, to sooth the last hours of the afflicted by affectionate cares, and to pay every mark of respect and kindness to their remains. Perhaps, at present, this circumstance may have added to your griefs; but, in time, the remembrance of it will tend to diminish them. Man has done his part when he has spared no expence or attention to avoid the evil, and when he has at last submitted to it in patience.

I got safe here in August, after a fatiguing journey with a heavy coach, and a sea voyage still more fatiguing, being stowed in a crowded packet, with an unfavourable wind; and

I am afraid, too, that I remained too long in England to submit with patience to the inferior accommodations of this country for some months, till we have learned to grow callous, and make shifts like our neighbours. My time, too, has passed unpleasantly. For a triennial visitation of the Archbishop having just taken place, I have been plagued with the defence of one man, and the explanation of another, and the expostulations of a third, and the exclamations of a fourth. Nor does this last period (though its composition would do honour to the Duke of Mimbro himself) express sufficiently half the wearisome task I have to sustain. My Archbishop, a well-meaning and honourable man, but irritable and requiring management, is like our old master Dr. Richardson, tediously and offensively particular. Not the rim of a sacramental cup in the diocese, if it happens to be bruised, escapes his notice; and he searches into all our secret grievances with the zeal and minuteness with which my old aunt, many years ago at Shooter's Hill, to your extreme amusement, pulled up the petticoats of little Ned Miles, to find out a wicked pin, or thorn, which ran into the poor boy's posteriors. With a grave face, and laughing eye, I reprove or excuse the offenders, conscious, however, that many serious evils are prevented, by the inspection of superiors into trifles; and, indeed, that the Irish church, detested by the Papists, and plundered by the Protestants, could not exist at all, without some institution of this sort. The great evil I complain of on this side of the channel is want of principle. The man who receives you at his table with the most lavish hospitality, would too often plunder you of your property, and if you left him a legacy to distribute to the poor, would put it without scruple into his pocket.

Let me beg of you, my dear Parr, rather to dwell on these lighter and less interesting topics, than to feed your grief by the serious reflections which your mind, strong in itself, and habituated to view every subject in all its bearings, would be more apt to suggest. Fly from the subject? Learn to trifle, rather than feel? And, above all things, encourage the consideration of the short space of time during which we are separated from those we love? In the mean time, be assured that all who know you must feel deeply for your loss, and will hear with

the sincerest pleasure that though you can never forget, you have learned to endure it. I remain, yours affectionately and truly, W. CLOYNE.

It cannot be concealed, and, indeed, it becomes a part of my duty to relate, that events connected with the marriage of his daughter Sarah became a source of great unhappiness to him. Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, of Plasnewydd in Denbighshire, placed their eldest son under the care of Dr. Parr, at Hatton, in the year 1796. In this situation, towards the end of that year, he became attached to Miss Sarah Parr, and during the Christmas holidays, in some way or other, his attachment became known to his family. On his return to Hatton, in February, 1797, it became obvious also to Mrs. Parr, who instantly made the circumstance known to Mrs. Wynne, Mr. John Wynne's mother. He was sent home in February, but, by a singular fatality, sent back again, "duly cautioned by exhortation," to guard against those "susceptibilities and facilities which had shown themselves in him from his earliest infancy." Mr. and Mrs. Wynne were fully apprised of every circumstance as it passed, by Mrs. Parr; and, whatever might have been her secret wishes, it is due to her to state, that she more than once recommended Mr. John Wynne's removal. Unhappily, for all parties, the advice that was given was not followed, and the plot began to thicken so much, that, in the middle of May, Mrs. Parr deemed it necessary to repeat her warnings. Mr. Wynne's answer, full of wavering and weakness as it is, proves the fact, that Dr. Parr was purposely

kept in the dark, and that on the 17th of May, the date of his letter, he first thinks it necessary to inform Dr. Parr of the transaction.

DEAR MADAM,

The subject of your letter distresses me much; I fear there is no alternative but to remove John from those advantages which I had so fondly proposed for his future good and happiness; I think, on the most mature deliberation of which I am capable, that the best thing is to inform the Doctor of every thing to this very period, and this also; for, as I could not reconcile to my feelings removing John abruptly from under his care, either in honour to the Doctor, or in justice to myself, without assigning a cause (and my mind would recoil at giving any but the true reason), therefore, as he must know it ultimately, I think the sooner the better; but on no account would I have the young ones know that we are now corresponding. It must not be divulged to them that you have acquainted me with these new circumstances; but perhaps the Doctor's authority united to yours, and threatening to inform me if every thing is not immediately dropped, may at least act as a temporary check. Pray when will the Doctor's next vacation be? I am, dear Madam, yours very faithfully, R. W. WYNNE.

When the Doctor was informed of the attachment of Mr. John Wynne he shut up his daughter, and instantly sent off a messenger, to beg Mrs. Edward Johnstone to receive her under her protection. This was the signal for elopement. The young couple fled to Gretna Green. When they returned, Dr. Parr would not receive them at Hatton. They took refuge in a farm-house in the neighbourhood. And Mr. John Wynne's letter to his uncle, Mr. Dodd, on June 17th, contains the following sentence:

We have, both Mrs. Wynne and myself, been very wrongfully suspected by Doctor Parr till Monday night, who was then,

upon the relation of the whole business, confounded, and extremely surprised to hear with what openness and honour we had both behaved, and not only arose out of his insensibility on the subject, but even pitied us exceedingly, who till then was all fire and fury against us. He promised my father that he would not confirm the marriage, and that he would turn us out of doors; he therefore has kept his promise, but most sincerely and bitterly repents. Had the relation of the business been opened to him before, we should now be his inmates, and our marriage confirmed, so truly does he pity us for the manner in which we have been treated by others, and for the manner in which he himself treated us.

Thus it appears that Dr. Parr was very harsh to the young couple, after their return, till an explanation had taken place. Nor would he suffer the banns for a second marriage to be proclaimed; but after a letter from Mr. Wynne, dated June 8, 1797, his paternal affection revived, and his heart yearned towards his daughter, and shuddered at the possibility of her disgrace.

Surely nothing is valid, as he is under age, and if you retain your daughter and turn him out of your house I shall thank you; for if they come here together, I shall be forced to turn them both out; every thing I possess in this world I can give to whom I please, and he shall never have a farthing while he lives, unless he entirely disengages from this business; if this should be impossible, they are both ruined for ever—I am sorry for them; but I must put my next son into the place that was intended for him; and on this I am most peremptorily resolved. I am, my dear Sir, with great regard, yours most truly,

R. W. WYNNE.

Dr. Parr wrote a long and elaborate reply to this letter, dated Magdalen College, Oxford, June 25, 1797, of which I shall only copy the close.

You will observe, dear Sir, the delicacy and faithfulness with which I have acted in taking no step to marry again my own

dear child, in resisting the warm but pardonable importunity of my wife, for me so to do, and in requesting a neighbouring clergyman not to ask the banns. *Here* the measure of my duty to you under the present circumstances is filled up. Other duties may and even must arise in *other* quarters; and I tell you unreservedly and seriously, that having acted like an honest man and a gentleman to you in this point, I shall with equal firmness and equal propriety act as the guardian of my daughter's honour, if I should find occasion so to do. Let her be punished by *poverty*, but to *disgrace* she SHALL NOT be exposed. These words are full of meaning, which is to be called out more or less by your actions, and by my own actions depending upon yours. What I have to add is, that important as my meaning is in the foregoing sentence relating to my daughter, it does not include the yet *higher* and more interesting subject to which I called your serious attention in the fifth and sixth pages of this letter. I shall not intermeddle with persuasion and advice; but whatever is *beyond* persuasion and advice flings us all into *another* situation, accompanied in my mind by *other and loud calls to other and sacred duties in my conduct*. In what those duties consist I shall at a proper time explain by words, and if need be, by actions; by words the most unequivocal, and by actions the most undisguised and decisive. Whatever may be included in my resolutions, I assure you, Sir, as a man of honour, and for your entire satisfaction, I now make the assurance *in writing*, that I have no *right* whatsoever, and no *wish* whatsoever to interfere, directly or indirectly, now or hereafter, in *any pecuniary matters* between yourself and Mr. John Wynne. Compared with two subjects which stand at this moment arrayed in all their possible consequences before my judgment, my feelings, and my conscience, all the wealth in the world is to me, and may be to others, lighter than the dust in the balance. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Wynne and your family. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours truly,

S. PARR.

Soon after, the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John Wynne was solemnized according to the rites of the Church of England, and they went to reside at Ox-

ford, whither Mr. Wynne was sent to complete his education at Jesus College. By degrees, peace was apparently restored, Mrs. John Wynne was introduced at Plasnewydd, and finally on the death of the elder Mr. Wynne, they took possession of and resided at an ancient seat of the Wynne family, Garthmeilio, in Denbighshire. But dissensions arose, and in the end a separation took place. Mrs. Wynne went to reside at Shrewsbury, where she instituted a suit for maintenance against her husband. In the mean time her health declined, symptoms of consumption appeared, and she sought relief in the air of Devonshire, whither Mrs. Parr accompanied her. On the trial coming on at Shrewsbury at the spring assizes of 1810, Mrs. Parr was hurried from the coast of Devon to give evidence, and by exposure to cold on her return, was affected with a pulmonary disorder of which she died. She was brought to Hatton, followed by her daughter: and the like ceremony was observed on her interment as on the occasion of the death of her daughter Catharine. In the earlier periods of his life Mr. Roderick assures me, that Dr. Parr was tenderly attached to his wife. He relied upon her judgment, and committed the care of all his concerns to her management. But it was a match imposed upon him by Dr. Askew, for temporary convenience. Mrs. Parr was not a woman to be loved, and Parr was too inexperienced in the world to make the choice of life at so early an age. Indeed, of this inexperience, Mr. Hetley could tell some ludicrous instances, and from his authority I assert, that Mrs. Parr herself was not cal-

culated to conduct a large establishment well, and that she defeated in the house what Parr did in the school. Mr. Roderick talks of the dignity of her manner. What might have been dignity too often degenerated into haughtiness, and sarcasm, and insolence at Hatton. But there an entire revolution had taken place: *there* Parr took the whole concerns of his household into his own hands, and this habit continued to the end of his life. Whatsoever was the reason for establishing such a system, it was ill-calculated to produce union, and though he continued to express the sense he had of his first wife's sound judgment and understanding, and was always biassed by her opinions, it was too clear that the bonds which held them together, were not those of affection. In certain matters of family interest she continued his friend and adviser; but her sarcasms often wounded his spirit, her want of temper diminished his domestic happiness, and her bitter and false representations sometimes tended to injure his fame.* It is due to the purity of his life and conversation, that I say thus much; for many still survive who might otherwise repeat to his disadvantage the bitter invective, the dark insinuation, or the sly complaint which were too often heard in former times at Hatton. To her children she was as devoted as her husband was.

In a short period all the remainder of Parr's

* I speak this solemnly from a knowledge of the fact, and record it, now my spirit is wounded by hearing imputations cast upon Dr. Parr's moral character.

family that he could call his own, fell victims of disease; for Mr. Wynne's two eldest daughters were separated from their mother, nor could the strongest efforts of a kind and affectionate friend bring them to receive the last blessing of their dying parent. With all the warmth of affection, and all the ardour of friendship—with all that force of kindness which so well marked her character, Mrs. Holyoake made a last endeavour to bring the mother and her children together before the curtain was drawn for ever: but it failed, as the following letter of my dear departed and accomplished friend will testify:

From Mrs. Holyoake, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Tettenhall, Tuesday night, May* 29, 1810.

I cannot express my concern for all the sorrow and affliction at Hatton! And pray accept my kindest thanks for your attention to me when your mind was so painfully occupied. Poor dear Mrs. Wynne! I fear this last blow will be too much for her; I had vainly hoped for some consolation to offer her, but alas! Mr. Wynne in his better judgment has found in his heart to invent some excuses to refuse my request. His letter I got by to-day's post, and (as contrary to my intention) you knew of my anxious undertaking, I do not keep the result of it an hour from you. I never set my heart upon anything so much in my life as obtaining the dear children to convey to Hatton; and though your most melancholy letter made it ache yesterday, it would now jump with joy if my undertaking had been crowned with success. Had it not been for the assistance of Mr. Holyoake's warm heart, and interest in Mrs. Wynne, together with his good head, I should most earnestly have wished the cause in a more able hand than mine. But I do assure you, my request was so replete with plans for the perform-

ing of it, that had not Mr. Wynne fully made up his mind upon the subject, I am vain enough to believe he could not have resisted. I told him I did not presume to suggest any mode of conduct for himself to adopt, but that if he would allow Mrs. Wynne to see the children, and would do me the honour to entrust them to my care, I would strictly fulfil every wish he expressed, and undertake to restore them to him at any period and place he would appoint. I invited him to bring them here, that Mr. Holyoake would be glad to see him, and in case of that not being convenient, I proposed his conveying them to Shrewsbury, where I would meet them, and convey them to Hatton in my own carriage, and restore them to him there again. In short, my dear Sir, I said every thing that our friendship and Mr. Holyoake's better judgment could suggest to obtain this most desirable end; but I clearly see it never will happen. I hope Mrs. Wynne does not know such a business has been in agitation—I am truly sorry you do, since you consider me entitled to those acknowledgments which in better success we should have been repaid ten-fold. Mr. Wynne says, that an interview between Mrs. W. and her children, although momentarily gratifying, would be the cause of future additional misery to the latter, should their mother die during their stay with her, and to the former, should she survive her present illness, to be again deprived of them, when he might wish to have them returned to him, and *he exceedingly laments* Mrs. Wynne's present melancholy situation! The letter in general to me is as civil as any refusal can be; insomuch that I do not despair but some future time he will let the little girls come here, and that I am sure would be a pleasure to my poor friend. I was so anxious for this letter, and so was our excellent friend Mr. Butler, that in order to give him the earliest intelligence, I have sent up to the office every day the moment the Shrewsbury mail went by, that I might write to him by its return in the evening, and that I did this day, though ill in bed. Since I can do Mrs. Wynne no service, and she, alas! cannot come here, I am now going to Cheltenham next Saturday in search of better health for one fortnight, and an address to the post-office will find me, in case you should have any communication

you are so good to intrust me in. With kind regards to dear Mrs. W., I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your most obliged servant, D. E. HOLYOAKE.

Mrs. Wynne's health, thus broken by domestic affliction, rapidly declined after the funeral of her mother. Her little child Madalina sickened of the small pox and died. Bereaved of the comfort of the society of her other children, nothing was left for her but to die, and she prepared for the last scene with decent composure. I have now before me the expressions of her last will, the disposition of her effects, of her wardrobe, and her trinkets, and there is a melancholy pleasure, even after the lapse of years, in reassembling these last fond associations, these evanescent records of the departing spirit. Mrs. Wynne died at Hatton, July 1810: she bore her grievous afflictions with magnanimity. To the last even, she retained a portion of her cheerfulness and her gaiety; for, notwithstanding the kindness of her father, the grave was indeed a refuge to her.

Character of Mrs. Wynne.

Died July, 1810.—Mrs. Sarah Anne Wynne, aged 38, at Hatton, near Warwick, the only remaining daughter of the Rev. Dr. Parr. The brilliancy of her imagery in conversation and writing, the readiness, gaiety, and fertility of her wit, the acuteness of her observations upon men and things, and the variety of her knowledge upon the most familiar and most profound subjects, were very extraordinary. They who lived with her in the closest intimacy, were again and again struck with admiration at the rapidity, ease, vivacity, and elegance of her epistolary compositions. Whether upon lively or serious topics they were always adapted to the occasion; they were always free from the slightest taint of affected phraseology and foreign idiom;

they were always distinguished by a peculiar felicity and originality of conception and expression; and the genius displayed in them would most undoubtedly have placed the writer in the very highest class of her female contemporaries, if she had employed her pen upon any work with a deliberate view to publication. Her reading in the most approved authors, both French and English, was diversified and extensive; her memory was prompt and correct; and her judgment upon all questions of taste and literature, morality and religion, evidently marked the powers with which she had been gifted by nature, and the advantages which she had enjoyed for cultivating those powers under the direction of her enlightened parents, and in the society of learned and ingenious men, to which she had access from her earliest infancy. With becoming resignation to the will of heaven she endured a long and painful illness, which had been brought upon her by a pressure of domestic sorrows on a constitution naturally weak. Her virtues as a friend, a child, a wife, and a mother, were most exemplary; and her piety was sincere, rational, and habitual.—*Otridge's Annual Register for* 1810.

The above character, dictated by parental tenderness, is, in the main, true. But those who remember Mrs. Wynne cannot fail to recollect that her wit had often too keen an edge, and that she often viewed things through a coloured and partial medium, and represented them accordingly in sarcastic and bitter terms. There are several specimens of her poetry and her composition among the papers; one particularly on Lord Kirkwall's birth-day; but all of little importance. I shall, however, quote one specimen of her sarcastic wit on a more important subject. To gratify her spleen, or her humour, she wrote the following letter, under the signature of Ralph Bincks, a name which she had seen subscribed to some documents in the news-

papers on vaccination, to a Committee at Warwick, established to promote that important object. By the ill-natured sagacity of some persons, this paper was, at the time, falsely attributed to the writer of this memoir. He takes occasion now, in declaring the truth, to express his continued approbation of this experiment—his conviction of the advantages it has already produced—his knowledge of the misrepresentations of its use, and even of its failures —his continued perseverance in recommending the practice of it, and his sincere hopes that time will set the lasting stamp of benefit upon the *experiment*, for such it is.

To the Committee of Vaccination at Warwick.

SIR,

Having seen, by favour of a medical friend, the late most judicious and irrefragable publication of the Warwick Cow-Pox Committee, I am induced, by their conspicuous wisdom and science, to lay before them an accurate account of a new method of annihilating that scourge of mankind, the small-pox. I think, Sir, that the virtuous abhorrence in which the Committee hold this destructive enemy of the human race, will preclude all objections to my methods, and obviate the stale and narrow prejudices which might arise against it as a novelty. It is now, Sir, three years since I was summoned to a young gentleman belonging to Westminster School, who laboured under a disease which greatly alarmed his boarding dame by the strangeness of the symptoms and the suddenness of the attack. I found the patient with a slight degree of fever, attended with a trivial elongation of the ears. I confess, Sir, these symptoms at first distressed me; but upon observing a number of small pimples of an ash-coloured hue, I exclaimed "Eureka," and hailed myself as the discoverer of the ass-pox; for, Sir, upon making the common inquiries, I found the patient had been accustomed to ride in Tothill-fields upon

jack-asses, and he had assisted in rubbing down one which was much diseased, shortly after which he became rather stupid, and the above-mentioned symptoms increased. For the ears I ordered an oleaginous liniment, and then a strengthening embrocation, which soon contracted the ears within their accustomed limits. The patient's dislike to usual nourishments was vexatious, till I luckily ordered thistle broth, with soaked oats, to be administered. On the fourth day he became convalescent, and on the sixth every symptom subsided. He returned to school, and has since been esteemed more acute and docile than before the ass-pox. This young gentleman and many hundreds of patients who have, under my inspection, been favoured with Zebrine inoculation, have since been eighteen, twenty, and even forty times inoculated without any effect. About this time I was called to attend the late patient's brother in the cow-pox, and found, Sir, the horny excrescences on the os frontis had already attained to a most formidable height, that the hoofs were hard and thick, and though I had sustained some surprise from the voice of my other patients, it was nothing when compared with what I endured from the bellowing of a bull in a bed-chamber; indeed, the patient told me, with tears in his eyes, that when he first made complaint of illness, the master, usher, and boys ran with all speed out of the school. I assure you, Sir, that I treated this case according to the Jennerian rules, but more than once I found it would be necessary to have recourse to the knife, in order to eradicate the horns and hoofs, which even resisted the lunar caustic. After a tedious and painful confinement, we at length obtained hope of recovery, which was, however, retarded by the accident of my patient going to wash his hoofs in the Thames just at the moment when a fanatical Methodist preacher was haranguing his congregation on the Devil's visible appearance to sinners. The mob, Sir, espying the hoofs of my patient, exclaimed "that Satan was at hand;" and forthwith his disciples, by their outrages, so disturbed the gentleman's spirits, that his fever was much prolonged. It cannot escape the observation of so wise a Committee,' that the symptoms of Zebrine inoculation are even less alarming than those of the inestimable cow-pox, nor can there exist the smallest objection to the propagation of a

disease among the poor, of which the remedy is cheap and so easily procured. In short, Sir, I expect, nay almost demand of your Committee that, in return for my communications, you shall compose another *little book* and exhortation, recommending inoculation in the ass-pox in Warwick and its vicinity, which places, I am told, are remarkably favourable to a trial of this new disease. I shall now, Sir, proceed to state some further most important discoveries, to which I was led by my detestation of the small-pox—my incapacity to endure bellowing—the want of Zebrine matter, and the destruction of four cases of surgical instruments by attempting to conquer horns and hoofs. By accurate investigation I found that matter was frequently formed at the bottom of the quills of diseased geese, and I proceeded to inoculate my two apprentices therewith. The disease answered my most sanguine expectations, except that the intellects of these lads have not been so lively since inoculation, but, as they are intended for country practitioners, this accident is of no consequence. I desisted, however, from Anserine inoculation in London, and, after various experiments on different animals, I was so lucky as at length to find blotches, containing laudable pus, behind the ears of a hog. I immediately requested my wife to be the first porcine patient, but my arguments and entreaties were vain; Mrs. Bincks actually refused so resolutely, that I was obliged to perform the operation upon myself, and found the result favourable. My wife, however, who is strangely prejudiced against novelties, pretends, indeed, to have discovered in me an unusual degree of obstinacy lately; but that I consider as mere calumny.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

RALPH BINCKS.

Thus was Parr deprived of the society of all his children. He outlived them all; and as his grandchildren were not permitted to approach him, he was cast again upon the ocean of life, to seek other connections and other props for his declining age. His grand-children, indeed, were restored to him for a short time, but were snatched back again, and the

family breach was widened by the short and illusory interval of reconciliation. Nor can it be esteemed at all his fault that the reconciliation was not then complete. What motive could he have, now that old age was approaching, to separate himself from his own flesh and blood, and remove those far off who were the natural heirs of his fortune, and the natural props of his old age? The event proved that it was not his wish; kindness was a portion of his very nature; his love for his cousin Frank was almost a morbid sensibility. It is unnatural, therefore, to suppose that he was in any degree instrumental in the breach, much less can the children be supposed to have been influential in it. They, indeed, were the sufferers. Events, however, those great controllers of all our actions, led the way to that ultimate reconciliation which took place, as we shall see hereafter.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Wynne he received an anonymous letter purporting to be from his daughter in another world. It was a solemn appeal to his feelings; and, though written feebly, he professed to set a high value upon it. He did not want such a memorial as this to remind him of his religious duties, and, thoroughly impressed with a sense of the parental duties imposed upon him by the almost orphan state of his grand-children, he summoned up his resolution:

My domestic sorrows weigh me quite down, but I shall summon all my courage; and in truth, dear Sir, I have a very deep and serious sense of the duties which I owe to my grand-children as their protector. I had reckoned much upon the judi-

cious and affectionate aid they and their poor mother would have had from Mrs. Parr. But these hopes are no more. I have long learned to value life chiefly as a sort of trust reposed in us by the Almighty for promoting the good of his creatures, and as a state of discipline preparatory to a nobler sphere of agency. This conviction is firmly seated in my mind; it does not weaken any of the feelings which are natural to the human heart. No, Charles. But it invigorates them, and purifies them, and exalts them from the rank of weaknesses into incentives to virtue: and virtue, mingled with reflection, intention, and active exercise, raises the soul of man to the most becoming and the most animating piety.—Letter to Dr. C. Burney, April 27, 1810.

CHAPTER XVII.

Toleration,—Religious Opinions.

The Union of Ireland with England, brought about by Mr. Pitt to consolidate the resources of the empire, had seemed to promise, not only toleration of the Catholics, but their introduction into power. To a certain extent, the grievances they laboured under had been removed. They were permitted to enlist in the service of their country in all subordinate capacities—they might shed their blood in the field, or display their talents in the forum; but it was deemed unsafe to give them the power of supreme command, and of a vote in the senate, or to place any portion of the patronage of the Church and the State in their hands.

The Catholic question very early became one of the points of discussion between Parr and Bennet. The Bishop had been dislodged from power by those who advocated the Catholic claims, and consequently was not very friendly to them. He says, in a letter, dated

Bath, April 3, 1805.

You are already in possession of my sentiments on the Catholics. As an Irish question I esteem it of no great import. By agreeing to the Petition you will not endanger the Constitution on the one hand, and you will not conciliate the great mass of the Catholic body on the other. Yet these are the points on which, I dare say, both the friends and the enemies

of the question will make their principal stand. I have no doubt of its being rejected in both Houses for the present, by a considerable majority. The time will come when the battle will be fought on other grounds, and with more reasonable hopes of success. I feel, however, no small temptation to be a spectator of the skirmishing on the 9th of May, and, as I dare say you will also have curiosity enough to stay, I flatter myself with the hopes of again seeing you at a quiet dinner, wherever my lodgings may be, sine aulæis et ostro.

The agitation of this question in the diocese of Worcester, and the Petition agreed upon on the 2d of January, 1813, called forth Dr. Parr's particular attention to the subject. The Petition was couched in the following terms:

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled. The Humble Petition of the Reverend the Dean and Chapter, Archdeacon and Clergy, of the Cathedral Church and Diocese of Worcester:

Sheweth,

That we are justly alarmed at the high tone assumed by the Papists in Ireland, in their late Petitions to Parliament.

We have no wish, whatever, to abridge the religious toleration they enjoy, but we dread an increase of their political power. We do, therefore, most earnestly entreat this Right Honourable House, in their wisdom, to consider whether such power, if conceded, would not tend to endanger the Protestant establishment, interwoven with the Constitution of these realms. By the statement of the Roman Catholics themselves, the character of their Church is known to be inconsistent with our civil and religious liberties, and to be subversive of the King's ecclesiastical supremacy.

Dear to us is the liberty we enjoy, and revered the constitutional power of the Monarch; but dearer still are the tenets of our holy faith, and the pure doctrines of our Apostolical Church, which, by the most sacred ties, we are bound to continue and uphold.

On the subject of this Petition, and the conduct he means to pursue in consequence of it, the following letter to Lord Holland gives an account:

MY LORD, *Hatton, January* 16, 1813.

To the same extent with your lordship, for the same reasons of sound policy and justice, and perhaps with yet stronger impressions from religious considerations, I hold the plain and broad principle, that no man, merely in consequence of his creed, ought to be subject to the inconveniences and the insults practically inseparable from civil disabilities. I look with indignation upon that which is now passing among my clerical brethren, and with terror to the remoter consequences which it will infallibly produce upon the interests and the credit of our ecclesiastical establishment. I see not the possibility of danger from concession; but the evils of resistance are inevitable and incalculable.

Yesterday I received from my Archdeacon a circular letter, inviting me to sign a Petition drawn up by a numerous body of Clergy assembled at Worcester, and sent to seven of our great towns for the edification (no doubt) and encouragement of my reverend brethren. I shall not content myself now with silence. I have drawn up a letter, which our Bishop and his orthodox associates will not be much pleased to read, and which the Archdeacon will not fail to show as a proof of my heretical and ungodly propensities. It was not a season for argument, and, to say the truth, the very best arguments would be thrown away at such a time upon such zealots; but they unwisely gave me an opportunity of telling them my mind, and told it shall be, unreservedly and indignantly. I will not annoy them till they have completed their regiment.

In answer to this Petition Dr. Parr wrote an elaborate letter to Dr. Evans, Archdeacon of Worcester, containing his objection to the Petition, and which I shall insert in the Appendix, as comprehending his views of the subject. Dr. Evans, who was a most amiable and exemplary ecclesiastic, replied to him in the kindest terms.

As a question not of toleration, but of political expediency, the "Calm Statement" ascribed, and I believe justly, to a favourite pupil and friend of Dr. Parr, contains plain and irresistible argument, and by one fact demonstrates that those who *publicly* objected to the extension of political privileges, *silently* conceded them to the Catholics. The Grenville administration were thrown out for advocating the principle, the real practice of which was established on "the 10th of July, 1817, under the government of Lord Liverpool, and almost without notice in either House of Parliament." But the question assumes another aspect, and becomes of vital interest and importance, when it is viewed solely as it relates to the pacification of Ireland.

Warburton has endeavoured to prove, in his "Alliance between Church and State," that utility, not truth, is the proper and immediate object of the magistrate; the majority interested in the question have a right therefore to command the species of church; but that church, whatsoever it be, must be useful to the state. Without adverting to that experiment which is now making in the new world, and which seems to prove that there is no *necessary alliance* between Church and State, Ireland on this ground has a right to command her own establishment. Whatsoever order of things she may prefer, and she has a claim on us for a different order from that which now prveails—for one more useful to her—she must be pacified, she must be instructed, she must have a larger share of the blessings of the British constitution, or she will become

our weakness, not our strength or salvation. If this be opposed on the pretext of conscientious scruples, such as a late correspondence with Lord Kenyon has developed, it may be answered:

Let us, however, suppose (says Parr,), that after diligent, impartial, and serious investigation, a King of England should prefer the Greek Church, the Church of Rome, the Church of Holland, the Church of Geneva, or that he should be even led to admit natural religion to the exclusion of revealed, what conduct is he then to pursue? His duty to God certainly requires that he should profess and worship only according to that which he thinks true, and in the opinion of an enlightened sovereign it might, under some circumstances, require *no more:* but the wise and wholesome jealousy of the laws is not so easily satisfied. *They* suppose that a sovereign would be languid or insincere in protecting what he thought false, that he would directly or indirectly endeavour to introduce what he thought true, and considering public utility as inseparably connected with our religious establishment, they have provided against the possibility of the case just now mentioned, and virtually have left no alternative between conformity and resignation. Conceivable it is that a sincere and virtuous King might, in his own mind, enter into all the distinctions between religious and philosophical truth, and that while, as an individual, he practised one mode of worship, he might be disposed, as a magistrate, to protect another. But the laws have not trusted him with the power of thus exercising his own judgment upon the union of his private and his public duties. They have assumed that general utility makes it necessary for him to be bound by express compact to conformity with the established religion; they have placed him in circumstances where he cannot, as a moral agent, withdraw that conformity and *virtuously*, as well as legally, retain his throne; for surely there cannot be a more intelligible or a more important mean of public utility than the observance of a compact made by a sovereign with his people. By surrendering his crown he would be at full liberty to act according to his own views of

religious truth, and he would act conformably to philosophical truth, or things as they really are, and as they are known by himself to be, when in obedience to the authority of human laws, and by virtue of conditions which he is no longer able to fulfil, he ceased to claim the power of maintaining the established religion, after he had ceased to consider it as the true one. Such is the vigilance of our forefathers in guarding our ecclesiastical establishment, that neither the King, as head of the church, nor the two Houses of convocation, co-operating with the King, can introduce any material change in doctrine or discipline without the concurrence of both Houses of Parliament. To the collective wisdom and the collective authority of the legislature is entrusted the power of examining things as they are, and of providing for public utility by the accommodation of their measures to the result of that examination.

To that collective wisdom the scruples of every sound mind must ultimately yield, when sufficient time has been given for matured experience. When the two Houses of the British Parliament will, and the King wills not, the consequence must be an immediate appeal to the people, and a new election must determine whether the people coincide in sentiment with their former representatives. A British monarch has no other alternative than by thus appealing to his subjects; and the history of our country has not hitherto furnished us with any other mode of action.

Though Dr. Parr wished to extend the benefits of toleration to all Catholics, as well as to Christians of all sects and denominations, he was neither luke-warm in the cause of Protestanism, nor of that best establishment of it, as he deemed the Church of England to be. When Dr. Milner, the Catholic Bishop, published his End of Controversy, Parr

was struck with the boldness and manliness with which the Bishop asserted his cause, and with just admiration of the vigorous and comprehensive mind which could place that cause in such a conspicuous and almost dazzling light. He was, however, not dazzled; he investigated the work with sobriety and diligence; he criticised it with candour, and has left some remarks on it which will be a guide to future inquirers. Nor did he stop here. Thinking that the Bishop had overstepped the boundary of historical testimony, he wrote him a letter, descanting on some of his general principles, and denying the inference he had drawn from some partial and unrevealed testimony. In removing doubts concerning the opinions expressed by Bishop Hallifax on his death-bed, he has defended the Church of England; and it is fortunate that this appeal was made to Bishop Milner before he himself quitted the scene of earthly contention. Of Bishop Milner, now that he is incapable of being affected either by praise or blame, I should decline saying any thing, did not my personal knowledge of him give me some right to declare an opinion. In his College at Oscott I have frequently seen him preside with dignity, with his amiable and learned colleagues the late Rev. Thos. Potts, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, and the Rev. Mr. Weedall. Perhaps he was not always very courteous, perhaps even he was above the common arts of seeking popularity. Yet was he truly hospitable, and when he deigned to converse, the strength of his mind always broke forth. He asserted and maintained his opinions with the tone

and manner of one who did not deem that he could be in error: he shrunk not from any statement, nor any opinion which he had once uttered; he told all he thought without hesitation, nor do I believe that he would have suffered much rejoinder with patience. Had Parr met him in the field of argument, I can hardly conceive how the fierce encounter would have ended; and had he conquered him, his letter is a record of the respect he would have expressed for his vigorous intellect and courageous bearing, though it also shows how he would have resented some of his intemperate sallies, and hurled back again some of his insolent defiance. But he never would have attacked the sturdy polemic with unlawful weapons. It was his opinion that on the grounds taken up by certain ecclesiastics, the reformed Church of England can never be defended against such assailants as Dr. Milner. If any other authority besides the Holy Scriptures be allowed, no church can stand against the church of Rome.

Tradition may impart whatsoever fable, superstition, or hypocrisy can invent; the fathers, and the interpretations of the fathers, may be wrested by scholiasts into the most different meanings. In councils and synods, as in all other large assemblages of men, the passions of the human breast are naturally puffed up by the presence and support of multitudes: and that of Constance is an everlasting example, how mercy may be forgotten by those who pretend to legislate for religion. The history of our frail and imperfect condition proves that

man is never to be trusted when his stronger interests, or more violent passions, agitate his bosom. Every phantom of his imagination then turns him aside from right reason: he becomes the sport of the dreams of ambition, or of the licence of uncontrolled power, nor can his moral duties ever be secured but by a divine code of restriction or command. That code has been given him in a preparatory religion which opened the way for introducing THE DISPENSATION, the prop and the comfort of human kind, and its everlasting hope.—"There is but one instance in the world, and never will be another" (says Warburton).

In the defence of Protestantism, be it remembered, he never sought the aid of those harsh terms which have so often disgraced the writings of polemical Divines. The whole of the letter to Dr. Milner is a specimen of calm discussion, perspicuous statement, and manly declaration. Nor is it clouded by one acrimonious phrase, or insolent personality. He was content to speak of some of the tenets of Popery as erroneous and unscriptural only; and in his note on Heshusius (T) Sexcenti Errores pleni Blasphemiis, &c. he says,

He read this book carefully. He found in it often what seemed to him errors in the Church of Rome, but no one doctrine he would venture to call blasphemous. In the late controversy with the Romanists, he was shocked to find this word in the writings of English Protestants; and he would set a mark of the very strongest reprobation upon the word as applied by Barrington, Bishop of Durham, to the sacramental tenets of the Romanists. S. P.

Nor did he ever venture to pronounce that the

Church of Rome was prefigured by those expressions in the Apocalypse, "Mystery, Babylon the Great," &c. He acknowledged her errors, but discussed them with sober argument, not rancorous invective, and enlightened Catholics were often admitted to his confidence and friendship.

Dr. Parr is requested, by the author of these works, (writes the learned Mr. Charles Butler, of Lincoln's-inn,) to accept this copy of Phil. and Bib. Works, as a testimony of his high sense of the Doctor's extensive erudition in sacred and profane literature, his exquisite taste, classical eloquence, and undeviating attachment to civil and religious liberty; and as a grateful acknowledgment of the Doctor's repeated kindness to him.

Signed, CHARLES BUTLER,
φιλόμουσος, et forsan haud plane *ἄμουσος*.

Doubtless Mr. Butler has deserved both these titles. Dr. Parr respected him highly, and I insert some letters in the Appendix, relating to subjects, the answers of which have already been published by Mr. Butler. The letter about Cranmer will be recollected by posterity, when the calumniators of the "blessed Martyr" lie forgotten in the dust.

I might also adduce other correspondence with enlightened Catholics. With the present Earl of Shrewsbury; with that liberal, high-minded, and highly polished gentleman, the late Sir John Throckmorton; with Lord Dormer; with Francis Canning, Esq.; the Hon. Mr. Arundel; and with the Rev. Joseph Berington, well known for his cool, candid, and elaborate inquiries into many parts of sacred and profane learning. But his sentiments are so well known from his correspondence, his conversational

discussions, and his writings, particularly from that part of the note on Mr. Fox's history which touches on all the bearings of the Catholic question, that I forbear enlarging further on this part of the subject. On that question Parr has laid prostrate a host of prejudices by a single quotation:

Πλείστη δὲ χάρις, δαπάνη τ' ὀλιγίστη.—Hesiod.

Gladly, therefore, should I hail the day in which the religious tenets of the Roman Catholics should not be permitted to obstruct the full recovery of their civil rights, and in which the Church of England, providing at once for its own interest, and its own honour, should display to every other Church in Christendom a glorious example of "holding the faith in unity of spirit, and the bond of peace."—Philopatris Varvicensis, vol. ii. p. 620.

When the mind is solely and intensely fixed on one subject, it is very apt to over-rate the importance of the studies that occupy it; but I am very much deceived if every inquirer after truth, as well as every friend of toleration, will not hail the following letter as a precious addition to his knowledge, or to his recollections:

From Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *April 26th*, 1819.

I am charmed with your wise and interesting letter, and I consider all your distinctions as just. Now, for these fifty-three years I have been a studious reader in theology, and a vigilant observer of theologians. Through the whole time I have been a stedfast advocate for freedom of inquiry, and for toleration more or less extended. Till the year 1793 I held the *principle* of a test, but avowed my disapprobation of a sacramental test, because it makes religion the stalking-horse of politics; but on reading a work which is ascribed to Sergeant Heywood, who evidently was assisted by several enlightened

Dissenters, I gave up the whole principle of a test. Get this book if you can, and remember, my Lord, that it is the *only* sensible book which the attempt to procure a repeal of the Test Act produced from our contemporaries. There were two or three paltry pamphlets from Churchmen, and one very acute book written by Sherlock was republished. My Lord, I have read carefully the whole Bangorian controversy, in eleven volumes, and I am acquainted with no Ecclesiastic who, like myself, has gone through the whole. Hoadly saw, and enabled his discerning reader to see, what was the province of the Magistrate. Warburton in his Alliance boldly proclaimed the fact, " the Magistrate (he says) finds his proper concern in *utility*, not in truth ;" and then, to shelter himself from his brethren, he runs out into an elaborate and useless metaphorical dissertation, on the coincidence of utility and truth. I told this to your uncle, when somebody had furnished him with some idle paradoxes which are to be found in Warburton, and I added for his amusement, that the Alliance to which Ecclesiastics then *appealed* was reprobated upon its first appearance, and ludicrously called an alliance between William and Warburton. I cannot help scribbling as a Parson, and delighted I am with the shiftings and inconsistencies of my Reverend brethren. My Lord, I wish, but perhaps in vain, that you would employ your sound judgment and ingenuous spirit upon the subject of toleration. I shall venture to point out the best books. The Preface to Thuanus, which extorted praise even from Lord Mansfield ; Locke on Toleration ; the Bangorian controversy ; the *first* English book and the *best*, written by Jeremy Taylor, and called the Liberty of Prophecying. Well must your time be employed in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and your own sagacity will suggest to you that many parts relate to the disputes *of the times*. Do not forget John Hales of Eton. Of course you will study Warburton's Alliance ; Voltaire's book upon toleration is worth reading, though not profound. There are minor works by Turneaux and others, but I point out the best books. Well, I have now to tell you one striking fact. In the last century, and part of the preceding, all the writers in favour of bold inquiry in religion are hostile to the Romanists. Jortin, descended from a family which emigrated after the

revocation of the Edict of Nantz, imbibed such a hatred of Popery as often counteracted the dictates of his benevolent mind. Hoadly, the great champion of religious liberty, was equally hostile; but Archdeacon Blackburne, who had more acuteness, and more historical reading than Hoadly or Jortin, was the fiercest of all the Anti-Romanists; he dreamt of Popery—he raised against it a hue and cry—he saw, and in this perhaps he was not singular, some traces of the Romish intolerance and hierarchy in his own church. I have had some vehement controversies on the subject with Dr. John Jebb, and once he pleaded guilty to the charge of inconsistency. Bishop Watson was merciless towards the Romanists. This, my Lord, is the history of my own times. All the writers were not only disgusted with the doctrines, but alarmed at the intolerant spirit, of the Church of Rome. They did not sufficiently distinguish between time past and time present. I allow with them, that in the constitution of the Church of Rome there is a direct tendency to intolerance, and that which is now passing in Spain, and in other countries, is a decisive proof of the fact. No wise statesman will ever trust the priesthood with power, and this, mutatis mutandis, may be said of our own country. Bishop Milner, the great advocate of the Romanists, is a persecutor of the very worst order; but how does this reach the question before your House? You are not going to increase the power of the priesthood—you are going to extricate the laity from a part of the priestly power—you are going to soften the angry passions to which the priests appeal—you will enable and encourage the nobility and gentry to be on their watch against their pastors, and to employ their secular influence in relieving their inferiors from bondage. Be assured, my Lord, that the Romish priesthood foresee and dread the consequences of emancipation. They get nothing by it directly, and indirectly they apprehend a diminution of their authority. Eldon is going to take the very ground which has been *already* taken by Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's, and Burgess has been quite confuted by Milner, in the preface to a book which he published last year, called the "End of Controversy." There are three volumes, and for thirty reasons I wish you to look at them. Burgess is a good scholar, and a

good man, but he is a weak reasoner, and he is also an intolerant bigot, without the consciousness of being so.—Lingard, the Catholic, is a mighty reasoner—he is a profound thinker—he is a conqueror in his conflict with the Bishop of Durham, Le Mesurier, and the doughty polemic, Herbert Marsh. If you were an ecclesiastic, I could show you the dangerous tendency of some tenets in our churchmen, who have very incautiously stirred the question of tradition. I could point out safe distinctions which they knew not, but they have given very great advantages to their Catholic antagonists. My Lord, if you and I conversed together two or three mornings, you would drive Eldon from his post, when he tries to defend it by such as Locke, Hoadly, and Milton; they were enemies to a Protestant hierarchy, such as what we now have. While Eldon, &c. set these heroes in array against the Catholics, will they adapt their objections to church power as it now exists in England? Apparently Locke, &c. disapproved of that power, and such disapprobation was the legitimate result of their general attachment to toleration. Will Eldon, &c. follow up Blackburne, who was a root and branch man against the doctrine and discipline of the English Church, and an enemy to all subscription to Articles? Will they follow Jortin, who wished for a very extensive reform among ourselves, and who hated, what he thought, intolerance in all Christian communities? Were I in the House of Peers, I should check the exultation of Eldon in his new allies. Nothing, my Lord, can be more pertinent than your distinction about *times*.

When Locke and when Hoadly wrote, there *was* some danger of Popery; they saw that danger and raised the alarm. If the Jacobites could have restored the Stuarts, despotism in the state would soon have been followed by Popery in the church. Pray remember what passed in the days of James the Second; the clergy preached as their fathers had done through three, if not four preceding reigns, in favour of passive obedience; but when the proceedings at Magdalen College, and the trials of the seven Bishops brought within their view the danger of their own church, *then*, and *not* till then, they opposed the Crown. Somehow or other priests are not friendly to liberty.

You have seen Lesley's book, chiefly taken from those manuscripts of James the Second which your uncle could not find. By the words and opinions of James himself the Revolution is completely justified; but he strikes a home blow at the English Bishops, who had been preaching up passive obedience in the state, and then opposed their Sovereign upon the concerns of the church. What could induce the Prince Regent to encourage the publication of such a book? You and I exult in it. My Lord, you must take your stand upon the difference of times—there is no Popish Pretender—there is no danger of Popery—the Catholics are not very numerous in England or Scotland; a civilized age is unfriendly to their doctrine and their discipline. The Union with Ireland will exclude Popery there, because English and Scotch members must out-number and outweigh the votes of Catholics; the present danger of the Church is from Methodists, not Papists; the policy of the Church is to conciliate the Papists and the Unitarians, and to get their aid against the Methodists within the Church and without it. If Locke were now living, he would extend toleration to Papists. Hoadly, who wrote when there was a rebellion, and when the Jacobites were numerous, would have reasoned as you and I do now. As to John Milton, he would have subverted every *kind* of hierarchy—he hated Protestant Bishops—he hated even Presbyterian discipline—he would have hated the most temperate establishment of a national religion. As to Middleton, what shall we say? As the ally of Protestants I could convince you, as I did convince Sir William Jones, that Middleton was secretly a Deist; his opinion about the time when miracles ceased is secretly adopted by such of my brethren as deserve the name of inquirers, and that opinion is a barrier against Popery. He said so, and he said it at a time when the Stuart race was not extinguished; when their adherents were numerous, and when high churchmen were contending for principles not altogether at variance with the spiritual views of Catholic Ecclesiastics. How far will Eldon go with such heretics as Hoadly, Jortin, Locke, and Middleton? It was *the power*, my Lord, of the Church of Rome which alarmed all of them—*here* we have the real motive of their antipathy; but in our times there is no danger of

such power in these realms. My Lord, you, and Lord Grey, and Lord Grenville, will stand aloof from doctrines, and leave them open to discussion, and I add the very freest discussion, among the contending parties. You are to look only to the interests of society, and those interests must always be secured by toleration. My Lord, I hope you have Sir Richard Steele's History of the Roman Catholic Church; it is a duodecimo. Read the dedication to Pope Clement, and you will see that the writer discerned both intolerance and dogmatism in another church. What will Eldon say to this? The wit and the argument were above Steele. The dedication was written by Hoadly, who, for a time, concealed his name; he afterwards avowed himself the author, and I entreat you to consult the first volume of Hoadly's works; there you will find the dedication, and it will supply you with powerful arguments ad hominem. They who call in the aid of Locke, Milton, &c. are short-sighted polemics. They not only confound the distinctions of times, but they are blind to such consequences as require a very extensive reform in our own Church. Let me once more express my unqualified assent to the arguments which I found in your admirable letter. The most ferocious enemy of the Church would rejoice when the appeal is made to the writer whom Eldon has shaken hands with, and, after all, he is only the echo of Burgess; and I, who from conviction am a Protestant, must be compelled to acknowledge that Burgess has deeply injured our cause. Let me now tell you of another ally, who, perhaps, is unknown to Eldon. There is now living at Exeter a restless, acute, violent parson, whose name is . . . ; he has lately stirred up his brethren against the Catholics; he is a most intrepid fellow, and a very industrious reader of ecclesiastical laws and civil statutes. Now mark what at the present moment is doing by this *Anti-Catholic* hero; he wanted to be returned as the representative of Exeter Diocese. At the last Convocation he was in a minority of eight. He appealed to the Convocation against the persons returned; his appeal is now before the Convocation, and in consequence of it they did not venture to adjourn sine die, as they had been accustomed to do for near a century. The tumult is serious; but this is not all. He is determined to move the

Court of King's Bench against the Bishop of Exeter for holding an Archdeaconry with the Bishopric, and here I think he will fail. He is determined to move the Court against Dr. Barnes for holding an Archdeaconry with the Chancellorship, and here, perhaps, he will succeed. He is determined to move the Court against four minor canons of Exeter for holding livings which he says are incompatible with their minor Canonries. All these things are now going on. He is at war you see with Dignitaries of his own Church as well as with the Catholics. What will Eldon say to this zealous ally? And pray observe, that he not only has a resolute and vindictive spirit, but he is a very shrewd fellow, and is largely furnished with arguments from ecclesiastical laws.

He it is, who circulated the report that the Regent told the Bishop of Exeter that he would put in his veto if the two Houses voted in favour of the Catholics. Somebody should advert to this in Parliament. What the truth may be I know not. . . . . will hardly lie; yet I cannot believe the Regent made such a declaration, or that Pelham is foolish enough to report it, even if it were made; but the story is in circulation, and ought to be noticed. Pray let Eldon be worked upon his new alliance with republics, heretics, and perhaps one infidel, and . . . . . I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

April 26th, 1819. S. PARR.

There is another topic of great importance which I shall enter upon, deviating from the chronological order, because it is essentially connected with Dr. Parr's religious opinions. On the question of repeal of the test laws, I took occasion to treat on the liberality of his views, and the candour of his opinions, and the generosity with which he met men who thought differently from himself.

In the republication of Rapin he has very often quoted Dr. Priestley with honour; but it was chiefly in regard to his political opinions. He

there speaks of the " hasty, but well-meant and ingenious effusions of a Priestley." And in a long critical note, he concludes:

> The sentiments of Dr. Priestley upon every subject are entitled to respectful attention. Τό μὴ σιωπᾷν ἀισχρόν.

In a noble note on ecclesiastical establishments he takes, however, occasion to mark the attacks of this great philosopher with a certain degree of reprobation when those attacks were directed against the Church. He speaks of

> The peevish sarcasms of certain fashionable writers, who have set up I know not what exclusive claims to every social virtue, and to every literary accomplishment, to the urbanity of scholars, and the impartiality of philosophers. But these men give no very honourable proofs of their sincerity when they measure their own importance by the degradation of an order of men, in consequence of whose exertions religion and learning have been rescued from false refinement, placed upon the broadest foundations, and applied to the most salutary purposes.

What he said of Dr. Priestley in the Sequel I have noticed before.

It is fortunate for the memory of Dr. Parr that the history of his opinions does not depend on traditional testimony or on recollection. I shall be able to deliver it in his own words, and nearly to the last period of his life.

With Dr. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, so celebrated for his work on " The Atonement," Parr became acquainted at Leamington, in 1823. He had been accustomed, before this time, to speak of his Grace's writings in measured terms of eulogy;

but personal acquaintance compelled him to alter some of his pre-conceived opinions concerning this most enlightened prelate, whom, although stedfast in the highest dogmas of orthodoxy, he found liberal in discussion, tolerant of contradiction, and most agreeable to him as a companion, capable of entering upon the most abstruse points of religion and metaphysics, and the most refined delicacies of polite literature. We may judge of the spirit of their conversations and communications by the following letters:

From Dr. Parr, to Dr. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Sept. 25.*

Though differing widely from your Grace upon some important subjects of controversial theology, I hold, and therefore always shall avow, a very high opinion of your talents and attainments. With much pleasure have I read two of the Charges which your Grace has lately published. I have praised them in the hearing, and recommended them to the perusal, of some enlightened Clergymen. I found in them very useful matter, and very splendid diction. But, with surprise and with concern, I observed that in one of them your Grace has spoken sweepingly of the Unitarians as illiterate. The expression, my Lord, astonished me, and called to my mind the language which Cicero, in his celebrated speech for Ligarius, employed about the cause of Pompey; and which, mutatis mutandis, I shall apply to your severe and contemptuous animadversion upon a well-known, and, perhaps, increasing sect. Speaking of Unitarianism, "alii errorem appellant, qui durius, pertinaciam, qui gravissime, impietatem—ἀμαθίαν præter te adhuc nemo." In a dispute, which about one hundred and fifty years ago was carried on with great violence, Bishop Wettenhal wrote a very judicious, candid, and conciliatory pamphlet, which I found in a huge mass of controversial writings, in which he

describes the Socinians* as active, as zealous, as acute, as dexterous in disputation, as blameless in the general tenour of their lives, and, he adds, even pious, with exception to their own peculiar tenets. Every man of common sense, my Lord, will perceive that the qualifying words are the result of discretion and episcopal decorum, and were intended, probably, for a kind of sop to soften the Cerberean part of the priesthood. Be this as it may, the representation which Bishop Wettenhal gave of his Socinian contemporaries corresponds nearly with my own observations upon my own Unitarian contemporaries.

Now, my Lord, I know nothing either by report, or my own reading, about the number of Unitarians in Ireland, or their writings, or their erudition, or their want of erudition. I, at the same time, am justified in saying, that among my own learned acquaintance in this country there is not one teacher in the established church whom I could safely pronounce an Unitarian. Without the pale of that church, indeed, there are several Unitarians with whom I think it an honour to be acquainted, and I shall make no apology for introducing into this letter their names, and avowing the sincere respect which I feel for their intellectual powers, their literary attainments, and their moral worth. Let us look round a little, my Lord. Will any scholar apply the word "illiterate" to Grotius, to Curcellæus, to Susius, or to Le Clerc? These are the distinguished Unitarians of former days. I have not been a slovenly reader of the Fratres Poloni, and I could mention the names of several persons whose tenets seem to me erroneous, but whom I should not dare to call illiterate. In the last century lived Dr. Lardner, Dr. John Jebb, Mr. John Baynes, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, and an academic distinguished in his day for his proficiency in science and his skill in classical learning. Perhaps Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle,

* The appellation Socinian might have been taken from the Soccini, a family which submitted to voluntary exile from Sienna with Lactantio Ragnoni and Mino Celso, on account of the persecutions they suffered for having adopted the reformed opinions in religion; as well as from the writer Socinus.—M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy, p. 130, and Giannone Storia de Nap. iv. 149.

may, without injustice, be supposed to look upon Unitarianism rather with a favourable eye towards the close of a studious life. Was Bishop Law illiterate? Was Dr. John Taylor of Norwich illiterate? And, slender as might be the pretences of Dr. Priestley and Theophilus Lindsay to any critical accuracy in the languages, or to any delicate taste of the elegancies of profane authors, Greek and Latin, yet their attention to scriptural Greek, though it did not preserve them from what you think heresy, was more than sufficient to protect them from the application of illiterate. Was the late Duke of Grafton illiterate? Were the writers of the Free and Candid Disquisitions illiterate? I was not personally acquainted with the late Mr. Cappe of York, but his writings furnish abundant proofs of eloquence, acuteness, and, I add, erudition. Was Encedinus illiterate? Is Wegscheider illiterate? Was Semler illiterate? Is Eichorn illiterate? Let me not pass by some dissenting Clergymen who are avowedly Unitarians, and upon whose claims to be considered as scholars I can speak, and therefore do speak, with confidence. Mr. Berry of Leicester, who to Greek and Latin erudition adds no inconsiderable portion of oriental; Mr. Cogan, a school-master at Walthamstow, whom from conversation and correspondence, I know to be an accurate Greek scholar, and a diligent and discriminating reader of the best critical books which have of late been published at Berlin, Leyden, Göthingen, Leipsic, and Paris; and at home, by Porson, Blomfield, Gaisford, Elmsley, &c. Is Cogan illiterate? No, no. My mind passes on to Mr. Corrie, of Birmingham, who not only is well acquainted with natural philosophy, and is a fine writer of English prose, but has an exquisite taste for the compositions of Greek and Roman writers, and is a reader of what Bentley, Dawes, and Toup have written upon philology. My neighbour, Mr. Yates of Birmingham, is one of the most studious men I know. I have seen his admirable collection of books, and I consider him as a diligent and intelligent reader of the most abstruse and elaborate writings of theologians, both in Greek and Latin. Mr. Roberts of Manchester, had a classical education in Norwich school. He is an excellent writer of English prose, and can such a man be called illiterate? It becomes me after many interviews, to bear my testimony to

the merit of Mr. Shepherd of Liverpool, and in truth, so far as classical learning is concerned, his proficiency would do him honour, if he sat upon the episcopal bench. My lord, from motives of delicacy, I will not enlarge upon the learning of Mr. Belsham. He neither understands, nor professes to understand, very critically, those profane authors who are taught in our public schools and our two universities; yet I think and speak respectfully of his biblical learning; and I am pretty sure that Archbishop Newcome, if he were now living, would, upon this subject, speak and think as I do. In my own neighbourhood lives a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He does not pretend to be a profound classic, but he is largely furnished with general knowledge; he is a diligent reader of the Greek Testament; he has great dexterity in reasoning; he excels in clearness and vigour of style; he is not contentious; he is not conceited; but upon two or three occasions, when provoked by insulting calumnies against himself and his sect, he has confuted and silenced some accusers, whose orthodoxy was not accompanied by a due share of sense, learning, or moderation. Your Grace will do me the justice to observe, that I mean not directly or indirectly to defend the heretical opinions adopted by any of the worthies whom I have enumerated. But I should say of them, whether I adverted to them in the senate, or from the pulpit, or from the press—yes, my Lord, I should say in the hearing of all the conclaves, and all the convocations in Christendom, "utinam essent nostri." I hope, therefore, my Lord, and if you were not an Archbishop I should advise, that in some future edition of your excellent Charge, you would withdraw the word illiterate. There are many other points upon which your sagacity, learning, and eloquence, may be employed with the greatest propriety, and far better effect. If you were more intimately acquainted with myself, you would find that no man is more ready to bestow prompt, sincere, and ample praise upon the talents and the learning, which the ecclesiastics of the Established Church have in our own days displayed in the defence of their tenets. Glad I am, that so large a part of that praise falls to the share of the distinguished prelate to whom I am now writing. In natural religion, and in revealed, there are some truths bright as the sun in meridian, and

solid as adamant itself; but in both there are quæstiones perdifficiles et perobscuræ, upon which a man of reflection will often think it his right and his duty ἐπέχειν, and will apply to speculation what has been well said of practice:

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, usus semper aliquid adportet novi;
Aliquid moneat, ut illa quæ te scire credas, nescias:
Et quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.

For more than fifty years I have attended diligently and seriously to theology; at me ipsum, quondam et animi quodam impetu concitatum, et vi naturæ elatum, et recentibus præceptorum studiis flagrantem, dies tandem aliquando leniit, ætas mitigavit. As to the conflicts in which other men are engaged, I cannot, from habit, and perhaps nature, be a careless spectator, but being far advanced in my 77th year, I am upon my guard against the perils to which partisans are exposed; and, as a lover of letters, and a religionist, I am content γηράσκειν αιεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος.

It was acknowledged by the Archbishop in the following terms:

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Sept.* 26, 1823.

Accept my best thanks for your letter of yesterday.

Any remarks coming from your pen, I deem of value. So that (independently of the kind things you have done me the honour to say of myself) I feel grateful for those which your letter contains, however we may differ on the subject with which they are connected.

One of the chief graces of the literæ humaniores is, that they enable those, who have felt their influence, to differ amicably.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I hope to satisfy you, that you and I have been looking to different descriptions of persons in the different estimates we have formed of their knowledge and acquirements. At the same time, I must confess, you have named some, whom, even the mighty impress of *your* judgment cannot induce me to acknowledge as competent expositors of Holy Writ.

Indeed, you can hardly expect this from one who has la-

boured through three bulky volumes (I trust to your generosity not to substitute the word heavy) to prove the contrary.

It has mortified me much, that I have not yet had it in my power to solicit the pleasure of a morning's conversation with you at Hatton. I have been looking forward to that gratification from time to time; but have been obliged to devote my horses and my time to the service of an invalid daily. I hope in a short while to be able to accomplish what I so much wish for.

Mean time, believe me to be, my dear Sir, with great respect, your very faithful and obedient servant, W. DUBLIN.

Some calumnies having been circulated in Ireland against the Archbishop, they were sent by his Grace to Dr. Parr, with the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Warwick, Sept.* 30, 1823.

I thank you cordially for the two instances of your kind attention which this day (cretâ notandus) has so richly supplied.

How refreshing! amidst the weariness and disgust of vulgar and malignant ribaldry to be treated with the effusions of a scholar and a friend!

Your first letter abounds with the overflowings of the former, and you must allow me the liberty of tracing in the second the feelings of the latter. The interest it so warmly manifests, in what affects the credit of my name, bespeaks a something which I have a pride and pleasure in classing as I have done. And I know too well, the value of the service which it proffers, not to be gratefully affected by the consideration of the boon, no less than of the motive.

You will, I know, enter into my feelings, when I say, that I rate my own estimation in society (and in this I include the idea, not only of the present, but of the future) too high, to think it necessary to present myself in its defence against every low and scurrilous attack. On this principle I have uniformly declined giving any answer to the numerous falsehoods that have been industriously circulated against me, in newspapers, placards, and pamphlets, for the last twelve months. And on the same principle I am unwilling now to descend to the con-

tradiction of the lies at present current respecting my share in the transactions of the late funeral in Dublin, which has been literally nothing.

Fortunately, the sworn testimony of the sexton (a copy of which has been sent to me by the Archdeacon of Dublin, in whose church-yard the disturbance arose) relieves me from any necessity that might even be supposed to exist for such contradiction. The deposition of the sexton, the government ordered to be taken by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to be submitted to the law officers of the Crown, for their opinion on the case. To avoid the trouble of transcribing, I have had a few copies of this statement printed, one of which I have the pleasure of sending you.

You will see from this, that one great object with the parties concerned was, to draw from the sexton some admission of my connection with the proceeding. That object was particularly laboured at, but in vain, as, indeed, must have been the case; for neither in general, nor in particular, on any recent or remote occasion, had I ever given any order whatever upon the subject, or supposed any order to be necessary; the uniform practice, and undisturbed law would have rendered any such order (in my mind) altogether superfluous or indeed visionary. As to the occurrence itself, you will see that it took place on the 4th of September; and I beg leave to remind you that the alleged author of all the dreadful turmoil and savage barbarity of that day had the pleasure of paying you a peaceful visit on the 5th, and has been passing his time in this town since the 3rd quietly and unoffendingly, and until awaked from ignorance by the friendly flapping of the Irish papers, altogether unknowing of the great deeds which had gained him such unenviable distinction.

If you happen to have a copy of priest Blake's letter, it will amuse you to compare the language of that, with the sexton's sworn report. Please to recollect that the letter, or avowed publication of a Popish priest in Ireland, is always the deliberate production of a *conclave*. That is the established rule. The sexton, it is to be observed, uses an expression, which, did it stand alone and uncontradicted by the rest of his narrative, might be argued as implying an admission that there was *some* order

from the archbishop; "the sanction of the bishop." But it appears, as he denies the knowledge of any order from the archbishop, that he meant by these words nothing more than the generally received and established usage of church authority. Whereas, è contra, "Dr. Magee's name was rung in" priest Blake's "ears," &c. There was, as I said before, no order in any shape, or at any time, issued by me relative to the Catholic interments. Whilst, however, I say this to you, I shall offer no such statement to the public. These matters ultimately right themselves. And whilst I have the approbation and the testimony of such men as Dr. Parr, I shall feel but little concern about the crowd.

I must conclude. Indeed, I fear I have wearied you; your eyes I mean, certainly not your good nature.

I should, indeed, like to turn back to your "philologies." But this is forbidden to me. Stern necessity commands me in another direction; and I must only treasure them for a future regale. I am now preparing to set out for London and Albany. I move to-morrow, and have much to do.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir, with a high sense of your superior talents and acquirements, and a grateful feeling of your kindness, your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

W. DUBLIN.

Whatsoever might have been the differences of opinion on certain theological subjects, between his Grace the Archbishop and Dr. Parr, we have seen even that a strong representation only called forth expressions of approbation and esteem. In the following year, and within a very few weeks of that period which was to put an end to Dr. Parr's mortal existence, the Archbishop wrote to him as follows:

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Oct.* 4, 1824.

I am truly concerned to find by your report of yourself, that you have not benefitted by your visit to Worcester, and must request that you will not think of coming over to Leamington,

on a point of etiquette. As soon as my coachman returns from town, and enables me to use my carriage (I have no riding horses with me at present), I will have the pleasure of calling upon you, instead of giving you the trouble of calling on me, and thereby effect the only rational object of a call from either side, the having the satisfaction of half an hour's conversation with you.

I must return you my best thanks for your kind wish that I should partake of your hospitality on Friday next. Part of my family is setting out for Ireland this day; and the rest of us follow (according to our present plan) in the end of the week. I am therefore afraid, though very desirous to avail myself of your polite invitation, to answer in the affirmative. Another day, however, will fix certainly our movements, and if you permit me the liberty, I will withhold till to-morrow, a definite answer on the subject.

I had hoped to have the pleasure of meeting you at the Worcester Meeting; but various difficulties prevented. With best respects to Mrs. Parr, I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, W. DUBLIN.

I shall close with another document, which will prove that his conduct, and his manner of performing the service were watched by the zealots on all sides. Not only by those who had the folly and insolence to remark to the congregation of Hatton that a stranger should be introduced to them, viz. Jesus Christ; but by one who, from his having published the document in a party work, obviously came to watch and to detect, not merely to pray.

From the Rev. Dr. Parr, to the Conductor of the Christian Reformer.

SIR,

In number xxxviii, page 68, of the "Christian Reformer," a correspondent, who dates his letter from Warwick, January 4, 1808, and who evidently bears towards me the greatest good will, has communicated some particulars about my manner of

performing the service at Hatton, on the preceding Christmas-day. He relates very correctly, what I said about the first lesson from Isaiah, and about the introduction to St. John's Gospel. He is not incorrect when he describes me as not reading all the sentences of the Athanasian Creed, as it is usually denominated, with the same slowness and the same solemnity; and as I profess to have read the writings of St. Athanasius, and did not believe it the production of that great polemic.

I cannot, at this distance of time, take upon myself to say what precise terms I used about the contents of the creed. I was not very likely to express any marked approbation. But I am inclined to believe that your correspondent has inadvertently imputed to me language somewhat stronger than I really used; and probable it is, that my strictures were pointed more directly to the writings of Athanasius himself, than to the creed, which is commonly, but improperly called by his name.

While that creed is retained in our venerable church, I hold it my duty never to omit it. But while I read it faithfully and audibly, I think myself quite at liberty to lay more or less emphasis upon particular parts according to my own discretion, and for the benefit of my hearers. I have now and then taken occasion to select some passages from a celebrated history of the creed written by the learned and orthodox Dr. Waterland, who, like myself, does not ascribe the composition of it to Athanasius.

Your correspondent, in another sentence, writes thus: "as Christmas day happened upon a Thursday, the Litany was not appointed to be read, but I have before heard it read there, and instead of saying, as it is at the commencement, 'O God the Son, have mercy upon us miserable sinners; O God the Holy Ghost, have mercy,' &c. the following was substituted, 'O Son have mercy upon us miserable sinners; O Holy Ghost, have mercy,' &c." Your correspondent does not distinctly say whether the above mentioned omission was made by myself or any other clergyman, nor do I know whether by the word *here* he means Warwick, from which town he dates his letter, or Hatton, where he attended on Christmas day, 1817; but I beg leave to assure him that neither at Hatton, nor any other place whatsoever, did I ever omit the important word of which he

speaks, when the Church requires it to be used in the Litany, the Nicene Creed, or the Sacramental Service. He will excuse me for adding, that his premises will not bear him out in a broad and unqualified assertion, that I neither believe nor inculcate the doctrine of a Trinity. But he will, at the same time, permit me to declare, that I do not inculcate what I do not believe, and that upon abstract and controverted points of theology, I very rarely introduce any observations of my own into the pulpit. My talents, such as they are, seem to me much better employed in reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. I am your correspondent's sincere well-wisher and respectful obedient servant, S. P.

The Sermons, published for the first time in the 5th and 6th volumes of these works, coincide with this document in proving Dr. Parr's sentiments consistent with his practice; and that, although settled in his own creed, he did not suffer differences to weigh against his intercourse with men of all persuasions, whose lives were in the right. We have seen how manfully he stood up against the champion of orthodoxy, when he denominated the Unitarians illiterate; and how fully he acknowledged his intimacy with them. Like his divine Master, he had no exclusions; and genius and virtue were his delight, wherever he could find them.

Mr. Robert Hall was one of those conscientious dissidents from the Church, for whose talents, and rich and impressive eloquence, Dr. Parr entertained the highest respect. He had not frequent opportunities of personal communication with Mr. Hall, but I have seen them together. There was no distance or distrust; and though there were none of those nice attractions which insensibly draw men's minds together, when the idem velle and the

idem nolle are reciprocal parts of character, yet there were admiration, frankness, esteem, and respect.

Mr. Hall, like Bishop Taylor, has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.

With the Rev. Edward Irving Dr. Parr's acquaintance began in 1824. They afterwards enjoyed the company of each other, and warmly did our friend express his admiration of this singularly talented orator and truly pious man.

From his earliest life Parr's mind was deeply impressed by religious feelings, and his inclination devoted him to the church. At school and at college, but especially at the time he received holy orders, his piety was conspicuous. He has himself said, that his first profound theological studies had infused doubts into his mind, which were afterwards cleared up. For the established religion of his country he ever professed and manifested by his conduct the most unfeigned respect. But as a moral being, deeply interested in the genuine doctrines of Christianity, and firmly convinced of their truth,

I cannot (said he) condescend to learn my creed from the sophistry of the hypocrite, or the dogmatical jargon of the bigot. I cannot aspire to the smallest participation of popularity with those who are eager to guide, or with those who are content to follow, the groveling and vulgar prejudices of hoodwinked superstition and unhallowed zeal. At the close of the 18th century, I think myself excusable for some hesitation, when I am called upon to believe that any honourable cause of any Christian church, is to be with propriety supported, not by the efficacy of virtuous example, nor even by the weight of rational

argument, but by calumny, by plunder, by conflagration, and the sword.

This noble sentiment, which he put into the mouth of Mr. Greathead, contains the first principles of toleration. Those principles he now admitted to the fullest extent, and wished to put them in exercise, wherever professions were made with sincerity and truth. The weight of rational argument, he contended, should never be put aside by power, or by superstition,

And it ought to be made impossible for men, to unchristian, unchurch, or declare out of God's favour, any of their fellow-creatures, upon any lesser, or indeed any other consideration, than that of a wicked dishonesty and insincerity; of which, ni these cases, God alone is judge.*

I enter on the subject of his religious opinions with awe; nor should I venture upon any detail, was I not fortified at every step with the support of his own written documents. Mr. Courtenay, on account of some sceptical doubts, had been advised by Dr. Blair, the celebrated Scotch divine, to read Butler's Analogy, which he did, but was not convinced, and his doubts were finally communicated to Dr. Parr, who sent him an analysis of the Analogy, which is copied in the Appendix. These discussions were contained in a series of letters; part of which I possess, through the kindness of Lord John Townshend, but many others are quoted, which I have not.

The belief of a future state (says Parr in one of them) may be a part of natural religion, but it is not a proof of it. Again,

* See Sherlock's Apostrophe on Sincerity, in answer to Hoadly's demonstration in the Preface to Stebbing's Remarks.

the belief of a future state is necessarily a part of the religion of a Christian; but it is the religion which proves to his mind the future state, and not the doctrine of a future state itself, which merely, as such, proves the religion; though, as I told you before, the conditions and the circumstances attending the doctrine, may give additional strength to other direct proofs for the credibility of Christianity.

The analysis gives a full account of Parr's view of Butler's ("the profound Bishop of Durham") Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature." Butler was the theologian whose tenets he professed to follow. I have heard him repeatedly declare that his notions of the Trinity were precisely those of the profound Bishop:

On the Trinity I thus think, (says Parr in one of his Mem. books,) "Dogmate Ecclesiastico ad sanæ rationis principia revocato, ignorare non licet, *primum*, omnem pluralitatem in Deo rationi aperte repugnare, deinde quamlibet Trinitatis explicationem philosophicam, vel unum subjectum et triplicem ejus rationem sive operationem, vel tria subjecta intelligendi et volendi (Matth. 26, 39) facultate prædita defendentem, (necessario *says my book, but I substitute) posse* abire vel in *Sabellianismi*, vel in *Tritheismi* aut *Arianismi* errores. . . . . Quod si autem dogma illud ex fundamento suo biblico atque ex historia dijudicatur, clarissime patet, formulam ejus publice receptam nusquam a scriptoribus ss. disertis verbis traditam, nec nisi tribus fere seculis præterlapsis in ecclesia effictam et sancitam esse.

Quo plura ac graviora damna et nefanda facinora per male sanum dogmatis illius tuendi studium in ecclesiam Christianam illata sunt, eo minus symbolica ejus forma, quæ simul tot tantisque opprobriis contra religionem Christianam ansam præbuit, nostris temporibus urgeri ac premi debet.

Trinitatis dogma ad hancce formulam revocare licet: Deus pater, per Jesum Christum (*my book says* ut, *I substitute* et,)

Spiritum Sanctum hominibus se manifestavit.* Ut autem quævis super hoc dogmate opinio, dummodo ne virtutis nervos infringat, summa cum indulgentia tolerari debet, ita caute versari doctores publicos oportet in pertractanda ista doctrina, ne vel conscientia oneretur Christianorum fide provectiorum, vel imbecillium religio offensionis aliquid experiatur. Wegscheider, Institutiones Theologiæ Dogmaticæ. Halæ, 1819, p. 223, 225.

I am pleased with this passage in Doederlein.

From the Synodus *Illyricana* he quotes,

Qui consubstantialem Trinitatem non prædicant, anathema sint. Nempe sua cuique vera primum, dein gravia ac pia, denique necessaria creditu videntur; quod si quis contra ausit statuere, hæreseos primum, post usitato cognomine impietatis arguitur, e quo crimine sententia damnatoria sponte profluit. Vol. i. p. 397.

Every heterodox and every orthodox man would do well to consider the following passage in Doederlein:

Quanquam igitur hoc dogma ob baptismi fidem pro præcipuo et Christianæ religionis characteristico habere haud dubitemus cum Basilio adv. Eunomium, l. 11, p. 58, tamen refugiamus in judicio de eo temeritatem multorum, qui unam fidei normam omnibus scribunt, quæ nec extitit olim, nec esse potest, nec sine injuria ergo Deum ponitur, penes quem solum esse profitear arbitrium, in salutis conditionibus statuendis. Sed hoc vitium, cum sæpe objiciunt Antitrinitarii orthodoxis, ipsi haud raro committunt, invidiosis criminationibus ac clamoribus, quibus catholicas hypotheses, ut absurdas, lacerant, irrident ac condemnant. Finiam pio ac gravi *Lessii (practische Dogm.* p. 151) monito: Tu quisquis ingenue scrutaris sacras literas, si Trinitatem non vides, tene, ignorantiam vel errorem, qui haud venit a culpa tua, non verti crimini: sin contra vides: noli,

* In speaking of this mystery, Paii (Sermon xl. p. 453, vol. vi.) says, "The Son was united to the Father by a principle of union utterly incomprehensible."

temeritatis humanæ conscius, veritatem divina authoritate suffultam ac commendatam, etsi difficilem ac non omni dubio carentem, repudiare. *(cf. Toellner vermischte Auffaeze, T.* 11. *Samb.* 1. *et theol. Untersuch.* 1 B. 1. st. p. 18.) Vide Doederlein, vol. i. p. 398.

This precise declaration serves to prove how unjustly he has been aspersed by those who, mistaking the veracity of religion for the liberality of philosophy, have chosen to represent him as all their own. No, he was not a partisan—he was neither of Paul nor of Apollos—he was the follower of Jesus, and the preacher of him crucified.

"The bigot has spyed in me the taint of heresy," said Parr; and many worldly aspirants have raised themselves into notice, since his death, by kicking at the dead lion under this pretext. *Trinity* Jones openly attacked his orthodoxy in the life of Bishop Horne, and he was about to avenge himself, but was dissuaded by Dr. Routh and Mr. Glasse:

The language of which you so justly complain (says Glasse), made little impression upon me. We will consider the whole affair as at an end. The peculiar situation of the poor old philosopher, who is now in a state of living death (a wretched cripple of paralysis), would alone plead any apology. Hanwell, Aug. 13, 1799.

His notions of the Deity were lofty and noble. He was an entire truster in the immutable "verity of the Divine veracity;" and though he hated to look at that Being as an avenger, yet he feared "the great and terrible God that keepeth covenant and mercy." He never mentioned that name without lowly reverence. The moral government of the world, and the order of the universe, were the me-

dium through which he contemplated the Creator. In the moral government he saw the goodness of paternal Deity demonstrated, and in that order his omnipotent wisdom. His views of religion were enlarged beyond the boundary of all sects; he troubled himself little about "Pelagian pride," or "Antinomian licentiousness," or any distinction of polemics or schoolmen:—he knew that the grace of the Gospel would work its way through God's protection, in spite of what man could do against it. Whatsoever the nature of the Godhead might be—whatsoever its essence, or the form of its existence, those dark subjects not having been revealed, were esteemed by him of minor importance, and fitter for the bandying and tanglings of sophists and casuists, than for the discussions of sober and practical Christians. Well he knew the distractions that had been occasioned by forms of words, and justly did he consider the conversion of religious controversy into malignant animosity, as one of the most contemptible, although one of the most mischievous, of the perturbations and insanities of the feeble race of man. With pity and compassion, like a being of a superior nature, did he look on these heavings of the ant-hill of human society; those wretched squabbles which had spilt the blood of nations, and destroyed the happiness of generations. In fine, he was tolerant towards all those who differed from him, and a protector of all who suffered for conscience sake. He wished to place all the religious duties and feelings of man in a perfect reliance on God through Christ in that theocracy which looks to

immeasurable happiness, which makes evil itself a part of good—of that good which by a slow and certain progression, invisible to us, is gradually ascending its highest ratio:

> The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; every thing presses on towards eternity; from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile heaven is attracting to itself whatsoever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine.*

On the subject of miracles, he has not only delivered an opinion, but written a discourse in White's Bampton Lectures; and this opinion, founded on the theocratical system on which the universe is governed, supports the doctrine of Revelation. He followed up this discussion in some of the sermons now published for the first time, with a devotion, and earnestness, and conviction, which must demand the respect of the infidel, and which adds stability to our faith.

Of his particular opinions concerning those mysterious doctrines, some of which are laid down as articles of faith necessary to be believed by the Church of England, he has delivered some sketches in divers parts of his works already printed, and more will come forth in those now published. On the subjects of justification, election, and predestination, he was not a Calvinist; nor was he fond, like Milton's angels, of reasoning

* Hall's Life of Ryland, p. 49.

> Of Providence, fore knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, fore knowledge, absolute,
> And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

On such abstract and controverted points of theology he seldom entered into argument, whether in or out of the pulpit. On these points, indeed, he appears to have been of opinion, that the articles of the Church needed reformation.* That the Liturgy itself required alteration to adapt it to the spirit of the times, and he looked on the lukewarmness of the present age, and the obdurate resistance to all change as demonstrating a pusillanimous temper in those who govern the Church. That when the articles were first adopted, they were as much articles of conciliation as of faith. That so far did this conciliation extend, that at first the doctrine of purgatory was admitted in a 40th article; and that the Liturgy itself had been altered no less than fifteen times—that opinion, like every thing else that proceeded from man, was mutable—that to talk of "man," and "for ever" in alliance, was futile and absurd—that the progression of things demanded change, which, if not conceded in time, would be compelled and enforced by subversion and revolution. He believed that it was entirely impospossible to attain unity in religious opinion, and therefore that the endeavour to maintain uniformity of worship was as tyrannous as the aim of Procrustes himself.†

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* See Sermon on Justification.

† See Philopatris Varv. vol. ii. p. 641.

Nevertheless, he was a strict enforcer of regular attendance on Divine worship:

In regard even to men of literary accomplishments, and distinguished talents, let them boast as loudly as they will of the strength which is *not*, and let them varnish over as skilfully as they can the weakness which really *is*, devotion even in *their* minds will languish, and faith will waver, unless reinforced by the aids which stated and exterior acts of devotion can alone supply.

"It is dangerous to be of no church," said one who believed and revered his Bible, and who saw through all the proud and shallow features of that which calls itself liberality, and of that which is not genuine philosophy. I am no advocate, be assured for the abject prostration of the devotee, or the frantic extacies of the fanatic, but there is a superstition (says the immortal Bacon) in shunning superstition; and he that disdains to follow religion in the open and the trodden path, may chance to lose his way in the trackless wilds of experiments, or in the obscure labyrinths of speculation.

His aversion to intolerance did not, however, bias his judgment, nor induce him to separate the interests of the Church of Christ from those of the State, nor to act upon those abstractions* which naturally sprang out of an enlarged view of the question. Of the utility of establishments he was convinced:

After a serious and diligent attention (said he) to the subject, I am led by reasons of public utility to declare myself a most decided advocate for a National Church; and for reasons of the same kind I should wish to see it erected upon the broadest and most comprehensive plan. Thus I should despise the narrowness, and detest the intolerance of a system, which admitting the Socinian should exclude the Athanasian. But I

* See Notes to Rapin on Whigs and Tories.

should venerate the wisdom and the generosity of an establishment into which the Pelagian and Predestinarian might be allowed to enter, without the necessity of declaring their sentiments, without the power of defending them in a controversial form from the pulpit, and without the slightest restraints from declaring and defending them through the medium of the press.

By reducing the number, and changing the form of doctrinal points, by substituting intelligible terms for confused ideas, by excluding the obscure jargon which philosophy has introduced, and by employing the simpler language in which the Scriptures are written, we might avoid the supposed inconveniences of a subscription, either to articles as they are now framed, or to the Bible *only*.—Non enim pietas subtiles arduarum et difficilium quæstionum disceptatores, et curiosos latentium et abditarum rerum investigatores, sed simplices verissimi verbi hoc est, mortui et resuscitati Christi Professores, et fidos voluntatis suæ executores requirit. G. Cassander de officio pii et Publicæ Tranquillitatis vere Amantis Viri. p. 29.

Between dogmatism, which decides too much, and latitudinarianism which confounds all distinctions, there is a middle point where good men may safely rest, and which candid men may easily find. There is a spirit which, by moderation is able to multiply the friends of the Church, and by firmness to counteract the designs of its enemies. There is a possibility, at least, for wise and good men to unite in constructing a system with precision sufficient to secure the great interests of religious truth, with discrimination sufficient to accomplish all the purposes of political utility, and with purity sufficient to give the Church of England a decisive superiority over every establishment, and every sect which have hitherto appeared in the Christian world. Under such a system we might look for that peace which Bacon has so beautifully described. "It establishes faith, it kindleth charity, the outward peace of the Church distilleth into peace of conscience, and it turneth the labours of writing, and reading controversies into treatises of mortification and devotion." We should be rescued from the false unities which the same writer thus laments;—"the one is when the peace is grounded upon an implicit ignorance, for

all colours will agree in the dark, the other when it is pierced up upon a direct admission of contraries in fundamental points." But these surely are few and simple; they require little explanation, and admit little controversy.

When the artless perspicuity of Scripture is overlaid by the abstruse subtleties of metaphysics; when reason either refines away what is made clear, or dogmatizes on what is left doubtful by omniscience; when ceremonies, which ought to adorn religion, engender a motley brood of doctrines which deform and disgrace it, it is to be feared that assent will often be professed without conviction, and conformity often practised without approbation. "Truth and falsehood," as Bacon says, "would then become like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image; they might cleave, but would not incorporate."

From his earliest youth he had been caught by the attire in which the Church of England clothes her service, and his fondness for the ceremonial of her worship continued to the end of his life. At the beginning the ardour of youth made him, if not superstitious, at least enthusiastic. In the first period of manhood he caught the tone, and assumed the habit of a dignified ecclesiastic. In the print of the arrow shooting at Harrow, he is dressed in the gown and band of an ecclesiastic, and Dr. Sumner, who accompanies him, can hardly be distinguished by any other mark than the staff in his hand. In his own little church he displayed the same fondness for ornament and ceremony; the service was performed with all possible order. He loved, indeed, the "gaudy trappings of the hierarchy." I do not wish to conceal that he was no Iconoclast. He admired the productions of the arts, and he would have been glad to employ

them in architecture, in pictures, in statuary, in every ornamental decoration in the sanctuary. Solemn music also was his delight—the pealing organ—the choir—the chaunt—the hymn, he employed to the utmost of his power, and I know that it would have feasted his soul could he have seen St. Peter's illuminated with her myriad lamps, perfumed with rich odours, and sending up a still more grateful incense in the song of praise, of a peerless and triumphant choir. Philosophical as his views were of the usefulness of public worship, he knew that these auxiliaries could not be disdained by beings whose reason was originally grounded on the senses, and who, though they are called upon to worship God as a spirit, yet are of too gross materials to worship ONLY in spirit and in truth.

Was he then superstitious? No. Was he fanatical? No. Was he a latitudinarian? No. Was he dissident in any form or in any respect? No. I maintain that he was a true son of the Church of England; an admirer of the "majestic simplicity of her prayers," and of the "sober dignity of her ceremonies," One who loved her as a dutiful son, though he had no great reason to be grateful to her, as a bountiful mother; who thought her establishment founded by wisdom, though the original intentions of her founders were not carried into full effect. He wished to see her lift up her mitred head in courts and parliaments. He wished to see her house decorated with all the splendour of architecture and of arts, rich in all that could em-

bellish the sanctuary, and by embellishment elevate the soul. But, above all, he wished to see her priests clothed with righteousness. A band, who despising the grovelling measure of earth, aspired to things eternal.

Men pursuing a different course, he knew would become zealots for worldly policy, without being zealots for God, who, assuming that perfection is unattainable, dismiss all improvement, and reprobate all change. Hence they become impatient of contradiction, and finally intolerant, and

> For the sake of a false and corrupt persuasion, set the world on fire, dissolve all the bonds of natural and revealed religion, and sanctify even the cruelties of an inquisition.*

Such a Church of England man Dr. Parr was not. He loved her as founded by Cranmer, as blessed by Latimer, as defended by Hooper, by Ridley, and the holy army of martyrs, their brethren of the Reformation.

From many of those who were her supporters, he drew his chief intellectual sustenance. From Jewell, Hooker, Hales, Chillingworth, Pearson, Barrow, Taylor, Stillingfleet, Tillotson, and the hundreds of learned authors of less name, though still of great account; and in later days, from those who mingled in controversy, Hoadly, Sherlock, Waterland, Warburton, aye, and even Hurd, besides those dear friends to whom he has done ample justice, and some of whom are yet alive.

> In the days which are past, indeed, (says he) but to which

* Sherlock.

every scholar looks back with gratitude and triumph, the Church of England was adorned by a Gataker, a Pearson, a Casaubon, a Vossius, a Bentley, a Wasse, and an Ashton. Within our own memory it has boasted of Pearce and Burton, of Taylor and Musgrave, of Toup and Foster, of Markland and Tyrrwhitt.*

His own writings can now be added to the list; and perhaps I am too enthusiastic a disciple to speak of them in the more subdued terms of admiration. They appear to me unrivalled, as pure and classical compositions, as eloquent and wise discussions, and lessons fitted for improving man's condition. The sermons on education are a code. The doctrinal discourses, twelve in number, strengthen the foundations of our holy faith, not in "rash curiosity about mysteries," but by the justest positions concerning miracles and prophecy, and the right interpretation of scripture. In the rest, those sacred duties resulting from piety to God, firm faith in his revealed word, and from love to our neighbour, are enforced by the strongest arguments of exalted and enlarged intellect, in the most select and purified terms of human discourse.

Although thus firmly attached to the Church in reality, yet was he often libelled as an unbeliever, or a sceptic, or a latitudinarian.† In the John Bull

* British Critic, Review of the Var. Hor.

† A clamour has been raised by the assertion of one signing himself Frederic Bewley, Salisbury, in Gent. Mag. Sept. 1827, that the words "he does not convince me," alluding to a written opinion of Parr on Bishop Burgess's "Divinity of Christ proved from his own declaration, attested and interpreted by his own living witnesses, the Jews," are suppressed in B. P. Dr.

newspaper he was accused, in a squib, of being a disciple of Voltaire,; and we have seen how he spared the attack of one zealot, because he was enfeebled by disease. The documents I have produced are triumphant refutations of all these calumnies. He was nevertheless, left unnoticed by his clerical superiors, in every act of public display of duty to a late period.

In a letter to Dr. C. P. Burney, in 1816, he says:

I read in the newspapers that you had preached the Consecration Sermon for Bishop Legge; and Bartlam and I are glad you mean to publish it. As a novitiate in theology, you have a triumph over your veteran god-father, who has holden preferment in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, and Huntingdonshire, and yet never received the ordinary courtesy of being desired by any prelate or archdeacon, to preach a Visitation Sermon. He perfectly understood the spirit which from time to time has exposed him to studied and marked neglect.

Life did not close, however, without this mark of respect being paid to him. In the spring of 1822 he was regularly invited to preach at the next visitation of the Archdeacon of Huntingdon, either in person, or by deputy, both which he declined on

Parr has so often attested his own belief, that I refer to his *own* writings for proof of his orthodoxy. That Bishop Burgess's "living witnesses" may not have convinced him is very probable. The question turns not on Parr's conviction of the doctrine itself but on his opinion of the Bishop's arguments; and with this learned Prelate Parr did not agree in his pertinacious adherence to the interpolated passage about the "three heavenly witnesses." Mr. Nichols has not discovered such a person as Frederic Bewley. The communication therefore may be considered as anonymous. Surely Dr. Parr should only be made responsible for that which is published from authorised documents!

account of age. "On Sunday June 16, 1822, Dr. Parr, at Hatton, had the honour to receive from the Rev. Dr. Hook, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, late Dean of Worcester, (says Parr himself,) a letter, of which the following is a copy :"

Whippingham Court, Isle of Wight,
June 14, 1822.

REVEREND SIR,

I have just received a letter from my Registrar at Huntingdon, enclosing your answer to an official request, on my part, that you would undertake the office of preacher at my next visitation.

I will say nothing respecting my present regret in being deprived of the honor your attendance on that occasion would have conferred upon me, a regret which is not diminished by the circumstances which compel you to withhold it; but when I recollect, that it is just seven years since the present Bishop of Winchester nominated me to the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and now learn from yourself, that within that period you would gladly have complied with my wishes, had they been made known to you, I cannot but reproach myself with an omission, however occasioned, through which I am so severe a sufferer. It would savour of presumption in me to labour at extenuating this apparent inattention by any assurances that it arose not from a want of due respect and veneration for the character of Dr. Parr. I will simply advert to the general rule observed in these cases, of naming the incumbents in succession, to the office of preacher at the archdeaconal visitations, and the very natural conclusion on my part, that this rule had been strictly complied with in your case, as in that of others. It was the casual observation of an individual, when I was last at Huntingdon, who expressed a doubt, whether Dr. Parr had ever preached on such an occasion, that induced me to decide the question, and place it at your option to comply with or decline the invitation, I felt myself deeply interested in making. To you, reverend Sir, this explanation can be of little value, but it is essential to my own satifaction, and your well-known liberality will, I feel confident, pardon my forcing it upon you.

As there can be no substitute for Dr. Parr, I have only to request that you will give yourself no further trouble on account of this unseasonable application, as we have only to revert to the roll for the next incumbent in succession. I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, with the most perfect respect, your obedient and faithful humble servant, JOHN HOOK.

Dr. Parr's answer:

REVERENDSIR, *Hatton, June* 19, 1822.

I beg leave, respectfully and thankfully, to acknowledge the letter with which you have honoured me. The matter and the spirit of that letter, convinced me that I should have had great pleasure in your society, if it had been in my power to attend your visitation in May 1823. Be assured, reverend Sir, that your explanation does *not* appear to me of little value. On the contrary, I feel myself very much obliged to you for it; and I should be happy to shake you by the hand, at my parsonage, and to thank you personally if you were to come into my neighbourhood. I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, with great respect, your well-wisher, and very faithful, obedient servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Metaphysical studies—Projected publication of Collier's Clavis Universalis—Hartley—Copleston—Dugald Stewart.

PHILOLOGY was one of the favourite studies of Parr—not philology concerned in the weighing of phrases—not philology digging out bare meaning and bald derivations—not philology connected merely with etymology, but occupied with the philosophy of mind itself.

As a teacher, the use of words was continually before him. From the beginning of his labours he was accustomed to hear the luminous and elaborate instructions of Sumner, delivered as they were, like lectures to the elder boys. He owed an important part of his mental progress to the hints given in these lectures. But with a more capable and capacious intellect he reaped greater fruit. The philology and etymology of Sumner were converted by him into metaphysics and philosophy.

The profound dogmas of religion are nearly allied to the abstruse speculations of metaphysics, and from his early life Parr was a diligent student of theology, and thinker for himself His Norwich sermons are

deeply tinctured with this lore, and we may observe in the Bishop of Cloyne's early letters, that he is sometimes laughed at for his doubts and refinements. Those doubts were the serious reflections of a searching mind; and those speculations and refinements, if they were not borrowed from Butler and Waterland, were justified by their hypotheses.

Parr's strength lay not merely in transcendental metaphysics. Like every other superior mind, he loved to try his power occasionally on these subjects, and to soar in the upper regions of mystery, or to pursue those wandering mazes in which all human reasoning is finally lost. Such subjects were, however, not his chief study. Benevolence, utility, the vindication of God's ways to man—the virtue of real sincerity, and honest industry to find out what God requires of his creatures to believe—the power of conscience; these were the topics he delighted in, and to make religion practical, he has poured forth the whole riches of his learning and intellect upon them. ALL his Sermons will prove this assertion; and those on Conscience, in the following volumes; on the Habit of Judging unrighteously; on avoiding the appearance of Evil; and on Prayer, and on Benevolence, are of themselves a code. Still philological inquiries, and metaphysical disquisitions were favourite studies. In searching into the meaning of words, and their etymology, he laboured with indefatigable industry to trace the word to its root, and its root he dug out of the soil of intellect in which it had been planted. He investigated the

seed from which it sprung, the waters which had nourished it, the support it had received from all adventitious aids, and thus his philology became the history of the human mind, so far as any one word belonged to it.

The treatise on Sublime, written in illustration of Dugald Stewart's philosophy of the human mind, will be evidence of his diligence, his zeal, and his learning in this branch of knowledge.

Parr's system of metaphysics is unfolded in the Spital Sermon, and the notes: and in the 24th Sermon of vol. VI. more at large than in any of his other publications. All his charity sermons touch upon it; but he has there pointed out the sources he drank most freely of, Locke, *Tucker's Light of Nature,

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* The following letter of Sir J. Mackintosh was an answer to inquiries about Tucker:

MY DEAR SIR, *Serle-street, 1st Dec.* 1800.

I thought it useless to answer your letter till I could answer your inquiries about Tucker, which I now do by informing you that he was of Merton College, Oxford. Whether he took a degree there or not I could not ascertain, but you will easily ascertain that point by inquiries at Oxford. The person whom I employed to make these inquiries was Malthus, the author of the essay on the Principle of Population, who lives in the neighbourhood of what was Mr. Tucker's seat. Sir H. St. John Mildmay, to whom Malthus applied for information, is the grandson of Tucker, and has an intention of publishing a complete edition of his grandfather's works, including some detached tracts, and an unpublished Dissertation on the Logos. He is to send me a sketch of the life of Tucker, written by his daughter Mrs. Tucker. I am very willing to assist him in his edition, and I hope it is not too late to recover more particulars of the life of this great philosopher than are contained in

and Hartley, whose first work he had some intention of publishing.* Fifteen years afterwards he

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his daughter's sketch, as some of his contemporaries are still alive. It seems to me, that an analysis of the *Light of Nature* would be an useful part of such a republication. It is a work which needs to be analysed. It is never concise, and not always methodical. I should be under the necessity of charging Search with ungrateful plagiarism from Hartley. His chapter on "translated passion" is a very mean attempt to hide his theft by a paltry change of expression. It will be painful to lay such an offence to the charge of a great and a good man; but the morality of literature requires that severe justice should be executed on such thefts, and especially on those men of genius, who stoop to such petty larcenies, &c. &c. Ever yours,

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

* Whose first work he had some intention of publishing. Warburton (in his true slashing style) calls Hartley a philosophic visionary. Hartley published a Latin treatise, conjectures on the origin of ideas, and afterwards an English Precursor, as Hartley calls it, to his celebrated theory. His Latin treatise was published in the same volume with a treatise on Mrs. Stephens's Lithontriptic. "De Lithontriptico a Joanna Stephens, nuper inventa, Dissertatio epistolaris auctore Davide Hartley, A.M. R.S.S. &c. accedunt etiam quædam conjecturæ de sensu, motu, et Idearum generatione. Bathoniæ, 1746." What a very curious coincidence in the history of the human mind is Hartley troubling himself about Mrs. Stephens's Lithontriptic, and Berkely about tar water!

The two following letters from David Hartley, the diplomatist, give some account of his celebrated father:

DEAR SIR. *Bath, Jan. 21st*, 1791.

I am very much obliged to you for the favour and assistance of your observations when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Bath. I will only trouble you with the reformation of the principal topic which you pointed out respecting the subscription to the 39 Articles. I wish to hold out a flag of truce, and

took up another metaphysical writer, and at that time actually reprinted Collier's Clavis Universalis, and intended to add a large introduction of his own.

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to avoid all possible constructive offence either to church or lay subscribers, viz.

He was originally intended for the church, and proceeded for some time in his thoughts and studies towards that object; but upon a closer consideration of the conditions attached to the clerical profession, he was restrained by some scruples which made him reluctant to subscribe the 39 Articles. In consequence of these scruples he became disqualified for the pursuit of his first plans of devoting himself to the personal functions and service of the church. However he still continued to the end of his life a well-affected member of the Church of England, conforming to its general doctrines, and to its public worship. Though his talents were very general, yet undoubtedly his pre-eminent faculties were formed for the moral and religious sciences. These talents were displayed in the earliest parts of his life with so much distinction, as could not fail to hold out to his ambition a future career of honest fame in the service of the National Church, if he could have complied with the conditions, consistently with the satisfaction of his own mind. But he had at all times a most scrupulous and disinterested mind, which disposed him in all parts of his life, and under all circumstances, to adhere firmly to those principles which appeared to him to form the strict and conscientious line of moral duty. It proceeded therefore from the most anxious scruples irresistibly impressed upon his mind, that he relinquished the first favoured profession, which may properly be called the prerogative profession of moral and religious philosophy.

I think no oblique reflection can be construed out of those words that he adhered firmly to those principles which *appeared to him to form* the strict and conscientious line of moral duty. It is simply the relation of a personal sentiment without inferential strictures upon conformists, which I take to be your sentiment, and if it is not now fully and properly expressed, I

Some of the materials for this introduction are left; but I am doubtful whether they are copious enough to form even a syllabus of what was originally con-

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shall be much obliged to you for your assistance to express it in an adequate manner.

I shall be very happy at all times to cultivate your friendship and good opinion, and to derive instruction from your communications. I beg my best compliments to Dr. Gabriel. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged, and most obedient servant,

To the Rev. Dr. Parr. D. HARTLEY.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, Jan. 22,* 1791.

A thought has occurred to me respecting my flag of truce, "a well affected member of the Church of England." The Dissenter denies the consistence of this with non-subscribing. I prove it thus—because he was a metaphysician, a moralist, a religionist, and not a politician. That was not his province—*Ne sutor ultra.* The Dissenter replies, if there had been no political spirits to resist usurpation over the temporal and mental rights of man, the bloody flags would still have been flying over the Bastile and the Inquisition. Granted. But the moral philosopher has with meekness and fortitude expounded the rule of life equally to tyrants and Popes, and spiritual princes and hierarchies. His sphere of duty is didactic and spiritual counsel, not the secular arm of resistance. He leaves it to the will of Heaven to raise up more fiery spirits from the deep, to avenge the insulted rights of mankind. The meek moralist renders to Cæsar; whether given or granted by the Commons, are terms not in his vocabulary. *He* (the moralist) is *a true* labourer, glad of *other* men's good, content with his own harm. If it be not Cæsar's, let Cæsar answer it. To rescue our philosopher from the construction of bending the knee to spiritual or temporal idols, I think the argument should be put upon that character. I have, therefore, inserted the following solution of the enigma, "well affected to the church," &c.

After the words, "to its general doctrines, and to its public

ceived. They shall be collected and printed hereafter, if they can be compounded into any satisfactory shape.

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worship." As the Church of England maintains all the useful and practical doctrines of Christian morality, he did not think it necessary to separate himself from their communion on account of some excepted articles of speculative and abstruse opinion. He was unconditionally a Catholic Christian, in the most extensive and liberal sense of that term. On the subject of religious controversy he has left the following testimony of his sentiments in the last section of proposition 88, on religious knowledge: "The great differences of opinion and contentions which happen in religious matters, are plainly owing to the violence of men's passions, more than to any other cause. Where religion has its due effect in restraining these, and begetting true candour, we may expect an unity of opinion, both in religious and other matters, as far as is necessary for useful practical purposes."

Again—to stand in a short paragraph by itself next after the words—He has left no additional papers whatsoever.

The learned and ingenious Dr. Priestley published, in the year 1775, some parts of Dr. Hartley's works, in an octavo volume, intituled; "*Hartley's Theory of the Human Mind on the principle of the Association of Ideas, with Essays on the subject of it.*" He had commenced a correspondence with the author a short time before his death, and has remained ever since a constant and zealous advocate for his metaphysical and moral system.

Do you like this? If not, pray give me a philosophical and metaphysical nosegay, liberal but not lavish. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged friend, and most obedient servant,

D. HARTLEY.

1st P. S. I have this moment thought of a final compromise under my flag of truce; viz. to insert practical doctrines instead of general doctrines—thus: He continued to the end of his life a well-affected member of the Church of England, conforming to its practical doctrines and to its public worship.

Collier's system resembles that of Bishop Berkeley:

Every thing not absolutely impossible, or implying a direct contradiction in terms, may be equally proved by this *comprehensive logic.* Thus the *external material world* is proved *not* to exist, because it is *possible,* and in THEIR language who use *this* argument *more than possible,* that *it may not.*

Such is Hoadly's sly observation on Collier's system, as, I believe, while he laughs at Dr. Snape, and converts him into a Papist by the same sort of

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It certainly does require some explanation that non-subscription should be called *well affected.* But I think the phrase "practical doctrines" is the *omne punctum,* and perfectly coincides with my father's words, *as far as is necessary for useful and practical purposes.*

The truth of the matter is, that my father had some partiality for the Church by habit and inheritance, but was totally cold to every other Communion. His idol was useful, practical, (and, if you please, mechanical,) Christian morality, *quocunque modo.* He would have joined hands with Roman Catholics, or Dissenters, or any other sect for that object, leaving the sect to God and the sectarist. I have now advanced my flag of truce to the Church as far as I can go, especially as they have done so little for my father's memory, and the Dissenters all.

2d P. S. I have this moment received a letter from my brother, in which he says: "I think all mention of any person's *approving* our father's work had better be left out, that it may proceed upon its own merits." I entirely agree in this, not to adduce *testimonia.* Suppose it should be altered thus: instead of—and has remained ever since a constant and zealous advocate, &c.—and has, in subsequent literary works, commented with great acuteness and erudition upon his metaphysical and moral system.

Be so good as to give me a little assistance—it is a delicate point.

logic.* This remark of Hoadly is the first notice I have ever seen of Collier's system. Parr had not observed it. In the Grub-street Journal, No. 107, the following notice is taken conjointly of Berkeley's theory with that of Collier. Collier was the first: he published his Clavis Universalis in 1713. I have not the first edition of Berkeley's treatise before me.

Some years ago, Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mr. Collier, of Langford Magna, near Sarum, without having communicated their thoughts to each other, hit upon a new scheme of the principles of philosophy, which, notwithstanding the character of the Authors, and the importance of the thing, has not yet been publicly canvassed.

The titles of their Essays are "The principles of human knowledge, and the impossibility of an external world." The great point they advance is, that in nature there is, there can be, nothing but spirit and ideas.

Mr. Norris, incumbent of Bemerton, in the neighbourhood of Langford, published some work on humility, so excellent in sentiment and composition, that Sir James Mackintosh recommended it to the notice of Dr. Parr, and advised him to follow it up by a treatise of his own on the same subject. Mr. Norris was Editor also of some Poems, of considerable merit for the thoughts, though not of a high cast of poetry. He was a disciple of Malbranche, of course, as seeing all things in God, an anti-materialist. Sir J. Mackintosh thinks it possible that Collier may have taken a hint of his system from Norris. Parr had noticed this before

* Letter to Dr. Snape, by Lord Bishop of Bangor, prefixed to Mr. Pilloniere's reply to Dr. S.

from Reid, who gives a sketch of Collier's opinions, which he somewhat underrates.

Professor Dugald Stewart, to Dr. Parr.

Kinneil House, Jan. 11, 1820.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

I would have written to you long ago, had not our friend Leonard Horner led me to expect a letter from you on your arrival at Hatton. Your portrait (with your kind note) I am happy to say arrived safe here without suffering the slightest injury from its long journey. Mrs. Stewart and my daughter agree with me in thinking it an admirable likeness. Of the quick and varied play of your features it was impossible even for the skill of Opie to convey an idea; but he has done all that was within the compass of his art. He has seized a fortunate moment, and has produced one of the most pleasing as well as powerful pictures I have ever seen. In this light it strikes even those who are strangers to your person; but how much more does it present to the imagination of your friends! To myself it recals the original so very strongly, that I never look at it without being somewhat provoked that it cannot answer the questions I would wish to put to Dr. Parr, were he sitting beside me.

Along with the engraving I received your most acceptable present of Reinhold's work. No book could possibly have reached me more opportunely at the present moment, when I am employed in filling up, as I best can, that part of my Dissertation which relates to German philosophy.

I need not say how much the value of the present was enhanced by the affectionate, though much too flattering, inscription in your own hand. I have also to thank you for a present which, through your means, I received very soon after you left Scotland, of Dr. Kaye's *Concio ad Clerum*. I read it with much admiration of the talents, sound judgment, and classical taste of the Author. It was accompanied with a very obliging note, in which he expressed his apprehensions that "the kindness of Dr. Parr's heart, and the fervour of his eloquence," might have led me to expect more from his Sermon than its

merits would be found to justify. I can very truly say that this was not the case.

In mentioning these instances of your kind attention, I must not forget to acknowledge the heartfelt, though melancholy, satisfaction I received from your *eulogium* on our inestimable friend, Sir Samuel Romilly. It touches, with singular precision and felicity, on the chief features of his character, both intellectual and moral, and conveys a more perfect idea of his peculiar style of eloquence, than I should have thought possible, in the same number of words. From the manner in which you propose to record it, I am somewhat afraid that you may think the publication of it during your own life-time improper; but if this objection (which does not appear to me very weighty) could be got over to your own satisfaction, I cannot help thinking that it would be of more use to our friend's memory at the present moment than at the future (I trust *distant)* period, when the book is to be deposited in the library of Emanuel College. You are the best judge, through what channel it would be most expedient to give it to the public; but I shall not be happy till I see it in print.

I wish much for some information about Arthur Collier, author of a book entitled *Clavis Universalis*, &c. (London, 1713.) The book is now so scarce that I never saw it till about a year ago, when I met with a copy of it (at Bowood) belonging to my old friend, Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury. I think you told me that you either had printed, or intended to print, a small edition of it. If this be already done, I should like extremely to have a copy of it in my own possession. But, at any rate, if you happen to know any thing of the Author (whose name I cannot find in any of our biographical dictionaries) you will oblige me extremely by sending me some short notice of his history, such as I can easily comprise within the limits of a foot-note.

Do you understand the meaning of the following passage in one of Locke's letters to Anthony Collins, dated 6th March, 1703?

"Were you of Oxenford itself, bred up under those sharp heads which were for damning my book, because of its discouraging *the staple commodity of the place;* which, in my time, was

was called hog's shearing (which is, as I hear, given out for the cause of this decree), you could not be a more subtle disputant than you are." Will you have the goodness to explain to me this sentence; and more particularly to tell me what Locke points at, when he speaks of *the staple commodity of Oxford?* Does he mean any thing more than the study of the Aristotelian logic?

When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Kinneil, I mentioned an expression which Gibbon applies to Mr. Allamand, a very learned clergyman of the Pays de Vaud; *est sacrificulus in pago et vulgus decipit.* You told me that this phrase was borrowed from Vossius. May I beg of you to tell me in what part of his works it is to be found?

I have heard from my son since his arrival at Malta. He assures me that he has not forgotten his promise to send Dr. Parr some Lyrian tobacco. I shall be glad to hear from you, if it ever should reach Hatton. I hope you found Mrs. Parr in good health, and that you will bring her along with you to Scotland on your next visit, which all your friends at Edinburgh look forward to with eagerness and confidence. I was delighted to find what an impression you had left behind you. Mrs. Stewart and my daughter unite with me in best and most affectionate respects, and I ever am, my dear Dr. Parr, with the sincerest and highest regard, your most obliged and most faithful friend and servant, DUGALD STEWART.

Collier, besides the Clavis, published afterwards a "Specimen of true Philosophy, or a Discourse on Genesis, chap. 1. ver. 1." In this he says, p. 21,

In truth, however intelligent I would willingly suppose my reader in this place, yet I cannot proceed with a quiet mind till I have told him, that unless he has perused and seen the *Evidence* of the *little book* (*the Clavis*) before mentioned (which, except a single passage or two in *Dr. Berkeley's three Discourses*, published in the same year with the other, is the only book on that subject which I ever heard of in the world), it will be as much in vain for him to go with me any further in

this discourse, as if he was one of those whom I took my leave of in a former paragraph.

I presume Parr's intention in re-printing Collier was not merely to display his author. Collier is not very attractive in style, nor very methodical in composition, but inventive and original; whatever may be objected to him concerning Norris, or suspected concerning Berkeley. Parr's metaphysics were clearly those of Locke, expounded as Locke had been by Law, and illustrated by himself from Plato, Aristotle, and the philosophers of antiquity. Masses of learning of this sort have been copied by him from the books, and two good boys at Shrewsbury, and Mr. Fonblanque at Cambridge, were employed many a wearisome hour to copy pages from Petrus de Valentia, Olivet, and other learned commentators. On personal identity Parr thought with Bishop Law; and this question he has laboured under most of its aspects. In reviewing the metaphysicians, Kant and the Germans were brought before him; but their complex and peculiar language could only be construed by one of those initiated into the mysteries of German metaphysics, as they are involved in the German language. In this he was no Hierophant, and being obliged to employ a translator, who could only expound by periphrasis, he was at length either wearied, or satiated, or disgusted. His endeavours to understand Kant, brought the sublime before him in a novel point of view; and I believe led to those profound speculations which afterwards flowed from his pen, in his correspondence with Professor Dugald Stewart

and Dr. Copleston, then Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and now Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

With the latter he began to correspond in 1808, and I add the Bishop's first letter, in answer to Dr. Parr, as a testimony of the value he set on his acquaintance. Parr had met Dr. Copleston at Oriel, and on March 15, 1808, wrote him a letter of which I shall copy only a few sentences.

DEAR SIR,

The satisfaction I felt in your conversation, the respect I owe to your learning, and the favourable accounts I have heard of your moral character, dispose me very strongly to cultivate your acquaintance, and to tell you frankly and fairly my opinions upon any doubts which may occur to you in the course of your reading. After this declaration, to which they who have known me longer and better than yourself, would readily give credit, I shall proceed to resume some of the topics on which we entered when I chatted with you at Oriel.

The letter dated Nov. 10, 1816, reveals a σκότιαν ἀπόκρυψιν, now known to all the world; but it also contains a generous appeal, which must sink into the heart of every scholar. Two other letters enter on the theory of the derivation of sublimis. Dr. Parr's theory is, that sublimis is derived from limus; Dr. Copleston reasoned at first that it came from super limen; but at length yielded. The letter, in which Dr. Parr assigns his reasons, and supports them with his criticisms and authorities, occupies twelve pages of forty lines each, and in each line eleven words; so that I must reluctantly refer it, to be published hereafter with the work on Sublime sent to Professor Stewart. Of the other letters

of Dr. Parr to Dr. Copleston I subjoin the following.

Dr. Copleston, now Bishop of Landaff, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, April* 29, 1808.

Nothing but the strong desire I felt of doing something more than make acknowledgments for your kindness, has prevented me hitherto from saying how much I feel indebted to you. The few hours during which you favoured me with your company were among the pleasantest I ever passed, and I shall greedily embrace the offer you kindly make of cultivating an acquaintance, which has already afforded me so much happiness. All this, and more than this, is due to the friendly tone of your letter; but the criticism which it contains deserves more than thanks, and it was from the hope of more leisure than I have met with, that my answer has been delayed so long.

I perfectly understand the friendly intention with which you have opened the way to similar communications from me, and as no man has a higher sense of the advantage thus held out to me, so there is none who is less disposed to neglect it. But to speak plainly, I have been of late distracted with such a variety of cares that I have literally had no time for gratuitous researches. Sufficient for the day has been the evil thereof. My Lectures in the schools, added to very extensive employment as tutor, and the duties of the Proctor's office, have hardly left me a moment's interval; for the different capacities in which I have been compelled to act, have involved also a pretty extensive correspondence. But of this enough. My anxiety to stand well with you, and to clear myself of the most distant suspicion of indifference, have led me into a tedious apology.

Be assured, however, dear Sir, that I have read your criticisms more than once with great interest; and I will tell you honestly that the interest has not arisen so much from the fame of the writer and from the *learning* they display, as from their candid and philosophic cast. It is a vein of criticism which the ordinary run of scholars never open; for, in truth, it requires a frame of mind and habits of reflection which mere

philologists seldom possess. But in the little excursions which I have made (and they have been, I confess, few and desultory), I have always derived more satisfaction from being able to elicit a canon which approved itself to my reason, than to fix the use of a word by authorities, or to correct a reading by lucky conjecture. It is this union of philosophy with criticism which dignifies the art, and, in my opinion, tends to soften and subdue the acrimony which is apt to mingle itself with philological disputes. Certainly the nearer we approach to demonstration the less room is there for angry contention. For in pure science it finds no place. And I believe that personal jealousy, with which critics have been reproached, arises chiefly from this, that their opinions depend upon individual experience, and cannot therefore be opposed without calling in question the judgment and authority of those who hold them.

There is besides a delightful sensation which accompanies the discovery of these principles, analogous to that which springs from the contemplation of final causes in nature, the most beautiful as well as the most edifying part of natural philosophy. To know not only that a thing is so, but why it is so, gives unmixed satisfaction. It is a pleasure which, to use the words of Aristotle, τελειοῖ τὴν ἐνεργείαν. In this branch of literature it appears to me that much remains to be done. A theory of language, not so refined and abstract as to carry us up to the first elements of speech, but which will serve to explain the phenomena that occur in all languages, and point out their connection with the laws of human thought, a collection and system not of the highest principles, but of those *media axiomata*, which are useful in practice, as well as delightful in speculation, is a work which the world has not yet seen, but which I do not despair of seeing, if the talent and learning the world possesses were directed towards it.

To the particular points of your discussion I must, at present, omit to give any answer. The rule respecting *non modo* and *non solum*, is indeed impregnably established. On the subjunctive mood I have some loose and unsettled opinions, which I will endeavour to render more worthy of being compared with yours by the time we meet. It will not be long, I trust, before you give me an opportunity of shewing how desirous I

am of improving the acquaintance with which you have honoured me. I remain, dear Sir, with unfeigned respect and esteem, your very obliged and faithful servant,

E. COPLESTON.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Copleston.

DEAR, LEARNED, AND WISE DR. COPLESTON,

I throw myself upon your candour to excuse me for troubling you with this letter. In Dugald Stewart, and in Mr. Napier, you have quite as warm admirers as I am of your profound erudition, your correct judgment, your well-regulated taste, and your rare and exquisite talent for philosophical research. Mr. Stewart laments that he has not the honour of knowing you personally, and therefore was compelled to put to me a question, which, under other circumstances, he would have addressed to yourself. In his letter, which now lies before me, he states the anxiety of Mr. Napier, and his own, to know distinctly what person you had in view, when at the close of some sentences most worthy of you as a scholar, and as a sage, you say "there have been men so variously gifted, though few, and some perhaps there still are; one I know there is, who could not render a more acceptable service to the lovers of ancient learning, than by guiding their footsteps through this perplexing labyrinth."

The two celebrated North Britons, whom I just now mentioned, are strongly impressed with language which bears upon it the stamp of your authority. I this morning told Mr. Stewart that I could not solve the difficulty, but that I would go a short and a sure way by writing directly to Dr. Copleston. Now, dear Sir, I leave it *entirely* with your wisdom and delicacy to grant, or not to grant to me this favour of enabling me to answer the question which has been sent to me.

I was much struck with some observations which you once made in my hearing, on the importance and the difficulty of such a work as you describe in the passage to which Mr. Stewart alludes, and from two or three hints I inferred the possibility of your own undertaking it; I will not yet relinquish the hope. Again, and again, I have inquired about your health;

I rejoiced to hear favourable accounts of it, and I am sure, that knowing the importance of it to literature, criticism, and the philosophy of the human mind, every enlightened contemporary will join with me in my wishes, and let me add my prayers, for the continuance of your life, and will exclaim as I do

Næ istiusmodi jam nobis magna Civium
Penuria 'st.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great and unfeigned respect, your well-wisher, and obedient, humble servant,

Hatton, Nov. 9th, 1816. SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Copleston, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, Nov.* 10, 1816.

There is only one scruple in the way of my returning a direct answer to Mr. Stewart's question. It will be an admission that I am the author of publications which I have never avowed, except to confidential friends, and which, notwithstanding the approbation you have kindly pronounced, contain in them many things which I am now heartily ashamed of. From you I have certainly no wish to conceal any thing; and therefore I state at once that you were in my contemplation when that sentence was written; and I am still convinced, as firmly as ever, that if there is a person living qualified to throw light on the structure of the Greek and Latin languages, by the aid of philosophical investigation, it is yourself.

I do not wish, my dear Sir, to restrain you from making known this admission of mine to your learned correspondents, because I am sure you will do it in such a manner as will secure to me the privilege of that secresy which I have hitherto maintained. At the same time allow me to express my joy at this inquiry, because I regard it as a ground of hope that you will exercise that rare combination of talents which every one knows you to possess, in the prosecution of a work much wanted, and not unworthy of your hand.

Perhaps, indeed, you may meditate some greater task, and instead of employing metaphysics as a key to the difficulties of language, turn these philological facts into a means of discovering more important truths; the laws of human thought, and

the causes of popular error. The influence of opinions and habits upon language has been long observed, and pretty well illustrated. The re-action of language upon opinions has also been observed, but how little has the observation been followed up? From beginning the inquiry at this end it is, that I suspect much useful and surprising truth might be discovered; and in the course of the inquiry such principles might be elicited as would form the basis of a philosophical language. This has been long a favourite speculation of my mind; not because I think myself capable of doing it, but because I wish to see it done, and am persuaded that it would tend more than any thing else to strengthen the human faculties, and to enlarge the empire of human intellect, by perfecting its great, and, I may say, its only instrument.

I must, however, apologize for indulging thus far in the statement of my own reveries. Be assured, I am not the only one of your friends and admirers, who wish to see your great stores made productive of some proportionate work. We all draw upon you freely, as occasional criticism has need; but yours is a capital which ought also to be employed in some great and independent concern. May you long enjoy health and spirits for such occupations. Believe me ever, my dear Sir, with the greatest respect and esteem, your most obedient servant,

E. COPLESTON.

The tract on the Sublime, sent to Professor Stewart, to be introduced into his work on the Philosophy of the Mind, consists of more than one hundred pages, with thirty or forty of notes. It is so rich from the stores of Parr's classical, philological, and metaphysical learning, that the Professor was desirous of having it published of the same size, and in a like type with his own book, that they might go together, but declined accepting it as a gift, and incorporating it in the body of his work, on account of its importance and magnitude.

I trust neither this essay, nor the letter to Dr.

Copleston, will be lost to the public. At present they cannot be printed, as the works already exceed the bounds prescribed, and we are anxious not to expand them over too many volumes. If the public receive the present volumes with the favour which we presume to hope for, these works, with the materials for the life of Dr. Sumner, and divers classical morsels, with a further selection from the correspondence, may appear at some future time. Meanwhile, I shall close this part of the subject with repeating Dr. Parr's opinions of a friend and a philosopher, which cannot be misapprehended, and to which the following letter will be a proper sequel:

Of one whom I am proud to call my friend, because he has explored the deepest recesses, the most complex qualities, and the remotest tendencies of human action; because, to the researches of philosophy he adds the graces of taste; because with powers commensurate to the amplitude and dignity of his subject, he *can*, and he also will state without obscurity, reason without perplexity, assert without dogmatism, instruct without pedantry, counsel without austerity, and even refute without acrimony.

Such is his opinion of Professor Dugald Stewart, of Edinburgh: whose own letters display the confidence which he reposed in Parr, and his admiration of his learning and talents. I lament that it has not been permitted me to insert the letters of which they are the answers, or to which they reply.

They were personally acquainted in London, and Parr visited him at Kinneil, a place which had furnished another great philosopher with a retreat; for here resided Dr. John Roebuck, one to whom Scotland owes a statue for his advancement of the

arts and sciences in that kingdom, and for his patronage of the celebrated James Watt, who, under his roof, brought to maturity his own improvement of the steam engine: so that Kinneil may be considered as an academy of the two philsophies. Thither Parr went in 1819, and there was received as one great man must be received by another; and how he was estimated we may learn from Mrs. Dugald Stewart's declaration, that she had never seen any one there before who was equal to her husband, but she was proud to have Parr under her roof, who was his superior.

Professor Dugald Stewart, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, 30th May*, 1801.

The pleasure I received from your very kind and flattering letter was increased to a degree, which I am unable to express, by the subsequent perusal of your sermon. A coincidence of opinion with so superior a mind on some of the most important subjects of human speculation, I feel as a substantial addition to the happiness of my life. Nor can I help reflecting, with a new satisfaction, on the tendency of what I have written, when I find myself numbered by Dr. Parr among the authors who have attempted to throw "a pure and steady light upon moral truth."

The general train of thought and reasoning which runs through your discourse, meets with my warmest approbation; and the powerful effect of your eloquence in all your appeals to the heart, I consider as the most unequivocal test of the soundness of your philosophy. The admirable strictures on Godwin are, at the present moment, peculiarly seasonable. I know of no book, in our times, which has done so much mischief among half-informed readers; nor, indeed, can I conceive a system more dextrously contrived in all its parts for retarding the progress of human improvement, or the cause of rational freedom.

Your sermon, however, (luminous as it is in its principles, and pathetic in its practical application,) has scarcely instructed and delighted me more than the philosophical erudition, and discriminating criticism, displayed in your *notes*. The liberal and benevolent spirit so conspicuous in all of them cannot fail, with candid minds, to operate powerfully in favour of the truths which you have laboured to recommend.

In looking over the works of our modern Divines, I have been often astonished and mortified to observe the facility with which so many of them have joined issue with Mr. Hume and Helvetius, in depreciating the powers of the human intellect, and in ridiculing what is commonly called *the light of nature*. That "to be a philosophical sceptic is, in a man of letters, the first step towards being a sound, believing Christian," is a maxim which might have been expected to awaken some suspicion, when connected with the general scope of Mr. Hume's writings. That "Christianity, on the contrary, *presupposes* the truth of natural religion, and that whatever weakens the evidences of the latter, must *a fortiori* injure the interests of the former," is a proposition sanctioned by the opinions of Dr. Clarke, and consonant to the common sense of mankind. And yet I am much afraid that the language of the Divine, in this instance, accords less than that of the philosopher, with the theological doctrines of the present day.

The eloquent and philosophical strain in which you have expressed yourself on this subject, added to the just celebrity of your name, and to the authority of those earlier writers of the English Church whom you have called to your aid, will, I trust, go far to discountenance so dangerous an error. Many of the passages which you have collected from *these* are highly valuable; and they contain, (as you have justly remarked,) "without any attempt to preserve the peculiar *forms*, or to employ the *technical* language of philosophical investigation, the *germ* of thoughts which have been expanded into fuller luxuriance, in the more popular productions of latter times."

Among your predecessors of a more modern date I am particularly delighted with the praise you have bestowed on *Butler*, whose conclusions concerning the productions of morality (although they seem to me to approach nearer to the truth

than those of any other author) have had hitherto very little influence on the speculations of subsequent writers in the southern part of the island. Nothing has indeed surprised me more, among the capricious directions which public opinion has taken, since I first began to reflect on such questions, than the popularity which has been acquired by such ethical systems, founded on principles long ago exploded, so completely, by that excellent author.

I am by no means insensible to the merits of Mr. Paley; but I can scarcely persuade myself that Butler's discourses on Human Nature, and his Dissertation on Virtue, have been perused by him and his followers with the attention which the importance of the argument demanded.

Upon the whole, I can with great truth assure you, that I regard your volume as a lasting and splendid monument to your learning, eloquence, philosophy, benevolence, and piety; and I shall indulge the hope, that it may prove the *precursor* to other works from your pen, in further illustration of the same doctrines.

I am very sorry to learn from your advertisement that your health has been indifferent; and from your letter that your sight is weak. I hope, however, that these circumstances will induce you the sooner to accomplish your visit to Edinburgh. You will find a comfortable and quiet apartment in my house ready for your reception, and a most cordial welcome from Mrs. Stewart and myself.

I shall request your acceptance, in a few weeks, of a biographical account of our late principal, Dr. Robertson. The undertaking was not altogether a matter of choice, as I have neither talents nor inclination for that species of writing; but some particular circumstances rendered it, on my part, an indispensable duty. I have found myself also obliged to yield to the wishes of some of my friends in drawing up a short memoir with respect to the life and writings of Dr. Reid. With *this* performance (which is now nearly finished) I hope to close for ever my attempts as a biographer.

I ever am, with the greatest respect, my dear Sir, your much obliged, and most obedient friend and servant,

DUGALD STEWART.

CHAPTER XIX.

Terentianus Maurus, &c.

Among Parr's other projected works, when he was released from the drudgery and cares of a Preceptor, was an edition of Terentianus Maurus de Literis, Syllabis, Pedibus, et Metris. This book had been sent forth from the press of Colinæus by Nic. Brissæus, with a very imperfect Commentary, and there were other editions so little illustrative of the obscure subjects, that Mr. Tunstall, of Christ's College, Cambridge, was encouraged to publish a new edition; for which purpose, through the patronage of Dr. Seale,* Chaplain to Archbishop Moore, the MS. notes of Dr. John Taylor on Terentianus Maurus, belonging to the University of Cambridge, were confided to his care. There are several letters from Mr. Tunstall on this subject, written to Dr. Parr, of which the following will display sufficiently Mr. Tunstall's occupation, and Dr. Parr's assistance in it:

DEAR SIR, *London, June* 21, 1787.

I have met with nothing but disappointments in the very objects where my success could have made me happy. The world, I am afraid, is not much my friend, and therefore, whatever may be the occasion of my misfortune, the fault will be said to lie in myself, and not with my employers. As I feel

* John Barlow Seale, D. D. Fellow of Christ College.

within myself the greatest reverence for the generosity of that patronage which has already protected me, I should be most miserable were I to appear as an object where your favours had been misapplied. But I think a detail of the littlenesses of my accusers, and the unimportance of the accusations, below the dignity of epistolary correspondence, and hope you will extend your usual candour to me till Dr. Shepherd or myself may have the pleasure of seeing you. As you had the goodness to say that you would revise the collection that I should make of Dr. Taylor's notes, I have taken the liberty of sending it to you. My poor thanks for your kindness are but of little moment; but Terentianus Maurus will be a testimony to the world how much I am indebted to you. Mr. Seale, who has just left London and gone into Kent, tells me that he thinks it will be two months before I can get Terentianus Maurus to the press; and I am not very sorry for it. Taylor seems to me to have made little progress in the final execution of his work. There are not, I think, complete notes to above 200 lines. But though the ground-work still remains, yet the superstructure will be much lost; for Taylor seems to have had an excellent method of embellishing and raising his work. I have collected all his notes, references, &c., which are more dispersed and confounded than ever the Sybil's leaves were. I have aimed at accuracy, though there are yet some references whose affinity I cannot discover. I have found great inconvenience from his short hand, and not being able to apply to his references. In his Analecta he seems to have taken no notice of the annotations of Mr. Hotchkiss and some others; but I have given place to all those I thought the most plausible. I rather suspect he must have had some other manuscript; for in the Sanct. edition, which I have sent you, and which I suppose he meant to have printed by, there are many observations which I have not met with in the old Adversaria. The punctuation, as far as it goes, seems much the same as this edition of Brissæus; I have therefore proceeded in the Sanct. edition, where Taylor left off, with the punctuation after the old Adversaria. As to the Gerund in *do*, I find that Terentian has made it short in four instances. Taylor refers to Servius, Æn. 4th, 413. So upon the diphthongs, rhythm, &c. he gives references without drawing any conclusions. Are the references sufficient?

I have made the alterations which you hinted at, and beg leave to send the Preface at a future opportunity.

I have to add in English, and, what is much more to me, the great respect with which I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate servant, JAMES TUNSTALL.

Mr. Tunstall failed in his purpose. Terentianus Maurus was not edited by him, though he lived some time at Hatton to be imbued with the necessary qualifications, and had obtained divers MSS. from the University of Cambridge.

After he left England (says Parr) I employed his uncle, the late Dr. Shepherd, Plumian Professor of Astronomy, to restore them to the University.

There are several letters of Dr. Seale on this part of the subject, and in one letter there is a note of Archdeacon Paley, who wanted to send a clever boy to be under Parr's tuition, at Hatton, in 1795, but he then declined taking fresh pupils.

On Tunstall's failure, Dr. Parr strongly advised Dr. Charles Burney to undertake this learned work in the following letter:

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 26, 1789.

The random reports I heard at Oxford of your intending, at *that* time, to be the Editor of Terentianus Maurus, raised only a smile. I had often talked with you on the subject, and could not suppose a design quite concealed from me, which you had so far formed as to proclaim it at Oxford. You had read, I knew, as every good scholar in our sense of the word has, some difficult metrical parts of Terentianus Maurus. You had a general view of his subject and his merits—you had a curiosity to see Taylor's papers—you had met, and, it may be, made particular remarks and emendations upon him. Here my mind stopped, or, if it went farther, it only suggested to me that, if Tunstall had sent forth his edition, you would have bestirred yourself and written a good critique. As I have carefully

examined Taylor's papers, and have twice read his Author, I have some right to judge about the qualifications of an Editor, and I wish you to undertake the work, as it will be very pleasing to the Cambridge men; if not, *resolve* boldly at once upon *Photius*, and *propose* the Epitome of Athenæus.

I am glad you are so well with Glasse. I read the last Review, and, as you ask my opinion, I must add that I did not read it with approbation. You and Porson have directed your minds with great earnestness and splendid success to what is wrong. I once intended to show, not merely the diligence—it is a very unjust and unseemly word—but the erudition and taste Glasse shows where he is right; and I should have brought a long list of critical auxiliaries, but I long ago gave up the design, and shall not resume it. I consider Glasse as having done what no scholar since the revival of letters has done at all, and which no scholar within the circle of my acquaintance could have done so well. I mean not to palliate his faults; and I never shall cease to insist upon his excellencies.

And in the following letter, dated Nov. 9, 1789:

DEAR SIR,

I am delighted to hear that you will think of Terentianus Maurus, and undertake him under the very judicious restrictions which you mentioned to Dr. Farmer.

I had a letter from Seale, quite in his manner, unguarded, but zealous and full of right meaning. I answered him in such a manner as to confirm his resolution, quicken his activity, and at the same time restrain his tongue. By all means let Santen finish and insert his notes—by all means republish Brissæus's notes, and let the Cambridge edition contain every thing. Great as are the blunders of Brissæus, his erudition is vast, and his notes are what all scholars must wish to possess and to read. Insist upon this with the University, and remember, I insist upon it, dear Sir, with you. The fundus of Taylor's edition is the Sanctandrean edition, and into the interleaved copy are already inserted the readings Taylor had collected or made. Bentley's are in red, and worthy of him. Hotchkiss's are numerous, and many of them happy. Tunstall, with Seale's aid, and after many quarrels with Seale, supplied

metrically much of what is wanting. I am in possession of his papers, and will apply for leave to send them you, when you are in the way of being able to use them. But pray mind what I say about Brissæus. You will be puzzled at Taylor's short-hand, and amused with his diagrams.

Believe me most truly yours, SAMUEL PARR.

Remember me to Porson.

There is a good review of Gregory's Chatterton, and a letter of Taylor. Did you write the last? I do not like the close. He is an odd, absurd, ingenious sort of fellow, and is not to be pelted with nouns in apposition. And as to the blunder, gross and palpable as it is, I have seen worse in our Scaligers and Bentleys, and where not. Downright right was Partridge, when he said,

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

Dr. Burney replied:

Oct. 1789.

As to *Terentianus Maurus*, I certainly, *early in life*, before I had seen Dr. Parr, formed an idea of publishing him; but I dropped the scheme from the difficulty of the writer, and from my studies taking a different turn. When Askew's MS. library was sold, my intention involuntarily revived. I copied, with Dr. Farmer's permission, Taylor's notes; but again the crabbedness of the text, and the particular kind of reading, (namely, the Greek and Latin grammarians and *musical* writers, and, above all, every *Moorish Latin author*, with Apuleius and Isidorus at their head,) again made me shrink from the undertaking. I did not yet quite give it up, but absolutely paid thirteen guineas for the *editio princeps* at the Pinelli sale; though I have looked forward to my edition as a work of a distant period, and have *ever and anon* set down a reference, &c. in an interleaved copy. That I never mentioned such a scheme to you may seem strange; but I was myself too irresolute about it to think it worth while, nor should I have had an idea of stating to Burgess that I ever *had such a design*, if he had not mentioned Santen's desire of an application for the use of Taylor's papers. So much for Ter. Maurus. Now to business in order.

Berdmore met Farmer and Seale on Sunday, and then related my wishes respecting Photius, and my assent to Ter.

Maurus. They then settled that we should all dine together at Berdmore's on Thursday.

We met yesterday. The sum of what was said by me amounted to my perfect submission to the wishes of the University, and my readiness to perform, to the best of my ability, *any* work which they would honour me with a permission of publishing under their auspices. If it were Ter. Maurus, I begged leave to have it understood clearly, that I could not attempt a *full, complete, and regular* edition, such as I knew ought to appear, and would supersede the necessity of any future re-publication, but that I would, first, transcribe and arrange Taylor's and Bentley's notes; secondly, collate all the editions which I could procure, of which I had *two* in my own possession, which were no where scarcely to be found; thirdly, add such notes and references as were to be gleaned from the works of modern Critics; to which, fourthly, I would add such remarks of my own as might occur, which would probably be *few* in number, and *trifling* in value.

My own wishes, I confessed, led me to Photius, which I would transcribe for the press, and add a completer index of authors cited than Alberti's, which is deficient; and mention the passages in which this Lexicon is quoted by modern Critics. Still, however, I had no *wish* but to comply with the *wishes* of the Syndicate. Athenæus was scarcely mentioned. Seale was warm for Ter. Maurus, and I could discover that his eagerness proceeded from an idea that the University thought him in some degree bound to the work, from the share which he had in Tunstall's recommendation, &c. Farmer appeared to understand the matter thoroughly, and said that, because Ter. Maurus appeared an object to Seale, Mr. Burney was not to be tied down to a book which he disliked. He, however, promised to set the matter in agitation as soon as he returned to Cambridge, and in about a month he is to write to either Berdmore or me.

Again, dated Nov. 20, 1789:

Affairs remain much as before. I have, indeed, twice seen Farmer, and put *Photius* into the back ground, and have bidden the *honest Black* stand forward. I have also written to Seale to

state thus much to him. All my Greek volumes I have restored to their due places, and my table is covered with *Moorish trappings*. My own editions are these:

Editio princeps.....Milan...1597. Folio.
— Colinæi.....Parisiis..1531. Quarto.
— Petrecini.....Venetiis.1533. 12mo.
— Sanctandreani...Heidelb. 1584. 12mo.

Putschius, Maittaire, and some other *incorporated editions*, of little value. But I want the rarest of rare books; a quarto Venice edition of 1503, *apud Joan. de Ceret.* A folio Milan edition of 1504, by Janus Parrhasius, in a collection of grammarians, and an edition, by Jacobus Micyllus, published at Francfort, 1532. These three editions, or any of them, I would purchase at ANY PRICE, and think *exorbitancy cheapness;* but alas! they are not to be had in England I fear. Santen, I find, by the sheets which Burgess brought over last year, has either collations of the *two first*, or the books themselves.

The Cambridge edition must surely contain ALL; nor should a line of Brissæus be omitted, though he is sometimes most wrong. In due time I will submit to you two plans for the management of the edition, if *it* will ever be *allowed* to have a title to that name. Brissæus's erudition and reading were of no common magnitude. I propose, among other things, to collect what anecdotes I can about him and other Editors.

I am carefully reading Ter. Maurus through in his edition, and marking the lines to which the notes belong. I can read but slowly. My avocations are so numerous, and my business so unremitting, that I can do but little—very, very little every day. Many thanks for the offer about Tunstall's papers. In the use of them I must be guided, I suppose, by the University. The *fundus* of *my* edition should certainly, with my own good will, be the *Milanese* of 1497; that is certainly from a MS. All the subsequent editions which I have examined have been unmercifully, and too often injudiciously garbled. Putschius follows the *Sanctandrean;* but you, who know his *Corpus*, know how *licentiously* he has edited every Grammarian whom he has inserted, and particularly Priscian, which circumstance much lessens the value of his stupendous volume.

To this letter Parr replied, Nov. 23:

You are sure of having me on the side of the Moor, for I am already with the Turks, and *White* will unload Mahomet of his old name by sharing it, &c.

The books may be consulted, and Porson shall do it, and he will do it. I know his price when he bargains with me; two bottles instead of one, six pipes instead of two, burgundy instead of claret, liberty to sit till five in the morning instead of sneaking into bed at one: these are his terms.

Again, Nov. 25, 1789:

Did I mention my having Burman's Valesius, and having long since marked the reference? The note, I remember, is full, and will not, I fancy, admit of *large* additions, though it may of *some*. As to books, I have *most* of the Authors modern, and *all* the ancient whom I want, and nearly all those cited by Brissæus, and those which I have not I will purchase if possible; and if not, these the Museum, Bibl. Reg. or Oxon. may supply. I shall, however, take the liberty of sending you a list of my wants, as your library, I well know, contains many, many treasures. Do you know how much Ben Jonson has quoted Ter. Maurus in his English Grammar? Had I full time, I do think that I could make a good, an useful, and even a valuable book. I have read and marked Brissæus nearly to the 900th line, and have started a *copia* of emendations. Porson will do more for me than for most men, and I shall try to rouse him when occasion requires. Of the authors who quoted Ter. Maurus I have a long list; and they are on my shelves, except St. Augustin and Lud. Vives. The former, from his situation in Africa, would naturally enough quote a Moor. Brissæus's edition, in some places, is far inferior to Petrecinus's, who also gives a short Commentary, which shall be re-printed. I am taking measures to get over Santen as soon as he is out. You have one of Micyllus's works I think. His great one, in three vols., *De Re Metrica*, 1530, is, I believe, in the possession of Sir William Burrell. In the winter I fancy I shall be able to get at it. But, for his edition of Terentian, where is it to be found? I propose rummaging all the libraries in London, those of the Inns of Court, Royal Society, &c. &c. Where did Bondam get

his copies of the Venice, 1503, and Micyllus, 1532? The first edition must be the fundus of the Cambridge. It is often right where Brissæus and Commelin are wrong. Dr. Milman,—by the way a good Foxite, and a good physician,—is delighted with the Warburtoniana. "That a man who can write such wonderful English should ever write Latin," exclaimed he. I love both, retorted your faithful C. BURNEY.

Burney did not edit Terentianus Maurus, and it is possible that he slept on the shelf of Parr till fresh occasion recalled his attention to him. At the end of 1804 is the following letter from Burney to Parr, accompanied with a large mass of emendation and criticism:

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Nov.* 12.

A most puzzling MS. finds me deep in your seventeen questions. I will send you a satisfactory reply to all, and soon. I have returned to my old Moorish flame, after fourteen or fifteen years' neglect, with all the ardour of a gay lover.

.....I am glad that my notions please you. It is so long since I *studied* Terentian that his peculiarities, and the blunders of his Editor Brissæus, had almost escaped from my memory. As I read, however, my former notions revived, and though I have not been able to find my cargo of notes and memoranda, yet my editions are all safe, and form such a collection as no library, public or private, in this kingdom can show.

Beware of Brissæus, and be assured that the omission of the τόμη in the Trochaic verse, whenever it occurs in Terentian, arises from corruption; so does the non-elision of Maurus, and the hiatus. These are three points about which I had formerly made up my mind, and they may be proved to demonstration.

Terentian is incomplete. He illustrates metres, indeed, which are not in Horace, but then he omits some which are. Do not, my dear learned friend, with sword in hand, cut knots which you may untie. *Dia* as a monosyllable cannot be justified. Down with the dactyls in those trochaics, they are but few, and all corruptions. Pray make them not worse. The passage which justly offended you, in p. 1248, is thrust into the

text by Maittaire, from the notes of Brissæus. I do not think that Terentianus is a book fit for a young man.

Terentian shortens all gerunds in *do*, adverbs in *o*, and dissyllabic verbs in *o*, of which the former syllable is long. This the poets do easily. Yours in haste, but always with affectionate and kindly respect, C. BURNEY.

P. S. I have by no means given up all thought of publishing Terentianus myself.

Dr. Parr, in his Appendix to the Memoirs of Dr. John Taylor,* published by Mr. John Nichols, in 1819, gives an account of some of the foregoing, and of many other particulars respecting the editions of Ter. Maurus; and from this work it appears that he was diverted, and estranged from his purpose of editing the book himself, by Dr. Burney's withholding his collection of the different editions from him.

Dr. Burney had all the editions I desired him to lend them to me, *because with very little trouble I could have made no very contemptible edition of Terentianus Maurus.* But Burney told me that they were pre-engaged by the very learned Mr. Gaisford.† Gaisford asked me whether I had any Collectanea, and I gave such an answer as ought to be given to a scholar, with whom I had not the honour of being much acquainted. I should have answered honest John Taylor very differently.

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* The notes to the Memoirs of Taylor, and to his Sermons, both written by Parr, are choice literary morsels. The distinction between preceptor and pedagogue is marked in the latter, and the former contains an account of Parr's inquiries about Ter. Maurus.

† Parr obtained part of Santenius's edition of Terentianus from Holland, by the kindness of Mr. Walpole, in 1810, and afterwards through Mr. Palgrave, of Yarmouth, another portion; but both were much mutilated on account of the interested views and fears of the Dutch booksellers. The work of Van Santen is now completed and published. (Vide Bibl. Par.)

On this part of the subject Parr wrote to his learned godson Dr. Charles Parr Burney, in 1819, as follows:

Charles, exert yourself—look in your father's catalogue for a quarto edition of Terentianus Maurus. It is not the edition of Brissæus. It has a few, and a very few notes, and a few various lections. But both are very good. I forget the name of the editor. It is a scarce book. There is a copy in the Bachelor's Library at Trinity College, Oxford, which had been long lost. But I set Kett and Benwell upon the look out, and they found it. John Taylor, in his MSS. upon Terentian, refers to it. If you can ascertain it, send word immediately to John Nichols. But be sure, and remember my stern accuracy. Set about this directly, for we have no time to lose. Good by. I was not quite pleased with your Daddy, when he told me that he had engaged his precious editions of Terentian for the use of Gaisford. I now and then wrote to your Daddy about particular passages, and he helped me out from his precious stores. I believe that I have noticed all and every of the peculiarities both of metre and language in Terentian. Your Daddy told Gaisford something about *Alterius*; I have found another, and an earlier instance, and some day or other I will tell you another story about another writer, and your Daddy, and myself.

The question which Parr declined to answer, I can distinctly reply to. He thought Professor Gaisford somewhat hasty in making this inquiry about Collectanea; but Parr could not be unjust, and has left among his classical papers the following tribute to his merits:

Mr. Gaisford, who, like his amiable and venerable countrymen, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Bishop Burgess, unites the best sense, and the best spirit, with the best learning, has, in his notes on chap. 16th of Hephæstio de Polyschematistis, quoted from Cratinus a series of verses, &c. &c.

The remainder of the quotation, had I room to insert it, would *prove* to Professor Gaisford that Dr. Parr had made some Collectanea. There is not only a large bundle of references and remarks, but there are emendations of passages and notes in books; and the correspondence with Dr. Burney, and many other of his *most* learned friends, is full of it. On the hiatus, the gerund in *do*, and several grammatical peculiarities, and critical niceties, there are distinct treatises.

Perhaps of all modern scholars Dr. Parr was best qualified to edit and *improve* Terentianus. In his first studies, metre, and the structure of language, held a prominent place; and in the progress of his education, and the exercise of his duty, they were so diligently studied that, in the esteem of all his contemporaries, he was considered *the* master. He was constantly appealed to, and it was deemed needless inquisition to seek further, when he was at hand to give an opinion. The hyperbole of Longinus may be almost applied to his devotedness to metre, προηλθε δὲ τὸ μέτρον ἐκ Θεοῦ κ. τ. λ.—E cod. Par. He was so full, indeed, of learning on all questions relating to language and metre, that you had only to touch any one of his associations regarding them, and instantly you were overwhelmed with a torrent of illustration. The Appendix is full of proofs of this assertion; and if the walls of the library, or the summer-house, at Hatton, could re-echo* what has been declaimed or taught within

* Rabelais, book iv. ch. 55, 56. for the unfrozen or thawed words heard by Pantagruel.

them, there is no part of the history of language, and of its connection with intellectual operations, that would not be illustrated.

On the particular qualities of Parr's scholarship, its comprehension and depth, it may be expected that something more be said. By consent of the most learned men of his day, he was proclaimed the master of scholars, and, as Archdeacon Butler emphatically characterised him, "in classical knowledge supreme." But he has done nothing, say the objectors, which places him on a level with Bentley, with Toup, or with Dawes, or Porson. This I deny. Hitherto I have not failed in my duty whenever these topics were started; and I hope that I am sufficiently impressed with the γνῶθι σεαυτόν, not to venture on particular disquisitions beyond my depth. The preface to Bellenden is a conspicuous specimen of Latinity, which admits of fair criticism and comparison, and concerning which we may ask, without invidiousness, what composition of the age, and of the kind, is better? If it be called a cento of quotations, let him who calls it so bring a hundredth part of its erudition out of all his stores, and he will be still a learned man. The series of inscriptions now published is another example. So much for his *published* Latin. But do we not *know*, that his Latin compositions are in a hundred hands; and that he was the writer in a hundred places from which the voice of acknowledgment and gratitude has not yet been heard? Besides the grammatical treatises he wrote, which are so numerous, the concios, acts, orations, letters, prefaces,

the treatises on the Sublime, and other philological works, would supply volumes. Of some of his lighter Greek compositions one or two specimens will be furnished in another chapter. These alone would prove the sort of scholar he was, did no other proofs of his Greek and Latin learning exist; but the criticisms in the British Critic, are before all other proofs of his peculiar talents for erudite contemplation. Wheresoever he stepped over the classical arena he has left traits of his judgment, his penetration, his quickness, his subtlety; of his assiduity, and unwearied industry in seeking out illustration; of his full and bursting memory; of the acumen and velocity of his genius, and the zeal which animated him in the cause of letters. These talents and accomplishments in which he so much excelled all other men, are, however, infinitely less estimable in their importance, than his labours in the cause of virtue and religion. He was truly, with Socrates one of the αὐτουργοὶ τῆς σοφίας, and his noble exertions for the uninstructed—his treatises on Benevolence, on Education, on Faith, and Morals, will survive, when the writings of the Scaligers, the Salmasiuses, the Casaubons, and the Stephenses shall be sunk in oblivion.

CHAPTER XX.

Reviews,—Magazines,—Parr's lighter Poetical Compositions.—Assistance given to Authors.

Dr. Parr's contributions to Reviews he has himself noted; but I believe we may trace him in the correspondence further than he at last recollected. In the Remarks, pp. 37, 38, he says:

"The reader will, I trust, excuse me, if, for reasons of delicacy, I now take an opportunity to state the whole extent of the share I have ever had in Reviews. To the British Critic I have sent one article, besides those which were written for the Horace. For the Critical Review I have furnished a few materials for two articles only. For the Monthly I have assisted in writing two or three, and the number of those which are entirely my own does not exceed six or seven. In almost all these critiques my attention was to commend rather than to blame, and the only one in which I ever blamed with severity, related to a classical work, the editor of which deserved reproof for the following reasons: He clothed bad criticisms in bad latinity. He had not availed himself of that information which preceding editions would have supplied to any intelligent editor. From the stores of other critics he collected very little, and from his own he produced yet less that was valuable. But he had indulged himself in rude and petulant objections against Dr. Bentley, and for this, chiefly, I censured him. Here ends the catalogue of my crimes hitherto committed in Reviews; and as I now have somewhat more leisure than I formerly enjoyed, it is possible that I may now and then add to their number."

I should be glad to transcribe here the whole that he has written

On the utility of Reviews, and upon the opportunities which they furnish to men of learning, for rendering some occasional service to the general cause of literature. There is no one Review in this country but what is conducted with a considerable degree of ability. By posterity, too, Reviews will be considered as useful repositories of the most splendid passages in the most celebrated works. They will show the progress of a country or an age in taste and arts, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of science. They mark the gradations of language itself, and the progressive or retrograde motions of the public mind upon the most interesting subjects in ethics, in politics, and religion.

In regard to particular Reviews, his connection, while at Norwich, was chiefly with the Monthly. There was also some contribution to the Critical, which Mr. Griffiths looked at with a jealous eye. From the correspondence with Dr. Charles Burney, it appears that he revised the critique on Huntingford's Monostrophics; and that he protected this early work of a most learned and venerable ecclesiastic from the harsher fangs of criticism. In the same manner he threw his shield over the Greek translations of George Henry Glasse; and how he estimated them will be seen in the letters. The critique on Manilius, in the Monthly Review, was one of the first of his contributions. How far his additions to Badcock's review of White's Bampton Lectures were carried, the papers in my possession give no account. It is unlikely that Badcock's request would be denied; and if it were granted, the combined review of two authors, criticising or pane-

gyrising their own work, one being entirely ignorant of the share the other had in it, must be considered as a great curiosity. It also is proved by the correspondence that he was engaged in a review of Warton's Milton when Mr. Colman gave it up on account of bad health; and the Bishop of Cloyne speaks of a review of some edition of Xenophon, in which Bishop Hurd's sneers at D'Orville are severely reprimanded. He also reviewed some of the works of Gilbert Wakefield, and probably the Plato of the President of Magdalen. I fear he did not carry into effect his intention of publishing a review of the Reliquiæ Sacræ. There can be no doubt, that through various channels he sent a little stream of praise, or cast a small beam of sunshine over the works of most authors who sought his patronage. There are many such applications. That which was fairly asked, and liberally granted, it is not my business to reveal, while the parties survive.

The British Critic received his most elaborate article on the variorum edition of Horace; and a letter published in 1802, containing criticisms on Horace, occasioned by a quotation in Dr. Maltby's Concio, which Dr. Parr thought had not been sufficiently noticed by Dr. Marsh, who reviewed the "Illustrations of Christianity." I have entered so much at large on the controversy that sprung out of this review of the Horace, that I must refer to what has been said before on the subject.

Let me, however, (says Parr) hope to be excused, if I feel some little predilection for a work which I suppose to be patronized by many distinguished members of the Established

Church, and which I know to be in part conducted by a learned man, who was once my own scholar. With sincerity do I say, at the same time, that I harbour no prejudice against the characters, and that I entertain a very high respect for the talents of the gentlemen who are employed in the Critical, the Monthly, the Analytical, and the English Reviews. Among the writers in the three last, there are persons whom no enlightened and ingenuous clergyman would blush to call his friend; and, in truth, I think it a circumstance equally advantageous and creditable to myself, that I live upon terms of great intimacy with some of them, and even of confidential intercourse with others.

To the Gentleman's Magazine there are very many contributions; for Mr. John Nichols, though a Tory and a high churchman, was respected and esteemed by Dr. Parr, as one of the most worthy, diligent, steady, sensible, and honourable of men. In 1785, 1795, 1796, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1809, 1810, 1813, 1814, 1819, 1822, are contributions from him, besides numerous epitaphs and characters.

The correspondence of Mr. John Nichols, sen. begins with 1786, and continues to the end of Dr. Parr's life. There is one letter which he never read, dated Feb. 1825. These letters, with few exceptions, relate to contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine, which Sylvanus Urban solicits with great eagerness, and always receives with thankfulness; for hints given for various publications of Mr. Nichols; the Memoirs of George Hardinge; the History of Leicestershire; and the Literary Anecdotes. At the table of Mr. Cradock, of Gumley-hall, the merits of the Music-speech of Dr. John Taylor, and his Oration on the 30th of January, became the

topics of discussion between the learned host and Dr. Parr, in the presence of Mr. John Nichols, who, taking the hint, determined to reprint them. This he has done with various additions, and with memoirs of Dr. Taylor, to which Dr. Parr contributed an appendix. By the same advice Mr. Nichols afterwards published Four Sermons, two of Dr. Taylor, one of Bishop Lowth, and one of Bishop Hayter. To Dr. Taylor's sermon, preached at Bishop-Stortford school feast, Dr. Parr has appended five learned notes; in the fourth he has made remarks on the distinction between pedagogue and preceptor, which Dr. Taylor seems to have confounded. The others have the usual characteristics of Dr. Parr's luminous and exact comments. There are several particulars in both appendixes extremely interesting to scholars—Taylor's connection with Charles Yorke—his MS. notes on Ter. Maurus, and his spirit free from all acrimony in controversy. Perhaps a portion of Dr. Parr's fondness for Dr. Taylor may have had another and more amiable foundation. Taylor was the friend of Mr. Henry Hubbard, of Emmanuel, Dr. Parr's tutor, and in his favour resigned the registrarship of the University, on obtaining the Canon Residentiaryship of St. Paul's.

Mr. Griffiths, editor of the Monthly Review, was Parr's correspondent while he lived at Norwich, and to the end of 1790. His letters chiefly contain acknowledgments of contributions to the Review, solicitations for others, and in one or two instances complaints that articles promised were long and

inconveniently delayed. It may be noticed, as proved by this correspondence, that Dr. Parr always disdained to receive pecuniary remuneration for his labours. I shall only copy one of Dr. Griffith's letters; but that letter touches on Manilius and Cicero, Bishop Bagot, Professor White, and Mr. Badcock:

DEAR SIR, *Turnham Green, Nov.* 28, 1784.

I am favoured with yours, dated this day se'nnight, and am very much obliged by the contents. When your articles relating to *Manilius and Cicero* arrive, you may depend on all possible care being taken as to correct printing, &c. but I do not conceive that it will be advisable to insert them *both* in the same Review, as the disproportion in *quantity* of that kind of learning (which is, certainly, not for *the million*) might be deemed too great for *one number* of a miscellaneous, and rather popular work. With your leave, good Sir, Mr. Burney and myself will lay our heads together, and manage the matter in such a way as to us shall seem best and fittest.

I was much pleased with your well-written accounts of the two sermons inserted in our last; but have been at once astonished, vexed, and diverted at the printer's *rabbinical* blunder, which most unaccountably escaped the press-corrector, Mr. Burney, and myself; though I well remember, that in *running through* the proof, (for our last sheet never affords us time for a due *reading*,) I thought it a very strange word, and at last wisely accounted for it by concluding that you referred to Biblical learning; not once adverting to the Irishism of *Rabbinical Christians.*

I did not recollect that Dr. Bagot is Bishop of Norwich; if I had, I certainly should have objected, (as many here now do) to the praise you have so liberally bestowed on him; for he is generally looked upon, in this part of the world, as a high church bigot, (I do not mean to *pun* on his name,) and therefore the wonder will be to see him so complimented in the Monthly Review, where he was never complimented before. Even Dr. Priestley's "Criticism"* exclaims much against it, apprehending, I

suppose, that it will be put to his account. I hope, however, that if the Bishop is not *all* that he is said to be, your praise will give him a good hint of what he ought to be, and eventually tend to make him such. After all, it is probable that you know him better than we do; and on that supposition I make myself easy with respect to this matter.

Mr. Professor White has sent a copy of his Bampton Sermons to the Reviewer above alluded to, who is now on a visit at my house; and who (at his own desire) has undertaken the critique. The book arrived last night; my friend is busy in reading it, and promises to execute the article *con amore*, in his best—his very best manner.

I beg, Sir, that when any new work comes out which you would like to peruse, with your critical pen in your hand, you would favour me with an *early* intimation of the matter, that I may procure the work immediately, and that I may also be prevented from engaging *other* assistance, perhaps less to my own satisfaction, possibly, too, less to the advantage of the Review.

When you do me the honour of your further commands, please to direct to me at this place, where I shall be very happy to see my present highly honoured and esteemed correspondent, whenever he revisits these parts. I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged, humble servant, R. GRIFFITHS.

I must remain your debtor for this postage, as well as for more important considerations, of which I shall not be unmindful.

These remarks on the Bishop of Norwich drew forth a warm eulogy from the pen of Dr. Parr.

While Mr. Fellowes was editor of the new series of the Critical Review, there are notices of several contributions of Parr to that work; I am not at liberty to publish Mr. Fellowes's letters to Dr. Parr; and lament that I have had no communication with Mr. Fellowes, though I did seek it. I understand

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* Mr. Badcock.

that Mr. Fellowes has intimated his intention of publishing a survey of Dr. Parr's Philosophical and Theological sentiments. I shall not, therefore, at present anticipate what doubtless he will deem just to the memory of his friend, an exact account of those literary effusions of Dr. Parr's mind, which were permitted to pass through Mr. Fellowes's hands for public service.

I have alluded before to Dr. Charles Burney's connection with the Westminster Magazine in his early life, and his request that Parr would give him assistance. Probably some of the classical dissertations, with which the correspondence of these great scholars is enriched, were printed in this miscellany; but I have no leisure to collate and compare, and therefore cannot point out particulars.

With Dr. Thomson, editor of the English Review, Parr was on the most intimate terms, and corresponded with unbounded confidence. The letter at the end of the Sequel was much admired by him to whom it was addressed, but like many of Dr. Thomson's other letters to Dr. Parr, has been considered magna et verbosa, and therefore has not been reprinted. Dr. Thomson was less fortunate than his learning and his diligence entitled him to be. He often sought Parr's literary assistance, and Parr in his turn used him frequently as a political writer. For these services he claimed a larger remuneration than the party thought fit to give him, and hence coldness arose.

The editors of newspapers were among the other petitioners for the favours of the great scholar.

With Mr. Perry, editor of the Morning Chronicle, he was on good terms; but Mr. Perry finally led him into an error, which occasioned a breach between him and one of his most accomplished friends. Happily the breach was not irreparable, and Mr. Perry himself helped to make it up.

With Mr. George Street, sometime editor of the Courier, Dr. Parr was also in correspondence; Mr. Street was nephew to one of Dr. Parr's parishioners; he was employed by him to superintend the press on the publication of the remarks on Dr. Combe's pamphlet, and he discarded him from his acquaintance when Mr. Street turned round in his politics.

The superintendants of the press have, from the invention of printing, consisted chiefly of men of the higher class of intellect. What could have brought printing to bear, and what could have brought it to perfection, but zeal combined with knowledge? The Stephenses and Alduses of former times exceeded in learning the printers of our own country, and our own day, but have hardly equalled them in zeal and intelligence; and so large is the list of those deserving to be enumerated, that I shall not enter upon the invidious task of making the exceptions.

Mr. Bathurst, of Fleet-street, was Parr's first bookseller, and his devoted friend; from him he fed on paper, and it would be a curious document to produce and compare the shillings set down for the price of books with the high prices of a subsequent period.

With Mr. Dilly, Mr. Mawman, Mr. T. Payne, and Mr. Nichols, he was on visiting terms; and whenever he came to Birmingham he never failed to smoke his pipe with Mr. Belcher.

The affecting preface he wrote for the catalogue of Mr. Lunn, is only one out of the many memorials of kindness he wrote for members of the trade when they were in distress; but this memorial is a tribute to humanity as well as letters, that will not soon perish. The Messrs. Valpy, sons of his friend Dr. Valpy, of Reading, were entitled to his esteem, no less on this account, than that of their own personal merits; but their intimacy was cemented by the connection of Edmund Henry Barker with them. The republication of the critique on Horace, and various articles furnished for the Classical Journal, proceeded from his influence, and by his solicitation.

Dr. Parr has left other Classical compositions behind him besides those already enumerated.

There are Greek verses on Bishop Horsley, with Latin and English translations, which have been long circulated among scholars. The topic on which they turn is the Bishop's assertion in the House of Lords, that " Laws were made to be obeyed, not discussed, by the people."

The Greek alone follows:

Αὐτὸν γραφῶν κήρυκα τῶν θείων σοφὸν
Ἵππωπον εἶναι φησὶ καὶ διδάσκαλον,
Καὶ δῆλός ἐστι κομψὰ ποικίλλων ἔπη·
Δεινὸς φλυαρεῖν καὶ φενακίζειν ὄχλον

Παλαίσμασιν χαίροντα, καὶ τύφῳ κενῷ.
Βουλῇ δὲ μιχθεὶς τοῖς βεβῶσιν ἐν τέλει,
Τοῖς μὲν σοφισταῖς, τοῖς δὲ μηχανορράφοις,
"Ἔλεξεν, ὑπὸ τοῖς δυναμένοισιν ὢν ἀεὶ,
" Διχόμυθα, λόξως σκληρὰ συγκολλῶν καλοῖς·
Νεωστὶ δ' ἀγορεύοντος ὧδ' εἶχεν βρόμος·
" Κοινῇ μέλειν μὲν πλουσίοις κοινῶν ὕπερ,
" Τοῖς γ' εὖ φρονοῦσι τῇ 'γαθῇ τάξει μόνοις,
" Πόλεως μόνοις τ' οἴακα νωμᾶν εἰδόσι,
" Μόνοις τε γῆν σώζουσιν ἐν χρείας ἀκμῇ·
" Πένητα δ' αὖ δεῖν σχέτλιον στέργειν βίον,
" Καὶ μὴ βλέπειν βλέποντα, μηδέ που κακῶν
" Κλύοντ' ἀκούειν, μηδὲ πάσχοντα στένειν.
" 'Αλλ' ἥσυχον, ταπεινὸν, αὐτουργόν τ' ἀεὶ,
" Ἴσως δικαίους κἀδίκους αἰνεῖν νόμους,
" Ἐᾶν τ' ἀπηνεῖς, οὐδ' ὑπευθύνους κρατεῖν.
" Τὸν δ' ἀγρίως ὀκνοῦντα μὴ οὐ ποιεῖν τάδε,
" Αἴσχιστα καὶ, τάχιστα μανθάνειν, ὅσῳ
" Αὐθαδίας ἄμεινον ἡ πειθαρχία,
" Ὅσον τε χειρωναξίαν νικᾷ γένος,
" Ὅσῳ τε πένιας πλοῦτος ἐσθ' ὑπερφέρων,
" Χῶσον τό τ' ἄρχειν καὶ τὸ δουλεύειν δίχα."
Οὕτω μὲν ἀνὴρ, ἀθυρόγλωσσος ἐν λύγοις,
Ἠλευθεροστόμησε, καὶ πίσυνος θράσει,
Βλοσυρόφρονι χλιδῇ τε, καὶ σκυθρῷ ῥέθει,
Κατεφρόνησε δημοτῶν—" τὰ δ' ὄμματα
" Φαίδρωπ' ἔδωκε τοῖσι βασιλέως φίλοις·
" Τὸ γὰρ γένος τοιοῦτον· ἐπὶ τὸν εὐτυχῆ
" Πηδῶσ' ἀεὶ κήρυκες, ὅδε δ' αὐτοῖς φίλος
" Ὃς ἂν δύνηται, πόλεος ἐν τ' ἀρχαῖσιν ᾖ."

VERSES ON PHRYNE.

Φρύνην λοιδορίαις ὑβρίσας, καὶ δεινὰ βοήσας,
Ῥήτωρ τις μόνον οὐκ ἤγαγεν εἰς Ἀΐδου·
Τοῦ γὰρ ὑπαχθέντες γλώσσης βελέεσσι δικασταὶ
Παῖδ' ἂν δήσαιεν τλήμονα πρὸς σανίδι.
Ἥδε κάτω βλέψασα κριτῶν παρὰ ποσσὶν ἐκεῖτο
Σιγῇ, καὶ πολλὰς ἐξετάννυσε χέρας.

Μάζον δ' ἐξέφερεν, θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας,
Καὶ θελξας ἔλαθεν πευκαλίμους ἔλεος·
Τοῖον ἀπὸ στηθῶν ἀπαλῶν ἐστίλβετο κάλλος,
Καὶ τοῖον πειθοῦς ὔμμασιν ἄνθος ἐνῆν.
Οὕτως ἡ φεύγουσ' ἀποφεύγειν Παρθένος ἥδει,
Ἡ γυμνὴ νικᾷν, ἢ τ' ἀκέουσα λέγειν.

There *was* also a Greek Epithalamium on the marriage of Dr. Charles Burney, of which I have no copy.

The Episcopal Gallery is another composition of Dr. Parr, esteemed by him the child of his old age, and nursed with parental tenderness. I shall copy the beginning and the end as specimens of his skill in writing English poetry. He had not practice enough to write smoothly, and perhaps he thought too vigorously to be a good versifier.

GALLERY OF DIGNITARIES,
By Episcopus Episcoporum.

In the Epilogue to his Epistles Pope writes thus:

"E'en in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart;
Manners with candour, are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkeley ev'ry virtue under Heaven."

Keeping these verses in view, ὁ δεῖνα sketched a rough outline of his opinion of the Prelates of our own time.

In Bishops I can see and praise desert;
Burgess is learned, Bathurst has a heart;
Lambeth and York two well-bred Prelates grace;
Nor pride, nor selfishness, in Van I trace.
King mild and noiseless o'er his Church presides,
Nor basely for translation changes sides.
Taste charms in Howley, science Kaye explores,
And each of learning has abundant stores.

To Lambeth's turrets well may one aspire,
And London's mitre raise the other high'r.
Grey hairs to Buckner are a crown of glory,
And Majendie is pleasant, though a Tory.
A scholar, free from pedantry or spleen,
In thee, kind-hearted Huntingford, is seen.
Unsoil'd by Courts, and unseduc'd by zeal,
Fisher endangers not the public weal.
True piety in Ryder I admit,
Manners in Pelham, and in Cornwall wit.
Turn we to Exon, Lichfield, and Carlisle,
None frown indignant, some approving smile.
To Law and Legge candour and sense are giv'n,
Bright gems on earth, and surest lights to Heaven.

* * * * *

Yet some there are whose merits I proclaim,
As shedding lustre on a Patron's name.
Thy virtues, B——ss, consecrate the choice,
And favoured P——y wins the public voice.
Talent in P——t would more brightly shine
With less prostration at his idol's shrine!
Why hurls he curses at the Church of Rome,
And strives to thwart a Patriot's views at home?
Why, but to prop his Patron's tottering fame,
His weakness flatter, and his favour claim?
Prelates of ages past, whom, blest above,
Nor praise nor censure from this earth can move;
Martyrs who form'd our Church in days of old,
Cranmer the mild, and Latimer the bold;
And later Sages, whom, to science reared,
True moderation to the good endear'd;
Omniscient Taylor, spotless Tillotson,
Hoadly the calm, and dauntless Warburton,
Brave Watson, steady Shipley, Law profound,
And Newcome, 'midst the best and wisest found;
Pour forth your prayers before th' Almighty throne,
To guard those altars which were once your own:
Long may your writings charm our rising youth,
And point the way to wisdom and to truth;

Long your example their affections guide,
From mean ambition far, and far from pride;
Long may our Church teach Kings what Kings should be,
And form a people worthy to be free:
And long our Pastors, faithful to their Lord,
Receive in Heavenly bliss their just reward.

Of the exercises Parr wrote at school and College, some are retained; but they are scarcely to be decyphered. There are many of Jones's and Bennet's exercises preserved in Dr. Sumner's book of the best exercises of his pupils, which is now in the hands of Mr. Holme Sumner; but none of Parr's, because he left school before Sumner began to keep this book.

He who attacks must not expect to remain unattacked. Besides the regular answers to his printed controversial works, there are some characters of Dr. Parr, and some squibs upon his character, deserving of notice.

That of Mr. Philip Homer, a learned and excellent clergyman, and teacher in Rugby school, for whom Parr entertained sincere regard, is the best, evidently imitated from Martial.

To brutes humane, to kindred man a rod,
Proud to all mortals, humble to thy God—
In sects a bigot, and yet lik'd by none,
By those most fear'd whom most you deem your own.
Lord o'er the greatest, to the least a slave,
Half weak, half strong, half timid, and half brave;
To take a compliment of too much pride,
And yet most hurt when praises are denied.
In dress all negligence, or else all state,
In speech all gentleness, or else all hate.
There most a friend where most you seem a foe,
So very knowing that you nothing know;

Thou art so deep-discerning, yet so blind,
So learn'd, so ignorant, cruel, yet so kind,
So good, so bad, so foolish, and so wise,
By turns I love thee, and by turns despise.

These very animated verses were written by Philip Homer, when, from some unknown cause, he was extremely angry with me. I was pleased with the verses, and I took proper and effectual measures for explanation. He is rather irascible, but sincere, honourable, generous, learned, ingenious, and truly pious. He is the brother of my ever-to-be-lamented friend Harry Homer; and happy am I to add, that my friendship with Philip Homer was quickly restored and permanently established. S. PARR.

July 11, 1822.

I do not reveal any confidence that has been reposed in me, nor any secret contained in the correspondence, when I touch upon the literary assistance given by Dr. Parr from the beginning to the end of his life to his pupils, his friends, and sometimes even to those who were little acquainted with him. His knowledge of the construction, and of all the niceties, intricacies, and idioms of the Latin tongue, from a very early period of his life, made him the constant referee, when any difficulty was started; and after the death of Dr. Sumner, the master and decider of doubts. We shall see with what deference Sir William Jones bows to his opinion in the critical letter on the Epitaph on Sumner; and the Bishop of Cloyne frequently alludes to his superiority above all his fellows. In process of time it seems to have been a common wish, that he should publish some piece of Latinity to prove that superiority. The Preface to Bellendenus left all competition behind; and notwith-

standing the infelicity and impolicy of its leading topic, has ever since continued, the admiration of scholars. His duties as a schoolmaster kept him in practice; and his superiority as a Greek scholar was also generally acknowledged, excepting by the few who had risen to fame by their attention to metre, in which department, however, he was himself inferior to none, and *more extensively* informed than any of them. In general classical sense, and an entire knowledge of the structure of the language, and of the finest compositions belonging to it, I would venture to ask which of the living Pleiades* would say, I am better than he. But I have before alluded to this topic, when Mr. Porson's name was before me.

Where such supereminent learning was generally acknowledged, we cannot wonder that it should be often appealed to, and it was appealed to from the east to the west, from the north to the south, from the beginning of his didactic labours even to the end; for in the winter of the year 1824 his last task was the composition of a Latin Concio for a friend about to take the degree of S. T. P.

Of this sort of assistance there are so many notices scattered through the works of authors, that I

* In his Diary Parr writes thus: "In the reign of Ptolemy Greece boasted of her Pleiad; England, in my day, may boast of a Decad of literary luminaries—Dr. Samuel Butler, Dr. Edward Maltby, Bishop Blomfield, Dean Monk, Mr. E. Barker, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Burges, Professor Dobree, Professor Gaisford, and Dr. Elmsley. They are professed critics; but in learning and taste Dr. Routh of Oxford is inferior to none."

forbear to make any enlarged enumeration. To some living authors the exposure would be unpleasing; to others the display would be invidious; I therefore select myself as an example of the willingness with which he bestowed these literary kindnesses. Of those imperfect treatises of which I am the author, the Reply to Dr. James Carmichael Smyth, and my Harveyan Oration, are those alone in which he favoured me with his assistance. In the reply to Dr. Smyth he suggested none of the topics; but he corrected many of the errors into which I should have fallen from the use of strong and needless expressions, and very much spread out the narration from pages 151 to 181.

The only alteration in the topics of my Harveyan Oration which he proposed, was the introduction of some metaphysical doctrines.

"Multa Glissonius de materiâ primâ et secundâ, multa de causâ formæ materiali, multa de naturâ substantiæ energeticâ, subtiliter disputat. Ingenii autem vis ejus maxime splendescit, illo in capite, in quo axiomata quædam, etsi Suarius et Cartesius obnixe ea defensitassent, vitæ naturæ ostendit repugnare," &c.

But I was indebted to him for clearing my Latin of all its rubbish—my oration is, in fact, what it is, from his corrections.

To men of celebrity, who had no claims upon him, he was equally liberal in lavishing his assistance.

Malcolm Laing, an advocate at the Scotch bar, became known to him by the part which he took in the continuation of Henry's History of Great

Britain, a work devolved to his care after Dr. Henry's death. He was struck by the manly tone of freedom which characterised his opinions, by the general philosophy of his views, and the harmony of his style. But he was shocked by his Scotticisms, and took occasion therefore to make known to Mr. Laing the faults of his composition through Mr. Mackintosh. Mr. Laing acknowledged the justness of Dr. Parr's objections, which were more copiously communicated to him when he published the History of Scotland, and when the second edition was coming out. The letters in the Appendix will shew the course of the communications, and the manner in which the emendations were received.

CHAPTER XXI.

Inscriptions.

Among the writings of Dr. Parr none have been so much sought for as his monumental, or tabular or biblical inscriptions; and in no part of learning has his supremacy been more fully acknowledged. In the earliest part of his career, inscription composition appears to have been his study; and his first known endeavour proves the justness of his taste. In a copy of the Aristarchus of Gerard Vossius, we have the following:

Die Veneris septimam ad horam id. Jun.
mortem sibi invitus contulit, catapultæ nimirum ictu confectus,
Carolus Williams, Scholæ Etonensis olim alumnus,
Trin: Aul: Cantab: socio-commensalis,
A. D. 1766. æt. suæ xx.
Fortuna juvenis amplissimus,
forma pulcherrimus,
moribus optimus.
Vixit omnibus amabilis,
cecidit omnibus deflendus,
Die Lunæ sequenti templo Sancti Edwardi
inhumatus est, circum horam undecimam,
G. Hallifax, LL. Professore, et Collegii ipsius tutore preces legente.

This is rather a history than an inscription; nevertheless it was a good beginning. The book itself in which it is written is inscribed, ex libris Sam. Parr, Coll. Eman. 1765.

I know not whether he wrote an inscription for his father, mother, or Francis Parr. The next public exhibition of this talent was for the tomb of his master, Robert Sumner, D. D. This epitaph has been criticised by the pen of Sir William Jones, whose fastidiousness of taste, and copiousness of learning, leave nothing unsaid concerning it. Certainly it is too redundant, and in this respect may be placed on a like footing with the inscription written by Parr for the monument of Dr. Charles Burney in Westminster Abbey. But redundance was not the usual fault of Parr in penning these compositions; his only fault, as some may have thought, was too closely following the antient method. The unspeakable trouble he gave persons who applied to him for inscriptions, will be, in part, revealed by the correspondence. In the computation of time he sometimes counted minutes. In the inscription on Johnson, he employed his pupil Maltby to count correctly as to the years, months, and days the great Moralist lived, as some perplexity was occasioned by the change of the style. The monumental inscription on Smitheman, in Hatton church, is a specimen of the most affecting simplicity. In this case he counted hours, from the extreme youthfulness of the deceased.

His inquiries about the person were not confined to age. He required general information about

marriage, children, fortune, station, exact dates; and generally bargained for arbitrary and uncontrouled power over the expressions, and the manner of engraving. Nor did he suffer any of his terms to be changed without vehement expostulation. There is a long correspondence about probabilis poeta,* as affixed to Johnson, and he referred to so many scholars to justify his choice of the phrase, that a volume might easily be formed out of his correspondence on this subject only. It must be confessed indeed, that his terms, phrases, and expressions, can seldom be changed without injuring the sense, or altering the turn of the whole composition. In no compositions is his exactness in thinking and expressing his thoughts, so finely displayed as in his epitaphs. Who reads the words "infelicissimi parentes," applied to a father and mother erecting a simple monument to an amiable and only son, without tears? And who does not feel that Johnson *is* magister virtutis gravissimus?

Et dum ægris in carcere inclusis
opem ferebat,
contagione ipse correptus,

is a much more affecting history of the fate of a young physician than any elaborate accumulation of panegyric.

The inscriptions are many of them illustrated by the correspondence of the parties concerned about

* Celsus, in his directions for feeling the pulse, says, "Si quis ejus metus est, eum *probabili* sermone lenire, tum deinde ejus carpo manum admovere."—Lib. iii. cap. 6.

them; and these illustrations render it unnecessary for me to expatiate longer on the subject. The best eulogy of Dr. Parr's inscriptions will be comparison. Let the inscriptions of any other scholar, whether at home or abroad, since the revival of letters, be weighed and criticised with his, and it must be acknowledged that he is superior to all but Morcelli in number of compositions, and in a close imitation of the ancient style. He has succeeded in banishing those pompous and rhetorical flourishes which so much disgrace the walls of our cathedrals, and more especially Westminster Abbey.

You know, Edward (says Parr in a letter to Dr. Maltby), that my taste compels me to disapprove of the rhetorical and pompous style in which modern epitaphs are written; and it is no less provoking than true, that in Westminster Abbey I do not know one inscription that is formed upon the models of antiquity; and even in Oxford I have met only with one which resembles them. In the Abbey there are a few attempts at conciseness, but then it is conciseness without simplicity; and there is an apparent offensive effort to grasp some vast and pompous thought into a small compass of expression. What ought to be done in Latin by us is known to me, after a careful perusal of what has been done by the ancients; and my opinions are founded upon a diligent and critical inspection of what has been published by Sponius, Reinsius, Fabretti, Gruter, Muratorius, and Morcellus. The latter has written one of the most elegant and judicious books I ever read; and he moreover has published a volume of inscriptions written by his own pen, in conformity to his own rules. None of the common classical writers are of much use, and indeed *I* venture upon monumental phraseology, for which no example is to be found in their works. I do not say that their expressions are to be neglected, but they must be chosen with care, and with great nicety must be incorporated with the peculiar and appropriate language which occurs in inscriptions, &c. &c.

The inscriptions contained in the Fourth Volume will justify my assertions; but I am impelled to dwell at greater length, on the inscription for Merton College, Oxford, from the connection of that place with some of the most interesting associations of my early life.

When the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, visited Oxford with the Prince Regent in 1814, the Emperor and his august sister were stationed and accommodated in the Warden's lodgings at Merton College.

Dr. Peter Vaughan, Warden of that College, was host, and in return for the hospitality received, the Emperor presented the Warden and Fellows with a vase of Silesian jasper, for which Dr. Parr was applied to for an inscription.

The following letter displays the titles of the αὐτοκρατὼρ. The others give the inscription, and its history:

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton College, July* 17, 1816.

It is more than probable that this letter will reach you as soon as the one I sent from Cheltenham yesterday. In that letter I have mentioned my readiness (if you should wish it) to pay you a short visit at Hatton; but at the moment I wrote I did not recollect that my presence would be required in Merton till after eleven o'clock on Saturday morning next. I am now enabled to send you a most accurate account of the *titles* of the Emperor, taken from the diploma presented to him by the University; and from which you may select what you think proper. It runs as follows.

"Cum Princeps Augustissimus Alexander, Dei Gratia, Russiarum, Moscoviæ, Kirviæ, Vladimiriæ, et Novogardiæ Imperator et Αὐτοκρατὼρ; Casani, Astrachani, Siberiæ, et Chersonesi Tauricæ CZAR: Dominus Plescoviæ; Smolenscii, Lithu-

aniæ, Volhiniæ, et Podoliæ Dux Magnus; Esthoniæ, Livoniæ, Curlandriæ, Semigalliæ, Samogitiæ, Carelice, I'evereæ, Ingoriæ, Permiæ, Viatkæ, Bulgariæ et cæterarum Dux; Novogardiæ Inferioris, Czernihoviæ, Pelocii, Rostoviæ, Jarostariæ, Abdoræ, Vitepsiæ, et Mitishaviæ Dux Magnus; oræ totius septentrionalis Imperator; Iberiæ et Georgiæ Dominus; Circassiæ et cæterarum Princeps Hæreditarius, et Principum Summus; Norvegiæ Hæres; Slevici Holsatiensis, Stormaniæ, Dilmarsiæ, et Oldenburgi Dux; Jeveræ Dominus," &c. &c. &c.

You may depend upon the correctness of this transcript. I cannot refrain from expressing a wish, that the Emperor would have given me some little memorial, however trifling, but yet distinct from the present he may intend for the College.

If you should not be able to find the list of persons who attended the Emperor, I will endeavour, as well as I can, to supply the defect.

I heard a very pleasant account of you from Mr. Rollestone, yesterday. If I can be of no *service* by visiting you, I should be glad to continue at my post here without interruption till after the Merton election. Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant, P. VAUGHAN.

DEAR SIR, *Granby, Harrowgate, Aug. 28th*, 1814.

I am very much obliged to you for the letter which I have received from you this morning.

I will take immediate steps to get the most accurate information upon the several particulars which you have stated, and will communicate it to you, as soon as I have received it. Some of the queries I can answer without difficulty.

Alexander is the first Russian Emperor of that name.

I rather think the Duchess of Oldenburgh is the only sister of Alexander, but of this, as well as of her Christian names, I will seek further information. The King of Prussia is Frederick the Fourth. The Emperor and Duchess of Oldenburgh arrived at Merton about one o'clock in the afternoon of *Tuesday* the *fourteenth* of *June*, and left it in the afternoon of *Wednesday* the *fifteenth*.

The chamber where the Emperor slept has a *common* roof or ceiling.

The painted part of the window will occupy the *upper sash entirely*, and that *only*.

From the letter I received from Egginton a few days ago, I am willing to hope that you may have seen him, ere this; and if so, that he has submitted to your inspection the sketch of the window, &c. I will not fail to call his particular attention to your suggestions with reference to that part of the window that is not painted.

May I now ask, whether you have any particular lapidary, either in London or elsewhere, whom you would recommend as a proper person to prepare the marble tablet? I beg to be considered as having retained your village schoolmaster for his services in both inscriptions immediately.

I cannot but think it probable that John Bartlam will call upon us in his way from the north.

I believed myself to be very well when I arrived here, but I am certainly much better in every respect. Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

PETER VAUGHAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton Coll. March* 3, 1822.

The long expected present from the Emperor of Russia is, at last, safely deposited in the centre of the entrance leading from the street to my lodgings. Notwithstanding the nature of the material, the immensity of the weight, and the distance of the journey, it is arrived without a single blemish.

It is, in truth, my dear Sir, a most magnificent present, and well worthy of an Emperor. It is a vase of Siberian jasper, manufactured on the spot where this rare mineral is found. Its form is oblong, and the workmanship excellent. The length of the vase is four feet nine inches; its width three feet seven inches; from the bottom of the pedestal to the top of the bason four feet nine inches. On two sides of the pedestal are two inscriptions, one in Latin, the other a translation of the Latin into the Russian language. On reading the Latin inscription I was grieved to find, that it did not exactly corres-

pond with what I was prepared to expect. There is an omission of a most important line. On the vase it stands thus:

Collegii Mertonensis
Custodi Sociisque
V. V. doctissimis et sanctissimis
a quibus
cum Oxonium inviseret
liberali hospitio receptus erat,
Hoc Vas
e lapide Siberiano factum
memoris gratique animi specimen
D. D.
Alexander omnium Russiarum Imperator,
anno sacro MDCCCXVI.

The inscriptions are in raised gilt letters, on a very rich gilt ground, and well executed.

I had been in correspondence with Lord Grenville and Count Lieven, about a fortnight ago, as to the best mode of transporting the vase to Oxford. Immediately after its arrival, I wrote to Count Lieven, requesting him, in my own name and that of the Society over which I presided, to take a proper opportunity of laying before his Imperial Majesty our most grateful acknowledgments for this distinguished mark of his favour, &c. &c. &c. or something to that purpose.

Before the summer wears away, I cannot but wish that something may bring you to Oxford. I shall not be satisfied till you have seen this present.

I am still suffering from my old complaint, which, I fear, I shall carry to my grave. Believe me, my dear Sir, your truly obliged and faithful servant, PETER VAUGHAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton College, March 7, 1822.*

The line in the original Latin inscription, omitted in the one upon the vase, is,

"Quo suam in eos voluntatem significaret."

I will transcribe the original one, as you was so kind as to send it to me.

Collegii Mertonensis
Custodi Sociisque
V. V. doctissimis et sanctissimis
a quibus
cum Oxonium inviseret
liberali hospitio receptus erat,
quo suam in eos voluntatem significaret,
Hoc Vas
L. MM. D. D.
Alexander omnium Russiarum Imperator,
anno sacro MDCCCXVI.

Every body admires it as it now stands, and though there may be here and there a slight pause made at the word "specimen," some good reason is given for it, and the visitor walks away perfectly satisfied. I stated the circumstance slightly when I wrote to Lord Grenville, but in his reply he does not notice it.

In answer to the other plain questions I have only to add, that it will be really agreeable to me, and really convenient for me, that you should sojourn, as you propose, at my lodgings whenever you may have occasion to pass through Oxford, whether I may be absent or present.

Very little is said, and perhaps very little known here, as to the comparative chances of success between Reginald Heber and Maltby. When the subject was last discussed in my hearing, Maltby was thought the most likely to succeed. But it seemed to me a conjecture. Charles is very well, and enjoys his Secretary's life at Paris. Believe me to be, my dear Dr. Parr, yours ever most gratefully and affectionately,

P. VAUGHAN.

The inscription, of which the foregoing is the history, has introduced the name of Dr. Peter Vaughan to the reader, and I take a melancholy pleasure in this short notice of a most amiable and learned man, another companion of my early life, whom it has been my lot to survive. He gained the prize for Latin verses in the University

of Oxford when he was an Under-graduate, and successively became Fellow and Warden of Merton College. The following are the warm communications he made to Parr on his promotion to the Wardenship and to the Deanery of Chester, which he possessed till his death, in the summer of 1826. The last time I saw him was at the grave of John Bartlam, to attend whose remains was the sole purpose of a journey from Oxford to Alcester.

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton Coll. Jan.* 26, 1810.

I thank you most sincerely for your kind congratulations. I value them as I ought to do. The unanimity that marked my election in College, could not but be gratifying to my feelings, and the liberality of the Society in their proceedings since my appointment, has been such as, I trust, I shall not easily forget. If I know myself, I am sure I shall not be backward in repaying them in their own coin. When I shall find myself in the lodgihgs heaven only knows, but whenever that hour arrives, be assured there will always be a well-aired bed at your service.

Bartlam is just arrived, and goes into Warwickshire to-morrow. I wish he had been at a College meeting this morning. I have not yet seen him. Sir H. Halford is very well, and never fails to inquire when you mean to visit London. Charles is, I believe, on his way to Portsmouth. It was a great comfort to me to meet a large family-party in London, before Charles quitted England. Pigou and Griffith desire me to give their best compliments, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever your much obliged and faithful servant, P. VAUGHAN.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Merton Coll. April* 17, 1820.

I am confident I have no relative belonging to me who will receive with more heart-felt pleasure than yourself the information of my appointment to the Deanery of Chester. It is of itself, as you may be aware, of *small* value, but, in the words of Lord Liverpool's Letter, "it is one of rank and consideration,"

and as such (his Lordship hopes) it may not be unacceptable to me in the situation I hold in the University of Oxford.

If I write more I shall be too late for the post; but I could not sleep unless I had given you this little news under my own hand. Believe me, my dear Dr. Parr, your very grateful and obliged faithful servant, PETER VAUGHAN.

With Sir Henry Halford Parr was well acquainted, fully appreciating his great accomplishments, his classical taste, and his elegant suavity of manner. Parr was fond of physicians, and would have feasted with delight on the good Latin and good sense of Sir Henry's address to a royal, noble, and learned audience,* such as human society seldom presents, at the opening of the New College of Physicians. There is one letter of civility from Baron Vaughan, when, as a Barrister, he went the Midland Circuit.

* Three Princes of the blood, Prince Leopold, the Great Captain, the Prime Minister, and a multitude,

Οἵτινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.

CHAPTER XXII.

Queen Caroline.

The arrival of her late Majesty Queen Caroline in England, became an important era in the life of Dr. Parr. Severe reflections have been cast on the warm and eager espousal of her cause by a Divine of the Established Church, who had passed his seventieth year. But if here, as on other occasions, his prudence and discretion may be questioned; on the purity of his motives, the honesty of his zeal, the disinterested and conscientious feelings that prompted him, no suspicion has been, or ever can be, cast.

He had been presented to the Queen, and was received as a visitor at Connaught-House in 1814, when she was Princess of Wales. His venturing to expostulate with her on the indiscretion of quitting England, and the following short note, which he received in answer, prove that, at that early period, he was admitted to a considerable share of her confidence:

The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Dr. Parr's letter, and regrets that he leaves the metropolis so soon, which will prevent her from talking over the subject with Dr. Parr, to which he alludes in his note.

The Princess trusts to the Almighty, who has been her protector hitherto, and will still continue to protect her through her remaining trials.

The Princess accepts the good wishes of Dr. Parr with the best thanks.—*Connaught-House, June 29th.*

When, on the death of the late King, the name of the Queen Consort was ordered to be erased from the Liturgy, he recorded his sentiments on that subject in the Prayer-book of Hatton Church, in the following terms:

Numerous and weighty are the reasons which induce me deliberately, and solemnly, to record in the Prayer-book of my parish the following particulars. With deep and unfeigned sorrow I have read a London Gazette, dated February 12th, 1820, of which a faithful copy is here inserted:

"At the Court at Carlton-House, Feb. 12, 1820, &c. signed James Buller."

It is my duty as a subject, and an Ecclesiastic, to read what is prescribed by my Sovereign, as head of the Church of England. But it is not my duty to express my approbation, as well as to yield obedience, when my feelings as a man, and my principles as a Christian, compel me to disapprove and to deplore. If the person who, for many years, was prayed for as Princess of Wales, has not ceased to be the wife of the Royal Personage who was called Prince of Wales, most assuredly she becomes Queen when he becomes King; and Queen she must remain, till by some judicial process her conjugal relation to our legitimate Sovereign be authoritatively dissolved.

Whensoever I pray for "ALL the Royal Family," I shall include Queen Caroline as a member of it. Though forbidden to pronounce her Royal name, I shall, in the secret and sacred recesses of my soul, recommend her to the protection of the Deity. I shall pray that God may "endue her with his Holy spirit, enrich her with his heavenly grace, prosper her with all happiness, and bring her to his everlasting kingdom through Jesus Christ our Lord." Thursday, Feb. 17th, 1820.

SAMUEL PARR, LL.D. Resident Minister of Hatton for thirty-three years and eleven months.

During the interval between the death of George III. and the landing of Queen Caroline in England, Parr continued a zealous defender of her cause, and openly expressed his determination to give her every personal assistance that could be derived from his

talents, and weight of character, whensoever she might think proper to call for his services. Her arrival gave fresh ardour to his feelings; but he probably might not have taken so very prominent a station, but for an incident calculated to produce the contrary effect. A message was sent to him from a distinguished nobleman, earnestly begging that he would abstain from all interference. Ascribing this advice not to the good-will which dictated it, but to an improper officiousness in furtherance of the prosecution, he instantly had his trunk packed up, and started for London.

In defiance of frowns from the powerful, and reproaches from the servile (such was the language of Dr. Parr, in a letter addressed, about this time, to Lady Anne Hamilton), I have obeyed the dictates of my conscience in making known my judgment on the *Queen's honour*, my anxiety for her welfare, and my indignation against the multiplied, aggravated, and most unmerited injuries which she has received.

I hear, with heartfelt satisfaction, that her Majesty's courage is unshaken; and I am confident that she will, in due time, expose the wickedness and falsehood of the evidence on which her adversaries profess to rely. They have accused—they may condemn—but they cannot prove to the satisfaction of an enlightened and generous public.

Dr. Parr was assiduous in his attention to her Majesty, and frequently performed divine service at her house in Portman-street, and afterwards at Brandenburgh House. He certainly possessed considerable influence as one of her advisers, and recommended the employment of the Rev. Mr. Fellowes, well known as the writer of her answers to most of the Addresses presented. When the proceedings were closed, and her Majesty's establishment formed, Dr. Parr's name was placed, by her Majesty's desire, at the head of her list of Chaplains.

He was in constant correspondence with Alderman Wood, pending the Bill of pains and penalties in the House of Lords; and numerous letters, returned to me by the persons to whom they were written, attest the lively and indignant zeal with which he watched the events of that perilous crisis. He studied the evidence with intense anxiety; frequently tendered his counsel on the conduct which her situation seemed to require, and suggested to her legal advocates many topics for discussion in the long and numerous speeches they were called upon to make.

It is due to his memory, however, to state, that the celebrated letter to the King, published on the eve of the Parliamentary investigation, was erroneously attributed to his pen. He was even ignorant of its being written, and expressed his sentiments on its impropriety, when she herself placed in his hands the newspaper containing it, in no measured terms. It has been asserted that his remonstrance gave so much offence, that the Queen inquired upon that occasion whether he was not about to return to his parochial duties.

If, however, this slight, the probable effect of momentary irritation, induced his absence from her Majesty's little court, it diminished in no degree his attachment to her cause. He still informed himself of all that was going forward; and when the question of attending at the Coronation fell to be considered, he endeavoured to dissuade her from that unfortunate step by an eloquent but temperate remonstrance, full of good sense and feeling.

During the illness which ensued, and up to the hour of her unexpected death, his inquiries were unremitted, his solicitude always increasing, and his sorrow sincere.

I might add a multitude of interesting documents to those already before the public, detailing, at length, the views entertained by Dr. Parr and his various correspondents on almost every point in the history of this unhappy Queen, whose fate furnishes another page for the volumes already written on the infelicity of Princes. But I forbear. The angry passions attendant on the discussion have not, it seems, even yet settled into calm; nor has the effervescence occasioned by them so much subsided as to give a clear composition fit to be deposited among the stores of history.

Even after the grave had sheltered her from the oppressor's wrong, Dr. Parr continued to defend the memory of Queen Caroline. He was wont to speak of her intrepidity, courage, and elevation of spirit enthusiastically, and as demonstrating that she was the legitimate offspring of the house of Brunswick. He always denied the right, and arraigned the wisdom, of instituting a charge for misconduct, which, even if true, and proved, would have been but a natural consequence of her deserted and unprotected condition. He deprecated the obscenity of the details, and the foul practices by which testimony was obtained. With chivalrous zeal he espoused the cause of the injured woman, and asserted the rights of the fallen Queen with unshaken and disinterested loyalty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Journeys—Acquaintance—Correspondence.

From the beginning of Dr. Parr's life he was fond of excursions, and there is a very curious account of his own, when a boy, of a journey to Hinckley, to visit his relations, when he fought a battle in defence of his cousin Dorothy. To Oxford he was led by Mr. Roderick, and afterwards by his friend Sir William Jones, who introduced him to Dr. John Vansittart, Professor of Law, Dr. Lawrence, Professor of Modern History, and Sir William Scott, now Lord Stowell, then Tutor of University College. It would lead me too far out of my way to mention the respectful terms in which he speaks of many of the Members of this University, but he has distinguished one gentleman so much, that it would be unjust not to record his words.

Dr. Nicoll, the sensible, the very learned, the modest, the ingenuous, who having no visible patron, was, to the delight of the University, and to his own utter astonishment, suddenly and deservedly made Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Hebrew.

In 1774 (says Parr) I by invitation visited William Sumner, Esq. brother of Dr. Robert Sumner, at Hatchlands. I preached at the Parish Church of Hatchlands, and left the

place rather suddenly, because * * * * * * would not permit me to smoke. Though often asked, I never would go again. She had played the same trick to her husband's brother, Dr. Sumner, in Great George-street, Westminster. The Doctor resisted and prevailed. Her maiden name was Holmes. Her brother was an attorney in the north. She was born in the north, and went to make her fortune in India. She died while I lived in Colchester, and, at the request of her husband, I wrote the Epitaph for her, but without much praise. In going to Hatchlands I passed by the house of Lord Keeper King, and, in several places, I saw Harrow Church. I did not meet Mr. Godschall, who lived in the neighbourhood of Hatchlands. He was a well-bred, enlightened gentleman. He was the friend of the celebrated Abraham Tucker. He visited me at Colchester, where his ward, Molineaux, was my scholar. I ought ever to be grateful to Mr. William Sumner, because, when I was driven from Harrow, after the death of Dr. Sumner, and settled at Stanmore, Mr. William Sumner not only put his two sons under my care, and co-operated with Dr. Monroe and Dr. Askew in recommending my school, but lent me two thousand pounds at the moderate interest of two per cent, and permitted me to repay by instalments, and by expences for the education of his sons.

In 1815 or 1816, I visited Lord Tamworth at Staunton Harold, the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and Lord Scarsdale near Derby. At Lord Tamworth's I saw Sir Ralph Milbanke, his wife, and his daughter, now Lady Byron. I have twice visited the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, once Lord Tavistock, and twice Lady Madelina Palmer at Bedford. Again, again, and again I have visited my honoured Patron, Thomas William Coke, of Holkham. I once visited the enlightened and truly honourable Sir Edward Winnington in Worcestershire, and saw his fine collection of books; and there I met his relative, the Rev. Dr. Ingram, well known as an epicurean feeder upon crimped salmon; but he was a gentleman and a man of sense. Once, with Johnny Bartlam, I visited the accomplished and most respectable Mr. Hanbury at his fine seat in Gloucestershire. I visited Caroline, Princess of Wales, at

Blackheath and in Connaught-place, and when she was Queen I visited her often in Portman-street and Brandenburgh House. I visited the Princess of Wales also at the apartments given her by George the Third in Kensington Palace. I have often visited the Duke of Gloucester near Hyde-park-corner.

I saw the * * * * Tory Parson, of Abergavenny. I saw and I visited Mr. Stowton and his beautiful wife at their house and park, now belonging to Mr. Hanbury Williams. I saw Mr. Kempson, who then went under the assumed name of Kirby. He was a native of Tettenhall, Staffordshire. He had been educated at Christ Church, had been Secretary to the Duke of Richmond, and he showed me a manuscript copy of some wise and honest instructions of Mr. Fox to the Duke of Manchester, our Ambassador at Paris. Kempson had some learning, a large portion of general knowledge, much acuteness, much vanity, and strong tincture of infidelity. I did not like him, but I could not despise him. I must not forget Mr. Tudor, a rich shop-keeper, of Abergavenny, who boasted of his descent from his namesake, Henry the Seventh. I saw Squire Lewis, of Landilo, his sensible wife, and agreeable daughters. Mrs. Lewis was aunt to Mrs. Green. I was twice attended for a lame leg by Mr. Prosser, the skilful Surgeon of Monmouth. Once we went down the river Wye, and dined in the south aisle of Tintern Abbey. We went into Chepstow, and there saw the beautiful grounds of Mr. Morris; and in Chepstow Castle we saw the room inhabited by Henry Martin, the Regicide. We dined under a tent at the top of Pontypool, and there was a violent storm of thunder and lightning. I had been taken out of my bed in a blanket to marry Miss Mary Green to Mr. Freere; and one day we went up to Blorenge to see the iron forge of Mr. Freere, and to dine with him. I was much struck with the flaming torrents of melting iron. The best scholar I saw was William Powell. I knew his father and his brother Charles, who were parsons; and I also visited his mother and his sensible sisters. William Powell was nephew of my banker. He once took pupils, and lived within sight of the camp of Owen Glendower. William was a very well-behaved, well-informed man, and happily he is now Incumbent of Abergavenny. Jemmy Green and I went several times to Newland,

the seat of Mrs. Probin, in the forest of Dean. Mr. Probin was a contemporary at College with the Duke of Portland, and remained a steady Whig when the Duke had apostatized.

In my Durham tour I ought to have stated that the sensible Mrs. Clapham, with whom I sojourned at Yarm, was related to the respectable family of Slingsby. I there saw Mr. Burton, the guardian of my favourite pupil, Jockey Hall, of Hatton. I have said that I met Dr. Scott at the Durham Visitation. He was called Antisejanus, because, in the great Cambridge contest for the High Stewardship, between Lord Sandwich and Lord Hardwicke, Scott wrote some witty, acrimonious papers under the signature of Antisejanus. His dress was elegant, his demeanour was dignified, his eyes were piercing, and his nose very sharp. He was rewarded with the great government living of Simonburn, which is now wisely divided into six portions, for the benefit of Navy Chaplains.

In all these places he was induced to visit by his personal friendships or his respect for literary men; he has mentioned the names of many of them in their several places; but it is fit for me to pause awhile, and to insert the names of several of those who have distinguished themselves by their professional celebrity or their literary productions.

Manchester and Liverpool were both fertile in acquaintance of the higher order of intellectual acquirement. In Dr. Holme, of Manchester, he found a Scholar and a Philosopher, and during his long visit to this amiable man he formed most of those acquaintances marked so characteristically by him in the account of his journies. At Liverpool, the name of Mr. Roscoe stands pre-eminently forward, and I lament that I am debarred the correspondence of this elegant writer, who, by his example as well as his exertions, has decorated one of our most busy mercantile

sea-ports with some of the fairest wreaths of letters, whilst he has imbued its inhabitants with the love of books and of intellectual accomplishments. In his journey to Edinburgh and the north, his mind was almost satiated with the highest enjoyments. In Scotland, it was his delight to say, and it is my delight to repeat his words, that he had met with men, with gentlemen, with freemen, with wise men —that during the whole time of his abode there his mind had been feasted with dainties no less than his appetite, and that, in the same period of time, his soul had never been gratified in the same degree. Dr. Gregory, Mr. Dugald Stewart, Professor Young, Professors Brown, Napier, and Pillans, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Parish, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Jeffrey, Mess. Horners, the virtuous and accomplished father and brother of the ever to be lamented Francis Horner: all these, and more than my page would contain, were his companions; and it would be difficult to calculate whether, in this visit, he gave or received most pleasure.

Some of the Ecclesiastics at Durham received him with honour; and at York the polished and venerable Archbishop evinced his love of learning, and the kindness of his disposition, by receiving him with hospitality. On this visit Parr exhibited an instance of his prodigious memory and his knowledge of books. Soon after his marriage, in 1772, he visited the Mauleverers of Arncliffe, his wife's relations, and in passing through York went into the Library of the Cathedral. At the Archbishop's table, in 1819, he referred to a rare book which he had seen on that former visit, and said that at such

a page there would be found a sentence which he repeated. He was accompanied to the library next morning by one of the Canons of the Church, and some of the company, and great was the surprise of all to find that he was verbally correct.

To Birmingham his visits were very frequent. After the Charity Sermons, my brother's house was his abode: then mine, and mine continued to be his abode till the end of his life. In the Irenopolis he characterized the Clergy of the time; but his chief ecclesiastical friend, at last, was Mr. Kennedy. He was acquainted with all the Physicians, and Dr. Male was often at his birth-day. In the latter years of his life he was invited to the Bailiff's feasts, and it is needless to say that his presence added dignity to these civic meetings, at which his health was always drank with loud applause.

After Leamington became a celebrated watering-place, it was one of his favourite rides. He visited most of the distinguished strangers, and received them at his hospitable board. He has himself mentioned the names of the Princesses, and besides them, the Duchess of Gordon, and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, &c. &c., were very gracious to him. The Duchess of Gordon, so celebrated for her knowledge of human character, and for all the agreeable qualities which adorn elevated and polished life, particularly delighted in his society. Mr. and Lady Madalina Palmer, eldest daughter of the Duke of Gordon, were kind friends of Dr. Parr. Mr. Palmer was M. P. for Reading, a true Whig, whose cause was warmly espoused by the Doctor. There are many letters of

her ladyship, written in the most easy flow of the epistolary style, and with all that frankness and kindness which distinguish the writer.

It will be seen hereafter that Dr. Parr's correspondence was so large as to render it impossible to compress it within narrow bounds. I have therefore published only such parts of it as threw a particular light on the more distinguished features of his literary or political life.

Amongst his acquaintance are some illustrious names, his school-fellows, or pupils at Harrow. The present Duke of Grafton, the Marquesses Wellesley, Hastings, and Abercorn; the Earls Pembroke, Radnor, Dartmouth, Spencer, Hardwicke, and Lord Teignmouth. But with most of these no intimacy was maintained, though there is some correspondence with the greater number.

The old Earl of Dartmouth continued Parr's patron to the end of his life; and it was that patronage which gilded his latter days with affluence. Of the other noblemen, and even some of the members of the Royal Family with whom he corresponded, the acquaintance was formed by the gradual expansion of his own public character; and I shall take pride in copying the letters of men, although illustrious in rank, yet as much distinguished by their talents and their virtues.

The letters of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex exhibit that accomplished Prince,

("whose society is inestimable," says Parr in a letter to Mr. Coke, "because he is endowed with a masculine understanding, with a spirit quite princely, and with those salutary and sacred

principles upon which you and I look for the security of the constitution,")

in the most amiable light. The spirit of conciliation and toleration which breathes throughout; the almost enthusiastic love of learning, his condescension to his inferiors, and his attachments to his friends, display an assemblage of qualities rarely united in one character, but which particularly embellishes that of Princes. How much beloved and esteemed Parr continued to be by the Prince, was not only demonstrated during the latter part of his life, but continues even now. The Prince has placed his marble bust in that noble repository of learning, his library in Kensington Palace.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

As the 26th falls on a Monday, and that no post goes from the metropolis on a Sunday, I am under the necessity of anticipating the day, which I do most sincerely, offering you my hearty congratulations on the occasion, and at the same time reiterating to you those assurances of friendship and esteem which the longer they last the sweeter they become. The 26th is the previous day to my own festival, so that I shall contrive by some conjunction to bring them, in a nautical sense, to bear together. It affords me sincere pleasure to hear that your health continues good, but I am sadly grieved to find that we have little hopes to see you this spring in town. To have shewn you my gallery, which, thank God, is completed, and to have received your critical sanction as to the arrangement of my biblical line, would have made me both proud and happy. You would have found your own picture presiding at the head of the establishment, and our excellent noncon. dog friend Dr. Rees, fixed at the bottom of the gallery, as Vice-President.

Such are the characters with which I am to ornament my library, and although not in a situation to confer dignities, yet I am delighted in having an opportunity of paying to him and you that tribute of esteem and regard which I think you deserve, and which, were I able to do in a more splendid manner, would afford me a greater satisfaction. It is a *beautiful thing*, and well calculated for the purpose for which I intended it. It is quite full of every thing that is Christian, liberal, and good, while, of course, it contains many excrescences and discrepancies, which, for the welfare and good of mankind, I could have wished never had existed; but still, in fairness, ought to be placed in a library like mine for the philosopher and Christian to form his own conclusions.

I think, my dear Doctor, you would enjoy the sight, and you would applaud my friend Pettigrew's industry, as well as his clear head and classical decisions, which materially tend to fix the date of every book; it is a beautiful chronological series, and every department follows so judiciously on each other, that one can carry the whole with the greatest facility in one's head. Excuse these details, but my library is a child of my own creation, and, of course, one very dear to my heart. My friend Roger Wilbraham, has made me a most valuable present of Lewis's first edition of his translation of Wicliffe's New Testament, illustrated by Ames, the editor of Herbert's Typographical Antiquities. There are several scraps by way of specimens of ancient editions of the Bible and New Testament in English, some ancient engravings, and several original letters of Bishop Kennet to Dr. Lewis, and a copy of a part of a MS. Bible at Oxford, in the hand-writing of Lewis. On Wednesday last I dined at the Old Bailey with your pupil the Common Sergeant, who spoke in the most affectionate terms of his old master. What a pride to have educated such a man as Denman. Believe me, dear Doctor, with great sincerity, most affectionately, yours, AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

DEAR AND REV. DOCTOR,

Our mutual friend, my chaplain, Mr. Glover, requested of me, previous to his departure from this hospitable mansion,

that I would forward you one of his sermons lately preached for the relief of the starving Irish, and which he has printed and dedicated to the *Forty-eight Archbishops and Bishops* who *preside over the Established Church of England and Ireland.* Whether I am right or not in my designation of them, you can best tell; but I conceive that when talking of Ireland we must call the Church of England professed there the established Church, not *by justice but by law and conquest (so it ought to be).* In my humble opinion the letter is most powerful. It will be a lasting monument of his correct principles, but I fear, unless a great change should take place in the councils of the state, that he will be doomed for his life to be confined to his parochial duties. I am happy to say that he has likewise finished for me the *small work* I am about publishing, *called* the Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain, so that I may hope for its circulation previous to the meeting of Parliament, which is not likely to take place before the end of January or the beginning of February. Since my residence at this place I have made frequent visits to Mr. Coke's library, and have finally got him to agree to the one room and the two long passages being entirely dedicated to his library, by *which means* we shall be enabled to preserve that treasure from the *dilapidations of the curious, as well as from the destruction of the ignorant.* Indeed it is a most valuable collection, and had our excellent friend been persuaded at his first outset to have appropriated from £500 to £1000 a year towards completing the different compartments of it, he would now have to boast of the finest library in England. The number of first editions is quite extraordinary; in short, such a collection alone, were not Holkham standing, would be a proof of the chaste, cultivated, and luminous mind of the Earl of Leicester. About Monday next I propose leaving my excellent friend, and moving towards the metropolis, but not without making a visit of two days to Cambridge, where still one can find some liberal men and ideas. I understand that at Oxford the choice of the new master of New College, has fallen upon an intelligent and a deserving man; so far good, but it is a singular proof that even in these times *miracles do exist.* The tour which I have made through the country has been one of pleasure and of signal

gratification to myself. I have seen many valuable men, and have made the acquaintance of many others. I have satisfied myself of the loyalty of the country, and consequently I feel convinced, as I have always been, that the sovereign of these realms may be always secure of the affection of his subjects, provided he will but shew himself among them, and be persuaded that his interests and theirs *can never*, and *ought never*, to be *separated* from each other. How well O'Meara makes Napoleon to speak on the feelings of a sovereign. What a book! what an extraordinary man! what a shame for this country! Such are the impressions produced upon my mind by the perusal of a plain unvarnished history, which is by far the most interesting modern work I have read, and which bears upon the face of it *truth*, an article not very common in these days. I fear, my dear Doctor, I have run on too long, but I have been writing until I have persuaded myself that we were conversing together in my study at Kensington Palace, where I hope, *please God*, to see you in the course of a few months, and to indemnify myself for the loss of your valuable company here, *upon which I had reckoned.* Upon this subject I am a *little* angry, but I will shake it off, and congratulate you upon the marriage of your granddaughter, an event, I understand, that has met with your entire approbation, and therefore must be most satisfactory to one whose pride is to sign himself one of your warmest admirers and most sincere friends,

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and his Royal Consort, deigned also to honour Dr. Parr with their patronage. There are several very kind letters of his Royal Highness, with whom he sometimes dined at Gloucester-house. He warmly interested himself for his Royal Highness's election as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; not only supporting him as an advocate of Whig principles, on which footing he was canvassed by Mr.

L. B. Allen, but opposing the Duke of Rutland's pretensions with all his power.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Bagshot Park, April* 20, 1811.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of writing you a few lines, to offer to you my sincere thanks for the warm interest you have had the goodness to take in the late contest for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, that has terminated in a manner so truly gratifying and flattering to me. I have, I assure you, experienced the greatest satisfaction at seeing myself supported, on this occasion, by persons so distinguished for their superior talents and constitutional principles; and this circumstance has increased the pride and gratification I must feel at being chosen to preside over a University so conspicuous for its learning, and at receiving this mark of confidence, and this testimony of attachment from those who educated me. I am the more anxious to convey to you my warmest acknowledgements for the great exertions you were so good as to make towards forwarding my cause, and to express to you my perfect sense of your attention to me, as it affords me an opportunity of making my inquiries after your health, and of renewing to you the assurance of the high esteem and great personal regard with which I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours, WILLIAM FREDERICK.

With the first nobility in the land, the Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, Portland, Grafton, Gordon, Marlborough, and Devonshire, there is correspondence. He visited at Arundel, Woburn, Burlington House, and Chatsworth, and was particularly esteemed by the Duke of Bedford, some of whose kind, friendly, and excellent letters I shall copy in the Appendix to the Eighth Volume.

The Earl of Hardwicke, I have stated before, was one of the pupils at Harrow. I have only room

to insert the following letter, being obliged to refer the amusing correspondence of his lordship's relation, Philip Yorke, to the Appendix.

The Earl of Hardwicke, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. James's-square, Sept.* 13, 1810.

When your obliging letter reached me the beginning of last month, I was so deeply engaged in the un-classical but necessary occupation of going through a long arrear of accounts with my steward, that I was obliged, however unwillingly, to delay my acknowledgments for your attention. I have since been passing some time at Holkham, from whence I fully intended to have returned you my thanks, having carried with me M. Tullii Ciceronis quæ vulgo feruntur, Orationes quatuor, &c., printed at Berlin in 1801, which I was fortunate enough to procure at Leigh and Sotheby's before I set out on my tour. I found, however, what I ought to have foreseen, that the objects of interest at Holkham, which Mr. Coke was so good as to show me in the most satisfactory manner, were so numerous in themselves, and so completely employed my time, that I was again prevented from writing. I have, therefore, now to request you to accept my apology for an apparent inattention to your kindness. I have been much entertained and instructed by reading the Introductory Address and the Prefaces that follow it, by Markland and Gessner. They are extremely interesting, particularly the Introductory Address, by Wolff, which gives a detailed account of the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Letters to Brutus, which has been long since forgotten in the University of Cambridge, as well as in other places. I have no recollection of my father's opinion on the authenticity of the Letters to Brutus being introduced in the "Considerations on the Law of Forfeiture;" but as there *possibly* may be some allusion to it, I would rather trust to the correctness of your memory than my own. There is, however, a letter on the subject, of some length, written by my father to Dr. Newcome, of Hackney, soon after the publication of Mr. Tunstall's letter to Dr. Middleton. From a passage in the letter to Dr. Newcome, it does not appear that Tunstall's ar-

gument excited much interest at the time, as I judge from the following passage:

"As I shall probably grow tedious before I have scribbled half my thoughts on those parts of the Letter (Tunstall's) to which I mean to apply myself, you may be desirous that I should enter into it without any apology '*et in medias rapere res*:' yet you must give me leave to ask pardon for presuming to commit my particular sentiments to paper upon a performance on which (as far as I can find) not even a general opinion has been formed; and which is so far from having been read with the attention it deserves, that scarcely any one has fairly read it through."

The letter itself, though my father desired Dr. Newcome not to communicate it to any body, appears to me deserving at least of being transcribed, if not of being printed. At all events, I will print off a few copies, and send you one of them as soon as I receive any from the Printer. If your opinion shall be in favour of its being printed for more general circulation, I shall have no objection to print it as a juvenile performance on a controversy that excited some interest at Cambridge between fifty and sixty years ago. The "Remarks on the Epistles of Brutus," by Markland, is not in my library, but I shall probably be able to obtain it from some of the London booksellers. The other publication you mention, viz. M. Tullii Ciceronis, quæ vulgo fertur pro M. Marcello, &c. &c., printed at Berlin, in 1802, I have never seen; but Payne will, I hope, be able to procure it for me, as well as the other; viz. Commentarius perpetuus et plenus in orationem M. T. Ciceronis, Pro M. Marcello, &c. Auctore Benj. Weiske, printed at Leipsic in 1805. It is impossible these two last publications can be difficult to procure from any other cause than the interruption of our intercourse with the Continent. As soon as I can get the letter to Dr. Newcome printed, I will send you a copy of it, as well as a copy of the defence of Demosthenes. I am very much obliged to you for your kind and friendly invitation to Hatton, of which, I assure you, I shall have great pleasure in availing myself, whether any other object should bring me that way or not. At present, my time is likely to be engaged for a few weeks by a circumstance which, I trust, will

contribute to my family happiness, I mean, the marriage of one of my daughters to Lord Caledon, who is daily expected from the Cape of Good Hope. We have known him sufficiently to justify me in being very sanguine in hoping that the connection may be productive of happiness and comfort.

I remain, my dear Sir, with every sentiment of respect and regard, your faithful and obliged servant, HARDWICKE.

With the most reverend Archbishops of the two provinces of England, Dr. Parr had some correspondence, and also with the Archbishop of Dublin.

The letter of Archbishop Moore is merely a letter of civility, excusing him attendance at Lambeth. Dr. Moore had met Dr. Parr at Canterbury. With Dr. Sutton he renewed an acquaintance at Leamington, begun at Cambridge. From Dr. Vernon, Archbishop of York, he received very marked kindness and respect. Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, treated him harshly when he asked a licence for his school at Stanmore, and it was not till after some remonstrance that he obtained it. But the Bishop spontaneously did him justice when he was candidate for the school at Colchester.

From the great scholar, Dr. Lowth, I have already stated that Dr. Parr received that ecclesiastical benefice, which gilded his last days with affluence;—the Prebend of Wenlock's Barn, in the church of St. Paul. There is only one communication from this illustrious prelate touching on literary subjects, and which Parr has noticed in his Bellenden. The other letters concerning the Prebend have been copied.

There is a good deal of correspondence with Randolph, Bishop of London, on the prebendal business;

but his name was always mentioned with reverence by Dr. Parr, on account of his kindness to the younger Gerald, to whom he gave money when he was obliged to delay his admission into orders; into which, however, he did finally admit him with the true spirit of a Christian father. There are two letters copied in the Appendix.

The letters of Bishop Porteus simply treat of business.

With Dr. Howley, the present Bishop of London, Dr. Parr's correspondence appears to have been of the most friendly kind, embracing literary topics and subjects of benevolence, as well as matters of business. To few of Dr. Parr's correspondents, indeed, was the subject of benevolence a stranger. He never hesitated to ask charity for worthy persons, when such cases presented themselves to him at the time he was writing to the rich and the great. The Bishop's letters contain a very important recommendation to Dr. Parr to publish something philological, with many other pertinent suggestions and literary remarks.

The letters of Dr. North, Bishop of Winchester, and of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, are merely letters of business. Let me add, that Dr. Hurd does not subscribe himself to Dr. Parr as his "loving brother," which I believe is the accustomed address of bishops to curates. And, indeed, I must confess, that the exercise of the Christian spirit must have been in unusual force, if the learned Critic, to whom the two Tracts of a Warburtonian are dedicated, could have forgiven the Editor.

Dr. Cornewall, Bishop of Worcester, could not fail to admire Dr. Parr as a scholar, being himself a sound and a good one.

I should not have copied any letter of Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, had not that in the Appendix made mention of Parr's two sermons published at Norwich.

Whether Dr. Parr's acquaintance with Dr. Pretyman, Bishop of Lincoln, first began with the following letter, I know not. But as it is a striking document, both as it relates to that learned prelate and Mr. Brooke, the person who wrote it, I insert the whole. Dr. Parr's memorandum on the letter is,

"This letter was written by my admirable friend Brooke, rector of Kirby near Norwich. He was the personal friend of Pretyman, whom he describes as gay, convivial, and warm-hearted. Pretyman, Brooke, and myself, were to meet together at Norwich and at Kirby. Brooke had sense and learning. He was a Whig; he was a truly honest man. He was my very dear friend; he died of a fever; he left a widow and six children. Her maiden name was Girdlestone. I deeply lamented the loss of him. S. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have the satisfaction of assuring you, that no consequence is likely to ensue from the violence sustained by my pony yesterday, and I doubt not of your performing the journey with ease; therefore, macte animo. Should you stay longer than you now propose, I should wish you to keep the carriage, and not entrust the care of it into Norfolk to any body else. If your business will permit you to spend an hour or two with Pretyman, the letter which I shall be obliged to you to convey may serve as an introduction. He is as studious and inquisitive in private, as he appears light and thoughtless at a College feast, and unless I am much mistaken, can be serious to very good

purpose; his noisy mirth is the effect of an honest heart, and a frequent good flow of spirits. I shall rejoice to shake Dr. Parr by the hand.

The first part of Dr. Parr's acquaintance with Bishop Pretyman, drew from him two official letters. In the one he receives notice from him as the Secretary to Mr. Pitt of the respite of Matthew Barker, whose case has been mentioned before; and in the other he very kindly declines the grant of a favour. On being advanced to the Bishopric of Lincoln, his answer to Parr's congratulations is well worthy of notice; and the mention of Edward, now the celebrated Dr. Maltby, — a relation of Mrs. Pretyman, is a fertile source of reflection. There is a long correspondence of the Bishop whilst he resided at Buckden, on business; but I shall only quote two other letters, one on account of the observations contained in it on the Spital Sermon, and the other on the translation of the Bishop to Winchester.

Dr. Pelham, Bishop of Lincoln, was also Diocesan of Dr. Parr and his correspondent. The mention of the lamentable case of Mr. Morley, Vicar of Aylesbury, and his family, naturally brings to my mind the patronage exercised towards these unfortunate persons, during the whole time that they resided in Warwickshire, by Dr. Parr; and his zealous efforts to promote that subscription for them, which was crowned by the beneficence of the public with such complete success.

During his residence at Norwich, Dr. Parr was on friendly terms with the Bishops of that Diocese;

with Dr. Yonge, and especially with Dr. Bagot, as appears from the following kind letter:

DEAR SIR,

On my return to this place I was sorry to find I had lost the opportunity you were so good as to intend me, of seeing you once more before your final departure. As it so happened, I take this method to assure you of my warmest wishes for your success and happiness. Whatever may be your lot in the world, your great talents will go with you, and be employed, I trust, some way or other in furthering that cause to which I know you are zealously attached, the cause of Christian truth. It is but too evident how much your best services are wanted.

The inclosed letter came under cover on Saturday. As I understand you are to be in London, I conclude you will see something of Lord Dartmouth, and that I cannot be wrong in consigning my packet to his care. The Dean and his family are just come, and lament having so narrowly missed you. Mrs. Bagot sends her best compliments. I am, my dear Sir, with great regard, your very faithful and affectionate servant,

L. NORWICH.

Dr. Bathurst, the present worthy Bishop of Norwich, has been characterised by Parr, in many parts of his writings, but especially in his will on bequeathing his Lordship a ring:

To the Right Reverend Dr. Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich, as a mark of my reverence for his learning and his wisdom; for his inflexible firmness in supporting the sacred cause of toleration, and for those pure and hallowed principles of Christian charity, which adorn every part of his character, social and religious.

Their agreement in religious and political sentiments is obvious from the letters.

Of his three Diocesans, Bishops of Peterborough, Dr. Spencer Madan, Dr. John Parsons, and Dr. Herbert Marsh, there are many letters, chiefly relating to the business of his parish, and his non-residence.

The coolness arising out of the exposure of

White's *obligations for literary assistance* in the Bampton lecture, continued between Dr. Parsons and Dr. Parr to the end. I shall quote a few letters only in the Appendix, as the connection between those two great scholars has been sufficiently displayed.

Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, was the friend and correspondent of Dr. Parr. Their opinions on many political and religious subjects were the same. The following letter, it would appear, was in answer to a complimentary letter from Parr on one of the Bishop's Political Treatises, in which he at the same time announced his own publication of The Sequel.

DEAR SIR, *Great George-street, Jan.* 21, 1792.

Your letter is the letter of a friend. I accept it as such, and tender you my thanks. I expect much Tory trumpery will issue from some quarter or other. I have an aversion from controversy, and my health is infirm; if I make any reply, it will be short. Every publication of yours will be read by me with the greatest pleasure, for few men can have a higher opinion of your talents. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your much obliged servant, R. LANDAFF.

With their Lordships of Gloucester there is some Correspondence. I shall introduce one note of Dr. Beadon, on account of a significant allusion, and one letter, when he was syndic of the press in Cambridge, as it relates to Tunstall's edition of Terentian.

There is one letter from Dr. Ryder,* "the amiable and accomplished," as Dr. Parr terms him in his will, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

* Vide Bibl. Parr. 567, and 603, for commendation of Bishop Ryder's works.

The respectful opinion which I entertain of many prelates, who now adorn the bench, may be known from the catalogue I have given of academical worthies in the notes subjoined to my Spital Sermon. I cannot however neglect the opportunity now afforded me for congratulating every well-wisher to the Established Church, and indeed, every man of letters in Europe, on the late elevation of Dr. Burgess to the see of Saint David's, and of Dr. Huntingford to that of Gloucester. They are universally good scholars, they are honest and amiable men, and long may they enjoy the rewards of their learning and their virtue, which, magna dantis cum laude tulerunt."

Dr. Huntingford, Lord Bishop of Hereford's correspondence, I have the power of detailing at some length. It began in 1777, and continued most confidential till Parr's death. The letters of Dr. Huntingford afford the most lively picture of an accomplished, pious, liberal, and amiable mind.

The correspondence of another Wyckamist is that of a profound and elegant scholar, and of a wise and amiable man. Dr. Gabell's name cannot be placed here by right, though it would decorate the highest station of his order. His letters prove how easy it is for good and learned men, to differ in politics and doctrines, when they agree in morals and right principles.

From "the truly learned and most exemplary Dr. Burgess, Lord Bishop of St. Davids,"* there is a large correspondence, beginning in 1788, and continuing till Parr's death. Among other works sent by Dr. Burgess, Dr. Parr notices a Catechism in the following terms:

To the patrons of Charity Schools I would earnestly recommend a very judicious catechism, which has been lately

* Dr. Parr's words in his will.

drawn up for the use of those institutions, by one of the most profound scholars and exemplary Christians of whom our country, and I will add even our age, can boast. When the illustrious editor of Dawes's Miscellanies is thus employed, his classical readers will apply to Mr. B. in Theology what Quintilian says of Aristotle, who was appointed by Philip to instruct his son in the first elements of learning, "Si non studiorum initia et a perfectissimo quoque tractari, pertinere ad summam credidisset?" The Christian will recollect with equal conviction, and greater pleasure, the similarity between Dr. Watts and our author, and will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Dawes and Bentley, and at another making a Catechism for children in their fourth year.—See Johnson's Life of Watts.

From Dr. Mansell, Lord Bishop of Bristol, there is one letter, public in point of fact, as the purport of it has transpired through many other channels; but which ought to be private from the extreme delicacy of its contents, as they relate to a learned editor of Thucydides. Whether Dr. Mansell had ever exercised his well-known satirical talents on Dr. Parr, I am not informed.

Towards Dr. Kaye, now Lord Bishop of Lincoln, he inclined with that just respect for his solid virtues and great learning which were justly due to them. Dr. Kaye's correspondence proves the reliance, even of great scholars, on this master of scholars. He asks for an epitaph upon Dr. Burney, whose pupil he had been, and for other assistance of a literary nature.

From Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor, there is only one note of civility. To Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, it would appear from his Lordship's letters, he often applied for charity. The letter now copied is in answer to an application for Mr.

Eyre's family, who at Winterborn was in the Bishop's diocese.

DEAR SIR, *Palace, Salisbury, July* 28, 1815.

Our good friend, the Bishop of Cloyne, encouraged me to address a letter to you on the subject of the distressed family of Mr. Eyre.

You possibly may have heard that the present Bishop of Durham, some few years since, recovered a very large sum of money, of which he had been defrauded in the settlement of a fine upon a coal estate. The sum was £60,000. One half of which he dedicated to charitable purposes. One hundred pounds he settled upon the diocese of Salisbury, over which he had formerly presided, to be disposed of annually, at the discretion of its Bishop. Ten pounds of this sum I now send you by draft, which you will have the goodness to apply to the assistance of the Eyre family, in any way you may think most for their comfort.

I must trouble you to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, and at your leisure to give me some account of the Eyre family.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant, J. SARUM.

Three Lord Bishops of Chester enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Parr. Dr. Cleaver was less acquainted with him than either Dr. Law, or the present most learned Prelate, Dr. Blomfield. I copy the letter of Dr. Cleaver, which is only one of many on a book lent to him, to shew how extremely precise Dr. Parr was in looking up his lent books.

The letters of Dr. Law are of an interesting character; they relate to friendly intercourse, unaccompanied by any breaks or disjointures; they touch on the writings of that great metaphysician and divine, Dr. Law, late Lord Bishop of Carlisle, father of the first Lord Ellenborough, of the Bishop of Elphin, and of Dr. George Law, Dr. Parr's correspondent.

Dr. C. J. Blomfield is characterized by Dr. Parr, in his bequest of a ring, as the "most eminently learned;" and his Lordship styles Dr. Parr in one of the letters, "the profoundest scholar and the most sagacious critic of the age."

The letters will be a feast to the reader; and the banquet would be perfect, could I prevail upon the Right Reverend Prelate who wrote them to permit me to add a copy of Dr. Parr's letters, which answered them, or to which they are an answer.

Dr. Nathaniel Alexander, first Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, and then of Meath, was pupil to Dr. Parr at Stanmore, and Colchester, and his friend through life. Dr. Parr, in bequeathing a ring to him calls him his "excellent friend and pupil;" and notwithstanding the difference of opinion about politics, we shall see by the letters in the Appendix, that his pupil continued ardently attached to him, and longed to see him elevated to the episcopal station.

In another place I have recorded the friendship which subsisted between Parr and Bishop Bennet, from infancy to old age. But of the amiable and candid texture of that most accomplished Prelate's mind, his own letters will be the best evidence. It has been a delightful solace of my labour to peruse them; and if the reader receive even a small portion of the pleasure and satisfaction which I have derived from them, the name of Dr. William Bennet, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, will establish itself in his memory as one of the most agreeable and most instructive

points of his associations. It will couple the names of Parr and Bennet indissolubly together; it will make an illustrious trio by adding that of Sir William Jones to the number: and I think I may challenge the annals of modern literature to produce a fellowship, beginning with early childhood and continuing to the death of all the parties, to match it, either for strength of attachment, for rich, copious, and varied learning, for liberality of sentiment, and for all those high gifts which it has pleased God to bestow on those of his creatures, who, supereminent above others, have distinguished themselves by ardent thirst after knowledge, and by liberality in bestowing, and diffusing it—by their enlargement of heart, and their love of their kind—by their piety towards God, and their endeavour to be useful to man.

Dr. Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, is praised by Parr in two or three places, and this accomplished divine has done justice to the great scholar. There is no letter.

Dr. Mountain, Bishop of Quebec, was one of Dr. Parr's friends while he lived at Norwich, and there are some letters, but I shall not insert them. Misunderstanding on some trifling occasion destroyed the confidence of the friends, and the inflexibility or irascibility of the Bishop prevented reconciliation.

There are many letters from the late celebrated Lord Erskine to Dr. Parr, which I shall reserve for the Appendix to the eighth volume.

Lord John Townshend, the personal friend of Mr. Fox, became also much attached to Parr. The

letters given in the Appendix to the eighth volume, form a small part of the correspondence.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, M. P. the greatest wit, and one of the greatest orators of his day, was in the school at Harrow under Dr. Sumner, and for a short time Parr's pupil. He has been eulogised in the Bellendenus and in other places by his Master; but I see few other traces of intimate acquaintance. Sheridan's father was invited to the Stanmore play, and Mr. Tickell, his brother in law, introduced the subject, and perhaps renewed the acquaintance with Mr. Sheridan, by proposing that his son should be placed under Parr's tuition.

DEAR SIR, *Gunton Hall, Lowestoff, August* 5, 1785.

From the moment that Mrs. Tickell and I heard of your intended resignation, and subsequent plan, it occurred to us how fortunate it would be, if Sheridan's son could become one of the few scholars, whose education you would still undertake; and having in our letters mentioned the idea, I now find that it strikes Sheridan exactly in the same way. His son has very good talents, and uncommon vivacity. On the due management of the latter, the proper direction of the former will chiefly depend. He is ten years old, and, to say the truth, rather backward at present, but this has arisen merely from his being an only child, doated on by both his parents. Sheridan and Windham agree that no place could be so well calculated for the boy's advantage as placing him under your care. And Sheridan has written to me to open the matter to you. I recollect with pleasure the ardent friendship you expressed for Sheridan. And I know you are too well acquainted with his character not to value very highly the opportunity of serving him in this dearest concern. No man is more generous, more grateful, than our friend. To me it would give double satisfaction to see his son placed under your care, and new ties of friendship formed between two men who might do mutual honour to each other. If you will encourage the hope that this

matter can be arranged, I will ride over to Norwich any day next week that you appoint, to speak more particularly on the business.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, and Mrs. Tickell, present their best regards to Mrs. Parr and yourself. May I beg you to add mine, and to believe me, dear Sir, with the truest respect, your most obedient and faithful servant, RICHARD TICKELL.

Mr. Moore's History is so copious a record of Sheridan's life, and illustrates its early and happier, as well as its later and more calamitous, days so fully, eloquently, and veraciously, that I shall not enter into any detail, on those topics which he has introduced. Mr. Roderick, Dr. Sumner's assistant during the time that Sheridan was at Harrow, says, that he was a shrewd, artful, and supercilious boy, without any shining accomplishments or superior learning. His correspondence with Dr. Parr is unimportant, yet the following letters are characteristic. That from Crewe Hall was written when he was preparing for his great oratorical exertion on Hastings' business; the second does him honour as displaying some of his domestic affections; and the third exhibits him sinking into that gloom, the natural consequence of his irregularities and extravagance, and which spread darkness and sorrow over his closing life.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crewe Hall, January* 20,

I have twenty times meant to write to you since I saw you, and at times when I should have had more to say. At present I only take a pen to say that we threaten, Mrs. Crewe being of our party, to call at Hatton in our way to town the third or fourth of next month. You are not however to make any provision for us, for our party is such that we must sleep at Warwick, and we must not separate. I hope Spencer is with

you; he will get a letter from me which he ought to have had long since. Tom is in great disgrace with his mother. I hope he can plead diligence in other respects to atone for his neglect towards her: there was some trial or argument or speech which you pointed out to me at Crewe, and advised me to read with a view to Hastings' Trial. I have forgot what it was, pray if you recollect, favour me with a line while I am at this place. I was very busy about other matters while in town, and have been a little idle since I have been here, so that I have a truant's feeling about my India task. Have you seen a Latin poem abusing us all, which I see mentioned in the papers? All here desire to be particularly remembered to you, and we hope Mrs. Parr and your daughter are well. Dear Sir, yours most sincerely, R. B. SHERIDAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Monday, May* 1.

It is a bad thing for one so averse in general to writing to resolve to write a very long letter. This for a long time I have meant to do in reply to a former one of yours, and so have not written at all. At present I can only send a line with the enclosed. We had a furious wrangle on the notice yesterday in the House, when Pitt steadily avowed his having in effect abandoned all his principles upon this subject. Each member of our association proposes an honorary non-resident member on Saturday next. There are those who have persuaded me that it is not improbable that we might have the sanction of your name. I cannot myself form a decided opinion whether, supposing you approved our principle and proceeding, it would be prudent to appear to do so in this manner.

I have been much occupied by the state of Mrs. Sheridan's health. She is going to Bristol. A week ago we thought there was nothing to apprehend. But my anxiety and apprehensions are greatly encreased. I leave town soon to follow her, for I can put nothing in competition with my feelings for her. Pray, my dear Sir, talk quietly to Tom on this subject, and desire him to write to her. He shall hear from me to-morrow. Yours ever most truly, R. B. SHERIDAN.

MY DEAR SIR,

My life is so irregular, and the present state of my mind so much so, that I pursue nothing almost that I ought; and among my omissions there is not one, for which I reproach myself so much as my seeming neglect towards you.

I give way unpardonably at times to gloom and fancifulness, and put off from day to day things which I ought immediately to decide upon. I am uneasy at not having a line from Tom. I send a servant for fear of further mistakes. I know not how to thank you for your goodness to Tom; but I will write when I am not so pressed for time, and explain myself more on this subject and entreat your counsel. Yours ever obliged,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Mr. Moore has recorded the romantic passion of Sheridan for his first lady, and his chivalrous exploits to obtain her hand. That his love had not abated at the close of her life is proved by the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR; *Hotwells, Bristol, Monday morning.*

Dr. Bain of this place has just seen Mrs. Sheridan for the second time. She is certainly in a most critical state, and I feel wholly disconcerted and dispirited. The affections of habit and of so many years various trial seem stronger from the accidental interruption of past dissipation or business, when such times as these come. I know not how to act about Tom. In her low moments she is wishing anxiously to see him, and I can put no consideration in doubt with what tends to please or sooth her. We will wait a day or two more however. She has borne the journey well, and all about her are very sanguine; but though I have said but little to Bain, I fear his manner, and he is said to be very skilful. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

I write to Tom.

There is one letter inclosing the Inscription on Lord Nelson's monument in Guildhall, written by Sheridan, which it is unnecessary to quote.

The career of Mr. Thomas Sheridan was brilliant, but short. As a boy at Hatton none was more vivacious or more mischievous, and few more ingenuous and good-humoured. His exquisite talents for society made him the delight of his friends and his companions. "Studying behaviour more than notion, to be accomplished, rather than knowing," were his motives; and "all such as made his early vices blush, and his riper virtues shine."* His career was rapid and brilliant; but his hereditary and constitutional infirmities clouded his short life, and hurried him prematurely to the grave.

Of some other branches of the Sheridan connections there are a few letters: first, from Mrs. Lefanu and her ingenious daughter; and secondly, from Mr. Linley, Mrs. Sheridan's brother. One letter to him, when he was Manager of Drury-lane, I shall copy:

DEAR SIR, 49, *Frith Street, Soho, Jan.* 26, 1794.

I came to town late on Thursday night, and on Friday morning I did myself the pleasure of calling at your house; but with little success, for I rang three or four times, and I rapped with the knocker at the door more than twenty times, and yet I was not able either to summon the living or raise the dead. I desire that you, to-morrow, would give me permission to see the new theatre in Drury-lane, and I shall bring with me three friends, whom it may be necessary to describe. They are not incendiaries, they are not pickpockets, they are not spies. One is an orthodox divine, another is a sage philosopher, and a third is a critical templar, who writes epigrams against doctors, paragraphs against play-writers, and panegyrics upon sans culotterie. I venture to assure you that they have all talents for conversation, such as you would relish, such as Mr. Sheridan

* Lloyd's Life of Sir William Petre.

would not despise, and such as Mr. Pitt is equally unable to comprehend, and unworthy to enjoy. Still I am afraid they are three mischievous dogs, and therefore I shall have their hands pinioned, and their legs fettered; but as they wish to see the theatre, their eyes shall not be blind-folded, and as you would wish to hear, their tongues shall not be tied. Pray tell me what hour would suit you for us to wait upon you, and to be favoured with a card of admission to the theatre. It will suit us to be there about one o'clock. But we shall obey your commands. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Linley, and I am, dear Sir, your very faithful obedient servant,

S. PARR.

It must be seen, by consulting the lists of correspondents, that 20 volumes might be filled with the letters of Dr. Parr's friends, and that only two is allotted to receive that selection appointed to accompany and to illustrate these Memoirs. Such being the stern necessity of the case, I have only to state the fact, and to express my regret that I am thus deprived of the power of paying homage to many very distinguished and excellent persons, some of them my own personal friends, and all of them friends of Dr. Parr. I shall close with a brief notice of his connection with some members of the learned professions of law and medicine, and his correspondence with certain illustrious foreigners, with ladies, and his pupils.

Dr. Parr found pleasure in the company of lawyers, principally, perhaps, on account of the warm interest he always took in the administration of criminal justice. No discussion of its leading principles, more liberal, enlightened, or just, is to be found in the English language, than in his celebrated note on Philopatris Varvicensis. His friend-

ship, and even veneration for Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Denman, and Mr. Brougham; his admiration of Lord Erskine's great genius; his occasional intercourse with Mr. Justice Holroyd, the late Mr. Baron Graham, Sir James Mansfield, Sir A. Pigott, Sir James Scarlett, Mr. Serjeant Lens, Mr. Serjeant Rough, Mr. Basil Montagu, Francis Hargrave, sen. and jun., Mr. Fonblanque, and Mr. Lowndes, will be seen in the correspondence. Dr. Parr's intercourse with Mr. Denman was frequent, on account of his travelling the Midland circuit. He was made acquainted with him (as well as with the present Lord Chancellor) by Serjeant Rough, and for the last ten years of his life regularly entertained him on the Assize Sunday, with other gentlemen of the circuit, including Samuel March Phillips, Esq., F. Dwarris, Esq. the Commissioner for enquiry into the abuses of West Indian Courts of Justice, Mr. Hildyard and Mr. Amos, distinguished barristers, and the latter now Professor of English law in the London University.

No dinners (Mr. Denman tells me) could be more delightful; the conversation of the host rich, animated, various, and playful, forming their principal charm. Doubtless this was the case; but the conversation of Mr. Denman himself had a peculiar charm in Parr's estimation, arising out of his mellow, impressive tone of speaking, as well as his grave, perspicuous argumentation, his luminous illustration, and, above all, that probity of mind which, though it may not always suit the intrigues of Courts, will always make him a fit advocate for a free and enlightened people.

With Mr. Brougham, Dr. Parr's acquaintance was later. At the time of what was called the Queen's trial he might have seen him, but did not correspond with him; and he had even been impressed with an opinion that he was lukewarm in her cause. His admiration was naturally increased by more intimate acquaintance. He visited him in London and at Brougham, and he sympathized and partook of the universal feeling, θαυμάζω βροῦαμ.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Denman.

DEAR SIR,

The distinction between a wise and silly judge, in the examination of witnesses, is very well stated in what remains to us of the speech pro M. Fonteio.

The most powerful and the most copious ridicule upon Lawyers, as word-catchers, is in the speech, pro A. Cæcina. I beseech you to read the whole of it once, and then of your own accord you will read it three or four times.

Take as a specimen. "Quæ lex, quod senatusconsultum, quod magistratus edictum, quod fœdus, aut pactio, quod (ut ad privatas res redeam) testamentum: quæ judicia, aut stipulationes, aut pacti et conventi formula non infirmari, aut convelli potest, si *ad verba* rem deflectere velimus: consilium autem eorum, qui scripserunt, et rationem, et auctoritatem relinquamus? Sermo me hercule et familiaris, et quotidianus non cohærebit, si verba inter nos aucupabimur." S. 18.

You will be very much amused with the description Cicero gives of your brethren, when it suited their purpose to defend things against words, and equity against the strict interpretation of law. Erskine in his happier moments could not excel the following passage. "Si contra verbis et literis, et (ut dici solent) *summo jure* contenditur: solent ejusmodi iniquitati boni et æqui nomen, dignitatemque opponere. Tum illud, quod dicitur, sive, nive, irrident: tum aucupia verborum, et literarum tendiculas in invidiam vocant: tum vociferantur, ex æquo et bono, non ex callido versutoque jure rem judicari oportere;

scriptum sequi, calumniatoris esse: boni judicis, voluntatem scriptoris, auctoritatemque defendere." S. 23.

You would be delighted, and perhaps edified, by the wrangles upon "dejeci" and "ejeci," and "unde." Every pleader, who, like yourself, has a fondness for classical learning, should, upon the approach of an election, read the speech of Tully for Muræna, and you would do well to read also a very able and animated answer to it, written by a modern scholar, Palearius. Pray get it. Now in Tully's speech, he ridicules the formulæ and carmina of lawyers, because Sulpicius was opposed to him at the time. But in his book de Oratore, he very properly defends the study of the jus civile, and he thought highly of Sulpicius, not only as a lawyer, but as an orator. I will refer you to a very common book, the works of Cicero, in two volumes folio, by Grævius. See page 144, and page 147, of part the first, which contains the Brutus, and part second, page 415, where in the speech de haruspicum responsis, &c. he pronounces a fine eulogy upon the eloquence of Sulpicius. The fourth book of Tully's letters, ad Familiares, contains several letters to Sulpicius, and among them is the charming answer, which Sulpicius wrote to Tully upon the death of his child. Now in his oration for Muræna Cicero attacks Cato for his stoical principles; and I am sure that a man of your taste and sagacity will be eager to refresh his memory with a series of luminous description, and grave derision, which Cato himself could neither resist nor resent.

During the assizes, all is hurry; but I should like to tell you in detail, what are the writings of antiquity, which an accomplished and enlightened pleader in Westminster Hall ought even to study. I hope that at some future time we shall have more leisure to converse. You will pardon me for stating, that from one Greek, and two Roman writers, I have learned far more upon the principles of evidence, than any Chief Justice could ever extract from Gilbert's treatise. Upon this curious and interesting topic, my opinions have long been the same with those of Jeremiah Bentham. He has prepared a long, and a very elaborate treatise upon evidence; and if he were to send it forth, Vickery Gibbs and Ellenborough would toss him into the pillory three times, or shut him up in Newgate

for three years. Have you seen the proem? It is printed, but not published; and when reading it, I thought I was reading my own opinion in my own words.

Pray give my best compliments to our excellent friend Mr. Dwarris. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great and unfeigned respect, your well-wisher, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

Do not forget the speech for Muræna, especially as you are candidate.

I dare not interfere with your professional engagements, but I should be most happy to see you to-morrow at 5 o'clock, if you and Dwarris can make your escape from Warwick. Pray look at the speech pro Roscio Amerino. S. 20.—there you will find the famous passage, "Simillima est *accusatorum* ratio. Alii vestrûm, anseres sunt, qui tantummodò clamant, nocere non possunt: alii, canes, qui et latrare, et mordere possunt." The force of the wit lies chiefly in some preceding allusions, and for them you must look at the context. You cannot transplant the allusions. But for the general proposition you may now and then have occasion in an English Court of justice, and perhaps in Parliament. G. is an anser, and E is a canis.

For my way of spelling Ellenborough I say, as Cicero did about amicus, and amica, "hic semper erro."

Some account of his medical correspondents will be seen in the Appendix.

Among the Foreigners of high distinction, who corresponded with Dr. Parr, was Lucien Bonaparte. The correspondence began by a complimentary letter on the "Charlemagne" by Dr. Parr. I lament to say, that the letters are mislaid.

I shall leave the following letter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States of America, to speak for itself. Mr. Gilmer purchased upwards of £4000 worth of books, specified and recommended by Dr. Parr. The negotiation with Mr. Lynes, alluded to in Mr. Gilmer's letter, was

for the library of Dr. Parr. There has been no subsequent communication respecting it.

President Jefferson, to Parr.

Monticello in Virginia, April 26, 1824.

MUCH RESPECTED SIR,

A letter addressed to you from a perfect stranger, undoubtedly requires apology. This I can only find in the character of the subject producing it, a subject cherished in every literary breast. The State of Virginia, of which I am a native and resident, is engaged in the establishment of an university, on a scale of such extent as may give it eminence on this side of the Atlantic. I am entrusted with a share in its administration and government. We are anxious to place in it none but professors of the first grade of science in their respective lines; and for these we must go to countries where that highest grade exists, and of preference to Great Britain, the land of our own language, morals, manners, and habits. For a professor of the classical languages particularly, of the highest attainments in them, Oxford necessarily offers itself as the institution most eminent in the world, in that branch of learning. And of whose judgment there, could we so much wish to be availed as that of the oldest and purest classic now living? this then, Sir, is the object which produces the obtrusion of this letter on you. It will be handed you by Mr. Francis Walker Gilmer, a gentleman of high qualifications in various branches of science, of a correct and honorable character, worthy of all confidence, and of any attention you may be pleased to bestow on him. He is authorised to select professors for us; but being an entire stranger in the country to which he is sent to make this selection, if unaided by faithful advice from others, he may be liable to gross imposition and error in distinguishing characters of the degree of science we seek, of sober and correct morals and habits, indispensable qualities in a professor in this country, and of accomodating and peaceable dispositions, so necessary for the harmony of the institution. Your knowledge, respected Sir, of persons, characters, and qualifications, may guide and guard him in this difficult research. May we venture to ask

the benefit of it, and your patronage of the mission on which Mr. Gilmer goes? to myself it would be a peculiar gratification to have an associate so eminent in the performance of offices promising so much good to those we are to leave behind us, and at an age so advanced, as to indulge us in the prospect of few remaining occasions of being useful to the generations to come. With my thanks for any good offices you can render our infant institution, be pleased to accept the assurances of my high veneration, esteem, and consideration.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

Francis W. Gilmer, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

London, August 23, 1824.

MOST LEARNED AND VENERABLE FRIEND,

I regret extremely that my delay in returning to London (I reached town only three days ago) should give even the appearance of neglect, in answering your two very flattering letters, which I received only this morning.

I pray you again to accept my most sincere thanks, and I may add, those of Mr. Jefferson, and of my country, for the interest you so kindly take in our university. The catalogue of books you have furnished, I shall not only have copied, but the original shall be deposited among the archives of the university as a precious legacy from the last scholar of Europe, who was the friend of Johnson, of Jones, of Fox, and of Sheridan; whose vast erudition and inflexible principles, have already made him known to every man of education in the United States, and whose name will naturally be connected with our university, from which we hope so much.

I shall undoubtedly thank you for the further catalogue you promise, and shall wait for it with anxiety in London. I wished you to be as full as you could, in every department of learning.

I have received with your letters, one from the Rev. Mr. Lynes, and shall answer it immediately. It occurred to me while at Hatton, that the University of Virginia should possess your whole collection of books; there they will all be useful, and may serve as the foundation of the future learning of the

country; they will be identified with it, and will form an æra in the history of American literature. They are of too great value for the funds I brought with me; but I shall certainly recommend to Mr. Jefferson, to lose no time in entering into some arrangement with Mr. Lynes for their purchase.

True, as you say, "we shall meet no more in this world," but I shall ever remember with interest, the happy hours I have passed with one whom I am proud to call my friend; one, whom I beg to assure in all sincerity, I honour and esteem most cordially. FRANCIS W. GILMER.

P. S. I am sorry I did not meet Mr. Kennedy. I heard his recitation at Cambridge with much pleasure.

Among the female correspondents of *the* scholar, are names of high account in fashion, as well as accomplishment, and a large volume could easily be selected of their letters. Dr. Parr's own remarks sufficiently characterise some of the writers, and others are too well known to require a comment. It behoves me, however, to single out Miss Emily Calcraft, on account of the elegant tribute she has paid to our friend's memory in the exact and luminous "Sketch of the Character of the late Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D."

The correspondence of Dr. Parr with his pupils, was often too personal to admit publication, and in some instances I am forbidden to publish what would be elucidatory of character and events. Those printed in the Appendix, are selected from a large mass, with every attention that I could pay to feelings of delicacy and decorum. To have expunged every sentence of a personal nature, instead of character, would have exhibited only a caput mortuum of insipidity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Second Marriage — Reconciliation to his Grandchildren—Habits—Manners.

The second marriage of Dr. Parr was an event contemplated by him soon after the separation of his interests from those of his grandchildren. It was not carried into execution till December 1816.

This connection with Miss Eyre, the sister of his friend the Rev. James Eyre, was much opposed by those who were intimately acquainted with Dr. Parr's internal domestic economy; by John Bartlam especially, who knew, that the entire confidence placed by Parr in his household at Hatton, and his determination not to suffer the existing arrangements to be disturbed even by a wife, could only be productive of disagreement. Fortunately, the good and amiable qualities of the second Mrs. Parr neutralized, to a considerable extent, many otherwise irreconcileable matters. Parr continued to act on his former plans, his old servants were continued in their places, and it is possible that Mrs. Parr found the part she had to act, was not always without difficulty. She maintained her part, however, with honour, and to the end did all that a good wife could do, to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Parr's true friends.

The immediate cause of Dr. Parr's reconciliation

to his grand-daughters, was the marriage of their father, Mr. Wynne. A diminished fortune, and an entailed estate, rendered a second marriage particularly desirable to a gentleman in his circumstances. But a second marriage placed two daughters, grown up to woman's estate, in a situation with a step-mother of their own age, far different from that in which they were placed with their father alone. On the event therefore of his marriage, they took shelter with their grandfather, who received them with open arms, and gave them the whole shield of his protection. Thus was his household full of gladness. His beloved grand-daughters were restored to him. Mrs. Parr received them with unfeigned satisfaction, as the natural heirs of her husband's fortunes, and in no part was her conduct more disinterestedly good, than in the generous reception of the Miss Wynnes. I am more than happy to record the fact, that they lived happily together, till Caroline became the wife of the Rev. John Lynes,* rector of Elmley Lovett, Worcestershire.

With the increase of Dr. Parr's real happiness, came the external shew of it in the increase of his fortune. To no one had been more fully exemplified the

* I have mentioned Dr. Hughes's name before, on the affairs of the Queen. It was he who revealed Lord Cholmondeley's opinion on that business, to Mr. Lynes.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Cholmondeley Castle, Oct.* 1. 1822.

Permit me to offer you my sincere and most hearty congratulations on the marriage of your amiable grand-daughter to our worthy excellent friend. I am confident, with all your eloquence, you could not express the happiness you feel on the

truth of the maxim, "throw thy bread on the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." Struggling with narrow circumstances, and fighting for reputation, half his life had been spent in drudgery or in battle. The defeat at Harrow was the main misfortune of his life. There he had thrown his fate upon a single cast, and with too much precipitancy had declined all contest, save where the crown was in strife. This defeat led him into many errors, and above all his retreat to Stanmore.

I would repeat, that had Parr remained in his situation at Harrow, or had he taken shelter quietly at Cambridge, after the defeat at Harrow, his fortunes would have been different; that he would not have failed, as he did fail, at Stanmore; and that he would have succeeded, as he must have succeeded, *greatly*, in some other situation. Society must always want, and will always necessarily employ, such characters.

We have seen Parr rising up against all the disadvantages which tended to fix him to the ground. In early youth, arriving at great eminence for learning; then disappointed in his fondest and justest hopes; then rashly embarking in an enterprise of peril, and staking the fortune of life upon the

occasion; as I well know the high situation Mr. Lynes possesses in your esteem for honour, integrity, and true benevolence of heart. That high esteem and unalterable friendship is now cemented by a union still nearer, dearer, and most amiable.

Esto perpetua — with the venerable name of Parr. I request my best remembrances and congratulations to Mrs. Parr. I am, my dear Doctor, with high respect and sincerest esteem, yours faithfully, J. HUGHES.

issue of a die: embarrassing himself with immoveable engagements; then changing his scheme again and again. At length, embarking on the sea of politics, he becomes attached to the greatest political men of the day; he is looked up to by scholars, and his learning is admitted on all sides. His political party flatter him with the phantom of preferment, and yet he is left with nothing to boast of but that he deserved preferment without possessing it. In the midst of these public disappointments, beloved by his friends, and respected even by his adversaries, his age advances. Such is the picture of his life at the period to which I have brought it—the reconciliation of his grand-daughters. I shall therefore now endeavour to trace the outlines of some parts of character, which my intimacy with him enables me to do with freedom, dare I say? with exactness.

In domestic life, Parr was too great a scholar, and too studious a man, to be the exact favourite of the drawing-room. All was to yield to his wishes, all was to be regulated by his habits. The ladies were obliged to bear his tobacco, or to give up his company; and at Hatton now and then, he was the tyrant of the fire-side. But he was so good humoured in his disposition, and was so easily led by kindness, that the cloud never lasted long, and the thunder was soon succeeded by sunshine and by calm. At table he has been called an Epicurean glutton. In society he has often been denominated a bear, and his moroseness, and impracticability, and severity, were the terror of many weak and effeminate spirits. It is not true that he was a glutton. He only loved a good dinner, as all

healthy men with good appetites, and many studious men without them, love it.

He had some peculiarities in feeding, which lasted through life. He could seldom be prevailed on to sit at table where there was salmon or cheese. And he had some likings which were equally remarkable.* These, from the habit of sitting at table with his pupils, he used to appropriate in such a manner, that to a stranger he might appear greedy; but it was not so. He had a good appetite, and ate heartily, and from the necessities of his pedagogic life, quickly. When he was living with his friends quietly, he was contented with the plainest fare; and at my table, he more than once tried to conquer his repugnances. I contend, therefore, that he was not a glutton, and that only a casual observer could have so designated his table habits. The table indeed is so much the resource of civilized life, and of refinement, that he who despises its comforts, or decries its luxuries, must be either a cynic or a hypocrite, if he be not a philosopher. One fourth of the latter part of the day is spent at table equally by the diligent and the gay; among these classes of society, therefore, it is of prime necessity. To the man of study it is a necessary recreation; and even in the most humble walks of life the spread board, the comfortable repast at night, prepared by the careful and cleanly housewife, the *nitida conjux*, is the reward of him

* Dear Parr (says the Bishop of Cloyne), send me a two-penny post letter what fish you like. I have ordered hot lobster, *grass*, and roast chicken.

who has toiled all day, and gained his bread by the sweat of his brow. I never yet saw the individual, sound in body and mind, who really despised the pleasures of the table. Providence has made the desire of food our chief need. The habits and the opportunities of individuals modify the indulgence and the manner of using the need. Still, to the healthy man, it is an indulgence as well as a need, and he will be sure to gratify it according to the demands of his appetite, or the suggestions of his prudence. Milton has made the table one of the enjoyments of heaven:

> They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet,
> Quaff immortality and joy; secure of surfeit
> Where full measure only bounds excess
> Before the all-bounteous King.

The question turns entirely on excess; and what physician will dare to account that excessive in A, who requires full measure, because B. only requires half measure? It is only the surfeited, bloated selfish gourmand, who can be truly called a glutton. And he is a poor logician or a cynical observer, who mistakes relish and appetite for epicurism and sensuality. Such was Dr. Parr's case; his frame required full measure, he took it with relish, he was not particular in his choice; his habits were not nice or exact, on account of the short time he could spare for the table when he was a schoolmaster; and hence he has been maligned in this particular. He drank wine copiously, but not profusely, at dinner, but seldom after it; and he mixed water frequently with his wine. His pipe was his excess; and to

great excess he used it. He was taught to smoke by his friend David Roderick, who brought the practice from Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was a member. In process of time, Dr. Sumner, and several of the assistants of Harrow, acquired the bad habit; and it was one of Dr. Sumner's arts, in the latter period of his life, to fill his pipe aside, again and again; at the same time begging Parr not to depart till he had finished his pipe, in order that he might detain him in the evening as long as possible. Mr. Roderick now laments that he ever introduced the pipe, from the excess in which Parr indulged in tobacco; not indeed at Harrow, but after he went to Stanmore, and during the remainder of his life.* I am not convinced that this habit was productive of bad consequence to his health, though it was often inconvenient to his friends. Tobacco has been called the anodyne of poverty, and the opium of the western world. To Parr, whose nerves were extremely irritable, and sensibility immoderate, perhaps it was a necessary anodyne. It calmed his agitated spirits; it assisted his private ruminations; it was his companion in anxiety; it was his helpmate in composition. Have we not all seen him darkening the air with its clouds, when his mind was labouring with thought?

His pipe was so necessary for his comfort, that he always left the table for it, and the house of the

* Wolf, in Litt. Anal. iv. 553, states incorrectly, "Er soll es manchmall an einem Abend, bis zu 20 pfeifen gebracht haben." Perhaps a fourth part of the number would be nearer the mark.

person he visited, if it was not prepared. His pipe produced another inconvenience at table. At one time he selected the youngest lady to light it after the cloth was drawn; and she was obliged to stand within his arms and to perform various ludicrous ceremonies. Latterly his best friends persuaded him to decline this practice.

Another peculiarity of habit was, to open the windows of the dining-room for air, as he termed it; thus exposing ladies, when dressed, to the cold current of air. This inconvenient practice, he was often persuaded to modify, but never entirely to abandon.

To the lady of the house, though a ceremonious, Dr. Parr was sometimes a troublesome guest. When he was thwarted or attacked, or in company of those he disliked or suspected, he certainly had the power of being most exquisitely disagreeable.

His fondness for ringing, and knowledge of bells is well-known. I find among his papers various notices of his ringing certain bells; the tenor here and there; and he could tell the weight and tone of almost every great bell in Europe. He was accustomed to ring peals on bells at Harrow. All his personal friends knew, and paid for, his attachment to the little peal of bells in Hatton church. In 1794 there was a subscription, and in 1807 another. The bells cost upwards of £300, and Parr himself gave the tenor, which weighs upwards of 13 cwt. I shall only copy one letter from the Rev. B. Chapman, of Caius College, on this subject:

DEAR SIR,

The Master gave me your letter; the whole of it I have not been able to make out, even with his assistance. We were able however, to understand the peal you are desirous of ringing; and I shall inclose a *note* towards it; it is not a bob-major, but as it is according to your own suggestion, I trust it will harmonize properly. Such as it is, I send it with great pleasure. I am very fond of bells; and moreover in these times, we Tories are glad of an opportunity of supporting church or steeple. Believe me to remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

B. CHAPMAN.

The liberalities to the church of Hatton were not confined to the bells. The pockets of his friends were twice taxed for the painted windows, and twice for other decorations. He also instituted a little choir, and himself endowed it with an organ.

He was fond of the pomp and ceremony of cathedral worship, and was led by it probably, to attend oratorios, rather than by love of music. For though he listened for a short time, he always joined his own chords in songs, seldom very happily. He was soon tired, and I never observed in him that wrapt feeling described by Petrarca, as the effect of music,

> che nell' anima si sente
> L'andar celeste, e'l vago spirto ardente
> Ch'ogni dur rompe, et ogni altezza inchina.

Had that high feeling of the elevated and the sublime, which constantly was marked by manner and expression, on his hearing or reading the heroic deeds and magnanimous sentiments of the great and the good, been excited in his mind by

music of any kind, it must have been observed; for he never concealed his feelings. When he chose to enlarge on the powers of music, no man could do it more copiously or more appropriately. In like manner his speech was rich in illustration of every kind, on every subject; and he could be apophthegmatic, or sententious, or vehement, according as he wished to impress his hearer, or awe his antagonist, by some sudden burst of massive or gorgeous declamation. On these occasions he never wielded the light arms of the skirmisher, but always stept forth with his Herculean club. His merriment was never light.

Laughable images sometimes played about his fancy: he was happy, he was gay, he was merry; but his gaiety was boisterous, his merriment was not hearty long. He soon relapsed into the grave, didactic, and the conversational; and if he discharged a witticism, it was a sarcasm. He thought with Martial,

> Dulcia cum tantum scribas epigrammata semper,
> Et cerussata candidiora cute,
> Nullaque mica salis, nec amari fellis in illis
> Gutta sit; o demens, vis tamen illa legi.

His conversation, like his writing, had plenty of grains of salt, and drops of bitter gall.

His greatest powers, even greater often than those exhibited in his laboured compositions, were called forth by conversation. In society, where he chose to display himself, he neither was nor could be equalled. Of course he was not always agreeable in common and general society. Those who were

fond of display could not bear being out-displayed, and I have seldom seen him in company that he bore contradiction without indignation.*

It was in his cheerful hour when, in the society of men and women he respected, or who looked up to him for improvement; when his spirits were calm, his temper unruffled; when the atmosphere around him was genial and placid; when no one dogmatised, or dictated, or contradicted, or uttered sentiments derogatory from truth: in the society of those whom he did not suspect, his mind, grave and collected, then showed the amplitude of its power, and his heart the depth of his goodness. He would then pour forth the stores of his understanding in language pure as that of Plato, and utter truths worthy of Socrates. Sometimes he would playfully illustrate the wild or sweet fancies of poesy; sometimes link together the mingled facts of history; and sometimes, in his graver moments, enter into the sanctuary of truth itself, and expound the weighter matters of the law. Then, would he display the intrinsic worth of his character; his deep and devoted piety, his unsullied purity of mind, his probity, his integrity, his mighty intellect, his unrivalled accomplishments, his supreme com-

* Smarting under the lash (he said) I sometimes brandish against dullness combined with conceit and ignorance, hardened by effrontery. Blockheads have imputed to me literary pride. Insolent and low-minded sciolists have murmured against me for having a churlish temper, when they themselves had insidiously and wantonly, but not with impunity, provoked me.—Remarks, p. 44.

mand over language—then, like an angel would he instruct. Often and often, have I at such times listened to him with rapture, and caught eagerly every syllable that passed from his lips; and as long as I live, or at least, as long as I have reason, I believe that no hour will pass over my head, in which I cannot trace from recollection or association, some advantage derived from his precepts, his writings, or his conversation.

Against such a character as Dr. Parr's the nature of human infirmity does not permit us to suppose, but that prejudices must have been formed and encouraged. Against so sturdy a political partizan, political partizans on the other side, equally sturdy, would necessarily conflict—nor is such warfare, fairly carried on, entirely to be deprecated. But the creatures and sub-ministers of political faction are not always kept in restraint by their leaders. The under dogs of war will growl and chafe, even when the chase is over. We have seen how Parr was pursued during the perilous times of the French war by political animosities. Indeed, he was so much dreaded, or hated, on account of his politics at that time, that some persons thought it almost a crime to meet him in society, and most narrowly was he watched by political bigots, and sometimes even his most innocent expressions were misstated or mistaken.

A ludicrous instance of the perversion of his meaning, occurred when he was dining at Mr. Cox's of Wootton, with the Rev. Robert Sumner, vicar of Kenilworth, father of the learned and highly preferred Dr. Sumner of our own day, and nephew to

his beloved preceptor the master of Harrow. After dinner, some Cambridge topics were discussed, of a literary kind, on which Mr. Sumner differed from Parr, who good humouredly said, "Pooh! Sumner, you are a King's man, you have a licence to be a fool." This speech was soon circulated through the neighbourhood, and interpreted of course in a political sense, as if Dr. Parr had applied this expression to every friend of the King: whereas he merely meant (and that only in good-humoured playfulness) to allude to the exemption of the members of King's College, of which Mr. Sumner had been a fellow, from the usual Senate House examination for their degrees, they having a right to demand their degree, and succeeding of course to a fellowship at their college without examination, as vacancies occur. Perhaps he alluded to Bentley's parody on a well-known Greek epigram, when, speaking of Nicholas Hardinge.

"Regii mali sunt, non unus et alter; omnes præter Hardingium, et Hardingius Regius est."

That Parr did not apply this in a bad sense, may be inferred from the estimation in which he held his learned friends, the present Provost of King's, and Master of Eton—as well from the praises he has poured forth on Doctors George, Barnard, Heath, Barford, and Mr Gaches, and his particular approbation of Eton, as a seminary of learning. It was said in playfulness, of a college which he really held in honour, to a person for whom he had sincere esteem.

On the score of discipline he was often attacked,

not only as an Orbilius, but as one who transgressed against the liberal views of the enlightened age in which he lived. At a public dinner in Liverpool a gentleman, more distinguished for his worth than for his courtesy and politeness, cried out to him from one end of the table to the other, "I hope, Dr. Parr, that you have given up that abominable system of flogging which you were formerly so fond of." Parr did not choose to hear him, upon which he in a still louder tone repeated the remark, and insisted on being informed of his opinion on discipline, and whether he did not think it a good thing. Parr then put down his pipe, and solemnly addressing Dr. C. said,

"Yes, Sir, I do think discipline a good thing; for it is discipline that makes the soldier, it is discipline that makes the scholar, it is discipline that makes the gentleman. And, Sir, it is the want of discipline, which has made you what you are."

My excellent friend Mr. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, was present on the occasion, and related to me the anecdote.

On his first settling in Warwickshire, Dr. Parr's acquaintance was with the High Church Party, and we have seen how he was associated with them against the repeal of the Test laws. The change of his opinions, and his avowed declarations concerning the French Revolution, soon connected him with other associates. In the borough of Warwick he was an active partizan against the Castle, and even obtained a vote to oppose it. Yet was he acquainted intimately with many Tories of the country. Mr. Court Dewes, senior, of Wellesbourne, was not

only his visitor, but his correspondent; Mr. Bromley, of Bagington, Dr. Bree, of Stratford, Mr. Lewis, of Malvern, Mr. Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Mr. Wise, of the Priory, Mr. Webb, of Sherburne, were some of his friends, and all of them his visiting acquaintance. Mr. Greatheed, of Guy's Cliff, Mr. Willes, of Newbold, Mr. Gaches, of Wooton, Mr. Knight, of Barrels, Mr. Ferrers, of Baddesley, the Lords Dormer, formed a circle about him of true friends, who valued and could appreciate his qualities. The kind hearted, high principled, and true country gentlemen, Mr. West, Mr. Middleton Biddulph, and Mr. Canning, of Foxcote, though less within reach, gladly embraced all opportunities of showing him respect; and his friends at Warwick, Kenilworth, and Leamington, were constantly his associates when he migrated from home, and not to the distance of Birmingham, or Alcester, or Shrewsbury, or finally of Elmley. There are many names not inserted here to whom I should wish to pay that tribute of respect, which is due to every friend of Dr. Parr from me, but I believe that some mention has been made of every one in the course of these memoirs.

The correspondence will have shown that Dr. Parr celebrated his birth-day regularly, either at his own house, or at some one of the houses of his friends, for many years previously to his death. At Dr. E. Johnstone's house, at Lady Wood, he celebrated it in the year 1803; and successively at my house, at Dr. Butler's, at Mr. John Bartlam's, at Mr. Dealtry's, at Lord Tamworth's, and elsewhere was the feast held. The company consisted of those friends, who

were within visiting distance, and varied accordingly. At Hatton, during the four last years of his life, it was attended by Lord Dormer, Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Chandos Leigh, Mr. Hanbury Tracey, Mr. Talbot, the present Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Greatheed, Mr. Willes, of Newbold, and Mr. Edward Willes, Mr. Holyoake, of Studley Castle, Mr. West, the Mr. Parkes, of Warwick, Mr. Archdeacon Butler, the Rev. Mr. Brooks, of Coventry, the Rev. Mr. Podmore, of Monk's Kirby, the Rev. Mr. Kendall, of Warwick, the Rev. Rann Kennedy, of Birmingham, Mr. Canning, of Foxcote, Dr. Male, Dr. Middleton, Dr. Hill, Dr. Bourne, Dr. Marsh, with many other occasional guests from a distance and the neighbourhood. The feast was sumptuous, the wines were rich and various, and the master was always in his glory. I shall copy* two or three lists of toasts, and it will be amusing to the reader to observe how delicately the choragus introduced his own political sentiments into a company, materially differing in their opinions. The waters of the Rhone and the Arve never passed in current together more equably without mingling, than did these meetings, notwithstanding. But upon these occasions the company was called upon more than once to witness an exertion of his fortitude. In the year 1821, from the same causes which produced his ultimate disorder, Parr was afflicted with incipient mortification of the fingers of his right hand. Two days before the feast even his safety was doubtful. But the sphacelating

* Appendix.

process was stopped, and in spite of the intreaties of myself, Dr. Hill, Dr. Middleton, and Dr. Male, he resolved to appear among his friends. And he did appear. He was dressed out in his best apparel —his fullest wig—his velvet coat, with the scarf bound in the frogs—his hands were muffled and enveloped in ferment, and one of the servants attended to feed him. In this apparel he conversed as usual with gaiety; nor was it obvious, except to a few who knew him best, that the tone of his mind was more sober, and more grave. To the common class of readers it is impossible to convey the ideas that pervaded such a mind as his, under such circumstances; or to show how little it is under the command of those who are deemed responsible for their advice. Even in the dying hour it is not obedient to common rules, and I could mention my own father as an example of like conduct. When labouring under mortal dyspnæa six and thirty hours before his death, no persuasion could induce him not to undertake a long professional journey during my absence. It can only be said that he did not die in his carriage.

On the occasions of Dr. Parr's birth-day his table was most abundantly supplied with game, and provisions, and delicacies, from all quarters. The supply from Holkham was worthy of the donor. The Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Bedford, many of his old pupils, many of the followers of the Queen, and many of his own neighbours, were the contributors. The Episcopal Park at Hartlebury supplied him with venison several times, and the present was accom-

panied in January 1825 with a Latin epistle from the learned and dignified prelate who now adorns the see of Worcester, written in a style and with a purity, which Bentley would have been compelled to praise in his fellow Johnian. Dr. Parr did not live to read it, and I lament to say that I am not permitted to publish it.

It was said that a great statesman objected to the promotion of Dr. Parr to ecclesiastical dignity, because he was not popular in his profession. The time will come, when all rivalry is silenced by the unconquerable leveller, that this subject may be discussed without passion and without prejudice—when the hireling aspirant shall be dumb, and his malignant services, and the high rewards he received for them, shall be forgotten; and when the hypocritical time-server shall give an account, not to corrupt masters, but to a righteous judge. In the mean time I assert that, except to such characters, Dr. Parr was not unpopular among his own brethren. Let me call the cloud of witnesses, bishops, priests, and deacons, who bear witness to his merits by their written testimony.* In his own neighbourhood he was courted by the main body of the clergy, he was the patron of all the needy, and the friend of the learned and the good. Prejudice or humour offered occasional exceptions; but I speak of the main body, and with pleasure do I pronounce the names of the Rev. Daniel Gaches, of Messrs. Kendal, Howel, Evans, Wise, Roberts,

* Appendix—Correspondence,

Short, Blyth, Barker, Ellis, Wren, Palmer, Heath, Rufford, Annesley, Carleton, Dolben, Cormouls, Webb; the Mr. Williams, Dr. Davenport, Dr. Wade, Mr. Cattell; Messrs. Langhame, Woodington, Leigh, John Morley, and James Eyre. He had an altercation with Mr. Boudier, and entertained prejudices against some of the Birmingham clergy; but in general, whether high or low church, Whig or Tory, Tros Tyriusve, he was respected by his brethren.

As a Parish Priest he said of himself, "I have in two instances made Dryden's 'Good Parson' my model.

> I've preach'd the joys of heav'n and pains of hell:
> And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
> But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell,
> I've taught the Gospel rather than the Law;
> And forc'd myself to drive, but lov'd to draw.

These, and various other quotations from Dryden's "Good Parson," he adopted as his own sentiments. But I must descend to particulars to make his qualities as a Parish Priest more distinctly understood.

When he first came to Hatton, in a letter to Homer, dated July 3, 1786, he writes thus:

> I have an excellent house, good neighbours, and a Poor, ignorant, dissolute, insolent, and ungrateful beyond all example. I like Warwickshire very much. I have made great regulations, viz. bells chime three times as long; Athanasian Creed; Communion Service at the altar; Swearing Act; children catechised every first Sunday in the month; private baptisms discouraged; public performed after second lesson; recovered £100 a year left the poor, with interest amounting to £115, all of which I am to put out and settle a trust in the spring; examining all the charities.

He endeavoured to make himself acquainted with every individual in his parish; and he would have been friendly to all, had he not been somethwarted by the churlish, or the avaricious. But these were merely exceptions, and even these exceptions were rare. From the beginning to the end he was generally on the best terms with all his parishioners. He visited them all; he attended their clubs; he went into their cottages, and smoked his pipe with the meanest of them. At the table of Mr. Bellamy, his most opulent neighbour, he was a very frequent and welcome guest; and after his decease, at the board of his most excellent and sensible widow. It would be unjust, indeed, to this lady not to remark that, as Miss Wilson, Mrs. Bellamy, and now Mrs. Edwards, she was the friend and companion of Mrs. Parr and her daughters; and held in the highest estimation by the doctor.

Parr was the father of his parish. His manner of instructing them was affectionate and familiar, and well adapted to the meanest capacity. He explained as he went along; and if any particular occurrence in regard to morals or discipline, had taken place during the week, he was sure to notice it.

In contingent emergencies he was zealous for, and watchful over the interests of his parishioners, nor did any local occurrence, involving guilt, or even faultiness, of a higher class, escape his public notice. From the desk or the pulpit, in the more atrocious cases, he even mentioned the parties by name, and always designated them and the fault

that had been committed, in such a way that the picture could not fail of being recognized. How much he was observed in the discharge of his clerical duty by zealots on all sides, I have before remarked; and fortunate it is for his biographer, that his own written documents can be always produced to vindicate his conduct.*

Of his manner of performing the service, the recollection cannot yet have passed away. After Leamington became a popular watering place, many of the visitors there were frequently allured to his church, and few Sundays passed without some other strangers being led to it by the celebrity of the minister.

Political subjects were never introduced into his discourses, except on those days appointed by the government for Thanksgiving or for Fasts. But on two occasions he departed from his general rule. Before he read the prayer appointed in the service on the escape of the Regent in 1817, he explained his own opinions on the danger incurred, and on the necessity of introducing it among the devotions of the sanctuary. The omission of the Queen's name in the Liturgy, on the accession of her husband to the throne, induced him to make an entry in the Prayer Book of Hatton church. On other occasions of a more personal and private nature, either in the bidding prayer, or the prayer of supplication, or thanksgiving, his introduction of the topics was marked by that fervency and unction,

* See the Appendix, at the close of vol. VIII.

which always filled his mind when sacred matters were the theme.

On his recovery in 1821, from the sphacelation of his fingers, he thus addressed himself:

"For reasons which you will hear presently, your minister desires publicly to return thanks to Almighty God:

Particularly for the late recovery of me, thy suppliant, upon whom, amidst many imperfections, Thou hast vouchsafed to bestow:—the advantages of a learned education; the sweet and hallowed pleasures of friendship with wise and virtuous men; an early and unfeigned love of sincerity and conscious integrity, as far preferable to the allurements of worldly profit, and worldly honours; a spirit too well disciplined by serious reflection to be either swollen with pride in the sunshine of prosperity, or crushed into despondency under the pressure of adversity; principles of candour and moderation towards the teachers and members of all churches, and all sects, professing to bow the knee in the adorable name of our common Redeemer; an earnest desire to obtain, by Thy aid, that gift of charity which is the very bond of peace and of all virtues, and therefore which the apostle pronounces to be more excellent than the knowledge of mysteries, and even the faith which can remove mountains; sympathy to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions; promptness to relieve the indigent; firmness to defend the calumniated, and to succour the desolate and oppressed; a competency for the support and comfort of old age; the enjoyment of bodily health, rarely interrupted; the use of intellectual faculties, hitherto little impaired; and such a continuance of existence, that at the close of January last I, under Thy protection, completed a sixth year beyond the three score and ten, which the Psalmist describes as the usual term of human life.

Parent of Good, it is a joyful and a pleasant thing to be thankful for these Thy blessings, temporal and spiritual.

It is very meet, right, and my bounden duty to meditate upon them in the closet, and to declare them in the sanctuary. May I then hope to be so guided and governed by Thy holy spirit, that

as long as I have any being, so long with my voice, and in my heart, I may sing praises unto Thee in this world; and that in the world to come, I, through Thy mercy, may be admitted into the glorious company of archangels, angels, and just men made perfect; and bending before Thy throne, may join with them in extolling

"Thee first, Thee midst, Thee last, and without end."

Furthermore they who now hear me, as well as myself, do bless Thee for our creation, preservation, &c.

And at the end of his Sermon on the death of George III. he has beautifully enlarged on this topic.

During Assize times, and seasons of public or private happiness or calamity, he offered up prayers adapted to the occasion:

"Prayer for Assize time.

And at this solemn season appointed for the administration of public justice, more especially we supplicate Thee in behalf of those unhappy fellow-creatures, who by the tremendous severity of the laws are doomed speedily to die. Take from them, we beseech thee, all ignorance and hardness of heart. Pour on them that spirit of humble resignation and penitence unfeigned, which may console them amidst the gloom of dungeons and under the pressure of chains. Support their drooping spirits in the hour of death, and of thy infinite goodness and mercy forgive their sins in the awful day of judgment.

Dr. Parr's duties as a parish priest did not end in the pulpit or in the church. What he did there was done with dignity, and with the most emphatic devotion. He was the Patriarch addressing his children—he was the Seer declaring the will of his Maker—he was the Apostle dispensing the gracious promises of his Redeemer. If he had any defect, it was the same that Mr. Roderick complained of in

his instruction of youth. His capacity was too high, and elevated above that of his congregation; and though he endeavoured to descend and adapt himself to his hearers, his intellect was not proximate enough to theirs to make him always understood. On this account he often took a printed book of practical discourses into the pulpit, but seldom adhered to his text. He flew off from the text before him, and let loose a torrent of illustration from his own recollections and associations. His enunciation too, was sometimes defective. The lisp which naturally belonged to his speech, marred the distinctness of his public speaking at all times, and when he was warmed, he was too emphatic.

In the administration of the charities, he was watchful and impartial. In his attendance on the poor, he was unwearied and humane. The sick were fed from his table, and the necessitous relieved by his bounty. In no part of his character indeed was his goodness more conspicuous, than in the manner in which he performed his religious duties as a pastor, and his social duties as a neighbour; and were his reputation to rest only on these two points, we must be compelled to pronounce that he was of the number of those τῶν εἰδότων ἃ δεῖ πράττειν καὶ λέγειν, καὶ πρὸς θεοὺς καὶ πρὸς ἀνθρώπους.—Plat. Alc. II.

CHAPTER XXV.

Latter days—Death.

In the year 1822 Dr. Parr continued to take his usual excursions, and to visit among his friends. He dined at Fishmongers' Hall, meeting Lord Erskine and Lord St. Vincent, during his visit to the metro polis that summer, and there seemed no tendency to decay, and certainly there was no failure in his memory. The following year his feebleness of body began to manifest itself; but though his friends watched him with anxious and affectionate interest, no one could dare to say that his intellect waxed old. His habits were as industrious as ever, and he corresponded with his usual punctuality, and in his usual style.

In the summer of 1824 Dr. Parr's strength visibly declined—he lost his appetite, and, in part, his spirits; but the diminution of a certain portion of the buoyancy of his spirits added interest to his conversation, by giving a deeper and a graver tone to it. He went to the music meeting in Worcester, and though refreshed by the honours and kindness which were paid in homage to his character and learning, it was still obvious that his strength was declining. To Worcester he went in his coach and four, with

all the proper appointments and state. With this incumbrance he had embarrassed himself the year before on the increase of his prebendal income. That income, with the resources of his fortune, gave him upwards of three thousand a year, and it was one of the very early aspirations of his vanity, or love of pomp, to keep a coach and four. He now possessed what he wished for, but was not to enjoy it long. He came to me in October extremely debilitated, but in some measure recovered his appetite during his abode under my roof. Fifteen years before he had laboured under vertigo, the effect of his anxiety, not of repletion. He had been subject occasionally to erysipelatous eruptions: once he had a carbuncle, and I have stated before that in 1821 his hand had mortified. From this tendency to diseased action of the skin, he was easily affected by cold, and it was always a main endeavour with me to guard him as much as possible against its influence. Notwithstanding the coach and four, in the last month of 1824 he had been too fond of using a little open carriage, when he went to Warwick, or about the neighbourhood.

On the 16th of January 1825 Dr. Parr was as well as he had been for a long time before; he ate, he drank, he laughed, he enjoyed, he studied, he instructed. On that Sunday he did the whole duty in the church at Hatton, prayed, preached, christened a child, and, alas! buried a corpse. In this last duty he was probably overcome by fatigue, and probably benumbed by cold. For in the succeeding night he was seized with a long con-

tinued rigor, followed by fever and delirium. On the 18th appearances of erysipelatous inflammation spread over the right foot, the fever and delirium recurred, and on the 19th some tendency to sphacelus manifested itself in the skin of the heel. Prostration of strength, loss of appetite, and all the worst constitutional symptoms accompanied the local disorder, and in the progress of it, though the sphacelation did not spread, and though the left leg was affected by inflammation only, the powers of nature did not rally, the decline was gradual, and after the lingering of a month some of those local maladies incident to long illness and confinement to bed, contributed to render the case hopeless and remediless. Yet there were gleams of reason and consciousness, which would have been incredible in any other person. Even his delirium partook of his wonted elevation of mind, his courage was unsubdued, his piety increasing; and though he prayed for the release of death, he seldom murmured at pain. There appeared in the middle of February to be some chance from the longer cessation of delirium. About this time he called his wife, his grandchildren, and servants around him, and by a strong effort of voice and of mind, endeavoured to make his death-bed a place of instruction and of moral recollection. He confessed his weaknesses and his errors, and asked their forgiveness for any pain he might have inflicted upon them by petulant expressions, and haste of temper:

"I wished to be just and kind, as you know. My aim has been to make all about me happy. Pardon the infirmities

which have sometimes prevented me from carrying my intentions into effect From the beginning of life I am not conscious of having fallen into a crime; my life, even my early life, was pure; and I believe I was never false, though I have been faulty. This conviction is now my main consolation. I trust in God through Christ for the pardon of my sins. I wish to die, though I am afraid to complain of my sufferings; I hope when I am gone that you will reflect upon these my last words, and that my blessing may be blessed to every one of you."

His voice before scarcely articulate, was audible and intelligible during this discourse, and the manner in which it was spoken was such, that a seer of Israel could hardly have rendered it more impressive.

During fifty days of suffering, and during which time he was more helpless than the new-born babe, it needs no great flight of the imagination to conceive that his fortitude and magnanimity were drawn upon to the utmost. Except, indeed, when his position was obliged to be moved, and the cry of anguish could not be repressed, he never repined, he never complained. Ejaculations of pious hope, and unfeigned confidence, frequently broke from him in murmurs of thankfulness or prayer: and his countenance, except when he was tortured with pain, had that pleasing expression which usually attended his calm and more agreeable conversations. From the first he was attended professionally by his friend Dr. Middleton, of Leamington, whose unwearied kindness and professional skill were successfully exerted to mitigate a part of those evils which it did not belong to medicine to cure. To Dr. Middleton he was warmly attached; under his advice he frequently used the baths of Leamington, and the

medicated waters, and visited him familiarly. Dr. Parr was under the surgical care of Mr. Richard Jones of Leamington, and gratefully did he acknowledge the humane and skilful treatment of this worthy practitioner. On Sunday the 6th of March the approach of death became more manifest; the pulsation of the artery at the wrist was imperceptible, yet he awoke conscious, spoke to Mrs. Lynes, and knew those around him. Gratefully affected by the attention I endeavoured to shew him, he appeared, from his attitude, repeatedly to bless me, and with the utmost emphasis of his dying voice, saluted me as his *most* dear friend. The expression of his countenance during the greater part of the day was almost divine. He could take no food, yet with short intervals of delirium had the most complete possession of his intellect. Not a murmur of impatience escaped him, except the words of kindness he whispered to those about him; all he uttered was devotional; and such was his frame of mind till five minutes before his death. He then became insensible, and departed by an inaudible expiration at six in the afternoon. Dr. Maltby attended the death-bed of his old master, and performed the duty in Hatton church on one of the Sundays when his condition had become hopeless. The impression of such a pupil praying for such a master, in that place where that master was never to appear again, may be more readily conceived than described.

On the 26th of January, his birthday, Archdeacon Butler came; I took him to the bed-side of

his dying friend, whose countenance beamed with joy at his approach. The manner in which he clasped our hands together and blessed us, as the two friends whom, next to his own grand-children, he loved best on earth, can never be forgotten by Dr. Butler or myself.

Dr. Parr was buried at Hatton on the 14th of March 1825, and the funeral was attended by Mr. Belcher, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Jones, Rev. Mr. Langhane, Dr. John Johnstone, Dr. Middleton, and Dr. Bourne, Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Archdeacon Butler, D.D.; pall-bearers, Rev. Mr. Field, Rev. Mr. Newby, Rev. Dr. Wade, Rev. Mr. Kendall, Rev. Mr. Webb, Rev. Mr. Palmer, Rev. Mr. Podmore, Rev. Mr. Brooks; mourners, Rev. John Lynes; Mr. Harding, Mr. Eyre, Mr. Barnitt, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Aston, Mr. Thomas Ball, Mr. Abraham Ball, Mr. Payne, Mr. Morris, sen., Mr. Barnitt, Mr. May, Mr. Cattle, Mr. Morris, jun. Mr. Sturly, Mr. Styles, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Stowell.

Shortly before his death he wrote to Dr. Butler himself;

DEAR AND LEARNED NAMESAKE, *Nov.* 2, 1824.

This letter is important and strictly confidential. I have given John Lynes minute and plenary directions for my funeral. I desire you, if you can, to preach a short unadorned funeral sermon. Rann Kennedy is to read the lesson and grave service, though I could wish you to read the grave service also. Say little of me, but you are sure to say it WELL." * * *

In consequence of this letter, Dr. Butler preached the funeral sermon, and the Rev. Rann Kennedy read the burial service with affecting solemnity, and

with a mind tuned for his sacred office. The sermon was one of those impressive discourses, which, independent of the scene around, and the particular occasion, both almost awful in their solemnity, filled the mind with a mingled feeling of admiration, respect, and regret.

It was impossible not to lament the occasion. Though our friend had fallen ripe, and in due season, he had left no one behind to fill his place. No Parr was to be counted among the living. The preacher himself was not only a dear and confidential friend, but a distinguished scholar and divine, qualified to appreciate the powers and accomplishments of the mighty dead. He did appreciate them justly. He weighed his virtues and his piety in the balance of the sanctuary. He took gauge of his failings, and shewed where our friend was most a mortal man. He taught us where to respect and honour, and where to take warning. He, himself a superior scholar, taught us to reverence this master of scholars. In fine it was no common spectacle to view Samuel Butler in the pulpit of Samuel Parr, the mantle of the Elijah on the shoulder of Elisha, committing that prophet's body to the earth, and telling the people what was true concerning him, and instructing them with Gospel lessons, and fixing those lessons in their hearts, by the charms of his eloquence.

Dr. Butler was charged with introducing too many defects, and resting upon them too long, in his delineation of Dr. Parr's character. It was without reason that this blame was cast upon the

sermon. To have eulogized only, might have been stigmatized as sycophancy or partiality. When speaking from that pulpit; when looking into that grave, he might have exclaimed with Fléchier; "Oserois-je employer le mensonge dans l'éloge d'un homme qui fut la vérité même? ce tombeau s'ouvriroit, des ossemens se ranimeroient pour me dire; pourquoi viens-tu mentir pour moi, qui ne mentis jamais pour personne?" He could not have dared to equivocate, nor did he colour the defects too highly. The praise was appropriate; the blame was just. He plainly discovered himself to be the friend, though not merely the panegyrist, of the departed. The estimation of character was fair and impartial; the composition was perspicuous, and elegant; the topics were appropriate, and the delivery manly and affectionate; and though there was no aim at pathos, or affectation of tenderness, so really affecting was the conduct of the whole ceremony, that many a sob was heard, and every eye was moist, and every bosom heaved with emotion.

—This Memoir must have failed entirely in its purpose, if it has not already placed the character of Dr. Parr in a strong light before the reader. Gifted by nature with a vigorous and capacious mind, his appetite for knowledge enabled him to provide for the gigantic growth which it attained.

—In his fourteenth year, his talents placed him at the head of his schoolfellows in a large seminary; and the fortunate coincidence of such a master as Dr. Sumner, and such juvenile friends as Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet, gave a form to his

character, which was only checked in its palmy towering by poverty and misfortune. When first launched on the ocean of life, he suffered shipwreck, but was not destroyed. He rose up in spite of a hasty marriage and indiscreet settlement, and gradually toiled his way to celebrity, though not to riches. Again he suffered shipwreck, by mingling too fiercely in political discussion; and by a strange chain of events never received even the pittance of the refuse of the spoil, which usually falls to the lot of those, who are only followers of the political army. But time did that for him which fortune refused to do,—his little barrel of meal and his little cruise of oil did not fail, and old age met him in abundance, and even affluence.

But it is necessary that I descend from these generalities to survey his character under those peculiar aspects, in which it was most conspicuously useful. As a teacher, I have already enlarged on those qualities, which placed him at the head of that most important part of the community —his profound knowledge—his accurate taste—his command of language—his authority over the minds of those he instructed, and his power of stirring up capacity and forming intellect, and his increasing endeavour to employ and redeem time.

Among the other powers of his mind, his memory was to the last conspicuous. Not that kind of memory which retained volumes of trifles, and poured out page after page of recollected matter indiscriminately, whether from a novel, a farce, or a sermon. Not a memory of detail, if the expression is fair,

but a memory of fact; the faculty of recollecting all the abstract knowledge of a subject, of the controversies about it, and of the writers upon it. Every conversation of his was in some sort a lecture; he declared the matter, he expounded it, he illustrated it, and nothing that bore the slightest relation to it was either unknown to him or forgotten by him. It was impossible not to be lost in admiration, whilst hearing him declaim on some topic started without premeditation, which was deemed remote from his usual course of study, at the profundity of his knowledge, the copiousness of his diction, and the richness of his illustration.

Of the peculiar faculties of his mind, judgment was not the most conspicuous, "magis magnos clericos, non esse magis magnos sapientes," and I think no other proof of this assertion is required, than the publication of Bellendenus. If the praise of the Coalition was the object, and this object seems to have been anxiously followed up from the republication of Rapin to the actual publication of the preface to Bellendenus, there were many better ways of conciliating the regard of a patron, and the esteem of a party, than fulsome praise or unqualified blame. The direct panegyric is as coarse, as the direct attack is virulent; and though both are flavoured with the salt of classic lore, they are too highly seasoned to be perfectly attic. Yet do I believe that he was not seduced by envious or sordid motives to this attack, for he was utterly "exempt from all the secret throbs, all the perfidious machinations, and all the mischievous meannesses of envy."

The consciousness of his own unrivalled superiority saved him from this base passion. No man ever acknowledged the merit of other men with greater alacrity and warmth, or was less susceptible of damning with faint praise the talents with which he himself was not endowed. He loved learning and piety, and cherished and encouraged their growth wheresoever he found them; but was somewhat jealous of those who had passed him in the race of preferment, with qualifications less, or not greater than his own. Hence his injustice to Paley; and hence too his constant exactions from Bishop Bennet and his more fortunate schoolfellows, of never-failing observance and respect; and hence too that suspicion which was a cloud hanging over his character, and often darkening his partiality for those persons who, in their attempts to soar, forgot any one of their old friends or former opinions.

Of his skill in saying all that could be said on every side of every question, the comparisons of Warburton, and Hurd, and Fox, and Pitt, are striking examples; but this power of antithesis is conspicuous throughout all his compositions:

ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νομὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα·

The putting of questions in all shapes and positions was his delight, as to think vigorously and accurately was his talent. But of all his powers, sagacity was the most extraordinary. When he had considered a question dispassionately and thoroughly, his determination was wise and just, and the terms in which it was conveyed somewhat ora-

cular. How frequently have I heard him predict, without effort, and by a sort of inspiration, the certain consequences of certain actions or events, and the fate of the actors. Others knew as well as I do, this faculty of Dr. Parr, and could relate many instances of the fulfilment of his predictions. But this biographical sketch is not intended to be the vehicle of anecdote; I shall therefore content myself with stating the fact.

It may be, however, useful to pause awhile, to consider this remarkable faculty, remarkable as it was in him, from his instantaneous perception of the common effect of causes; for it cannot be supposed that I assign to it any thing supernatural, or any thing out of the ordinary progress of human effort. Sagacity, in its general acceptation, is a sharp insight, an acute penetration, a quickness of understanding and of discovering. Locke says, sagacity finds out the intermediate ideas, to discover what connection there is in each link of the chain whereby the extremes are held together; or, in other words, sagacity sees at once the whole chain of the reasonings on a specific subject, and the connection that holds it together. It is the pont-volant of the mind, which carries thought by a quick progress over the stream of speculation. Whence arises this faculty? Is it common to men of learning and accomplishments? How is it generated? Who are those who possess it?

Of the sagacity of Dr. Parr I do not speak in the sense of worldly feeling—of being wise in his generation. Certainly he was one of the children of light

in this particular. No man ever knew so little how to apply his mighty talents to a great purpose. He was perpetually combating shadows; his skiomachy became proverbial. He was not wise in his generation. His original education, the fondness of his mother, the oddities of his father, his genius, his conformation, his studies, urged on from infancy, then intermitted and interrupted by his occupation in his father's shop, then begun again, and pursued with redoubled ardour; his intimate connection with Jones and Bennet; his emulation, his pride, the praises of Dr. Sumner, the ambitious views encouraged by him: all these, intermingled with his defective academical education, and the excitement of a college life, from which he was withdrawn by necessity and poverty, formed a web and woof of character so strangely diversified, that no wonder the pattern was confused, the general effect of the whole fabric spoiled, and that a man of the world was not wrought out of the discordant materials. Dr. Parr, affecting, as he always did, this character, was quite remote from it. He had no tact, no giving way, no yielding property of mind. He was Dr. Parr wheresoever he was; and though, as John Bartlam used to say, he frequently imagined himself only a mouse in a corner, his roar was ever heard, he could not be concealed.

But though he was not acquainted with himself, though he pursued not his own private and personal interests, though the least accommodating of men, when he imagined himself the most so, yet when knowledge of certain kinds was concerned, he was

transcendent. In classical literature he was supreme. In theology, in history, in metaphysics, he was more knowing than most men. As a teacher of youth, he knew the wayward character of man in the early stages of the formation of his intellect; he knew all the trickery, the wild wit, the invention of childhood. From his own earliest life he had been occupied as a teacher, and as the companion of boys, so that in estimating the quality of actions and their consequences, he acquired almost an intuition. The same has been the invariable character of great generals, and great statesmen; they saw at a glance, without apparent reflection. It has been also remarked of celebrated physicians, that they had a sort of instinctive knowledge of diseases, that they saw at a glance, without much meditation. This has been often the fact; but it has been only the fact where the mind was acute, where it was well-informed, where it had been early informed, where the opportunities of seeing disease and studying it had been many, and the opportunity constantly employed. Under such circumstances the character of Hippocrates, of Radcliffe, of Sydenham, and of Boerhaave were formed. By such an education the accuracy and quickness of observation became almost instinct—an electric dart to the conclusion, without any apparent stop at intermediate reasoning. They perceived in an instant what other persons were obliged to acquire the knowledge of by long looking, their optics having been cleared, their visual nerves of intellect purged by early training and application.

In no way was this sagacity more frequently exercised by Parr, than in detecting aberrations from truth or consistency. Of all men I ever knew, he was the greatest truth-thinker and truth-teller. He never suffered in conversation a falsehood even in joke; and hence arose, not uncommonly, his embarrassment in understanding jokes, bon-mots, and equivoques. Against falsehood he made war ad internecionem, and many of his misunderstandings and quarrels may be traced to this principle, and to the castigations he gave his dearest friends, when he suspected them of tergiversation.

Such was Dr. Samuel Parr: fit to be the companion of the mighty, and the instructor of the wise. Half his life was wasted in the drudgery of a pedagogue and a preceptor.

Had he been trusted with a high station, there is no doubt that he would have filled it with high actions, for his learning exceeded that of any one of his contemporaries, and the works he has left behind him will bear comparison with the classical compositions of antiquity, for elegance of style; and of our own or any other country, for purity of sentiment.

The great bulk of Dr. Parr's property depended on the beneficial lease of his prebendal estate. His Norfolk estate had been settled on the marriage of Mr. Lynes with Miss Wynne. He had left legacies to the amount of near £6,000. The library was to be sold for a smaller sum if it could be kept together; so that the provision he had made for Mrs. Parr would have swallowed up every thing, had not the lease been valid. In the construction of this

lease Dr. Parr had taken the utmost pains to secure its validity. He had consulted the Bishop of London, who had referred him to his Secretary, Mr. Hodgson, for advice how to render it valid. The lease had been renewed every year, and yet, after Parr's death, we had the mortification to find that by the 80th clause of an Act of Parliament passed in 1820, for another purpose, prebendal leases were rendered voidable under certain circumstances connected with the purchase of the land-tax, and that the lease granted by Dr. Parr was exposed to some peril by the ignorance, or the neglect of the provisions of this Act. Though it cannot be conceived that advantage could, or would, have been taken after such an appeal as that I have stated to the patron of the preferment and his confidential agent, still it became the duty of those to whom Dr. Parr had intrusted the security of his property, to provide against all possible failure. It was a painful dilemma to which they were reduced, but they were advised by wise and honourable men to run no risk, to avoid litigation, and the consequences which result from the uncertainty of law. No less a sum was sacrificed, in pursuance of this advice, than £9000, the price demanded for the renewal of a lease for twenty-one years. This sum was actually paid to Dr. Parr's successor, the present Prebendary of Wenlock's Barn, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. It will be gratifying to the lovers of learning, and to the surviving friends of Dr. Parr, to learn that his wishes and intentions were not finally frustrated by this unforeseen demand. In consequence of an Act

of Parliament which enables the Prebendary of Wenlock's Barn to grant building leases, the lease granted to Dr. Parr's executors was bought under legislative sanction for £29,000 out of the money which had been paid by the Regent Canal Company for some of the prebendal land, and thus we have been relieved from vexatious litigation, great expenditure has been spared, and Dr. Parr's estate has received benefit to the full amount originally contemplated.

The sale of the library is now the only remaining source of anxiety. The premature disclosure, and surreptitious publication, of some of Dr. Parr's private memorandums, are very vexatious; but the explanation which has already appeared in the Catalogue will, I trust, exonerate us from blame. As a library on sale, it would have been a foolish attempt to suppress all the entries; nor would the Catalogue have answered the purpose he himself intended, had the notices inserted by himself in the books been cut out. Many were erased which tended to asperse the characters of individuals, and three, by accident, were retained which were intended to be omitted. This library, founded by himself, is alone a monument of the intellectual courage and capacity of Parr. It was begun when he was a boy at College, and when the price of a book deprived him of some other need or comfort; it continued to accumulate when he was bowed down by penury and opposition; whatever else he wanted, he always found money to buy books, and the sums he expended in

the year 1824, when his life was waning, shew that his ardour in the cause of letters was inextinguishable.

ERRATA TO VOLUME I.

Page 198, line 21, *for* a part, *read* apart.
893, — 27, *for* reputation, *read* representation.
493, 5 from bottom, *for* "he, pray, escape that leap?" *read* "the prey escape that leap," &c.
686, *note*, *for* Paü *read* Parr.
687, line 27, *read* "veracity of the Divine verity,"—a quotation from Chillingworth.
688, last line, after Christ place a —
703, *dele* "whose first work he had some intention of publishing."
828, line 3, *for* some *read* sometimes.
847, — 17, *dele* a before high.

END OF VOL. I.

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